

# Modern Screen

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• A DELL MAGAZINE •  
**DELL**  
• A DELL MAGAZINE •

*pen*

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ESTHER WILLIAMS





APR 17 1946

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**No other shampoo leaves your hair  
so lustrous, yet so  
easy to manage!**



**M**AYTIME can be a gay time when you're a Drene Girl! For, when you Drene your hair, you reveal all its natural beauty ... all its enchanting highlights!

"I use Drene," says glamorous Cover Girl Margaret Finlay, "because the camera demands my hair be radiantly clean." Drene brings out all the natural brilliance ... as much as 33 percent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo. Since Drene is not a soap shampoo, it never leaves any dulling film on hair, as all soaps do. And

Drene completely removes unsightly druff the very first time you use it.

Under studio lights, Margaret is picture of Spring with her gleaming swept up into large curls. Try this style at home or ask your beauty to do it. You'll marvel at the way Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves hair so beautifully behaved. So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

▲ **FOR DATES AT HOME**, Margaret combs her silken, shining hair into demure little-girl curls. "It's fun to fix your hair in any style after a Drene shampoo," she says. Today's improved Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair far silkier, smoother and easier to manage. Margaret ties her top curls back with a narrow ribbon bow.



*Drene*  
**Shampoo with  
Hair Conditioning Action**



# "Loafer! Miser! Tightwad!"



**CUPID:** Loafer, huh? And who was it just now helped you catch the bride's bouquet? And who—

**BRIDESMAID:** *Bouquet*, hah! Listen, Cupid, I've caught enough brides' bouquets to start a florist shop! I want to catch a man!

**CUPID:** You'd never know it the way you go around glooming at people! Don't you know what a sparkling smile can do for a girl... and *to* a man?

**BRIDESMAID:** Sure... but who's got the sparkling smile? Me? Nuh-uh! I brush my teeth, but... well, dull, dingy...

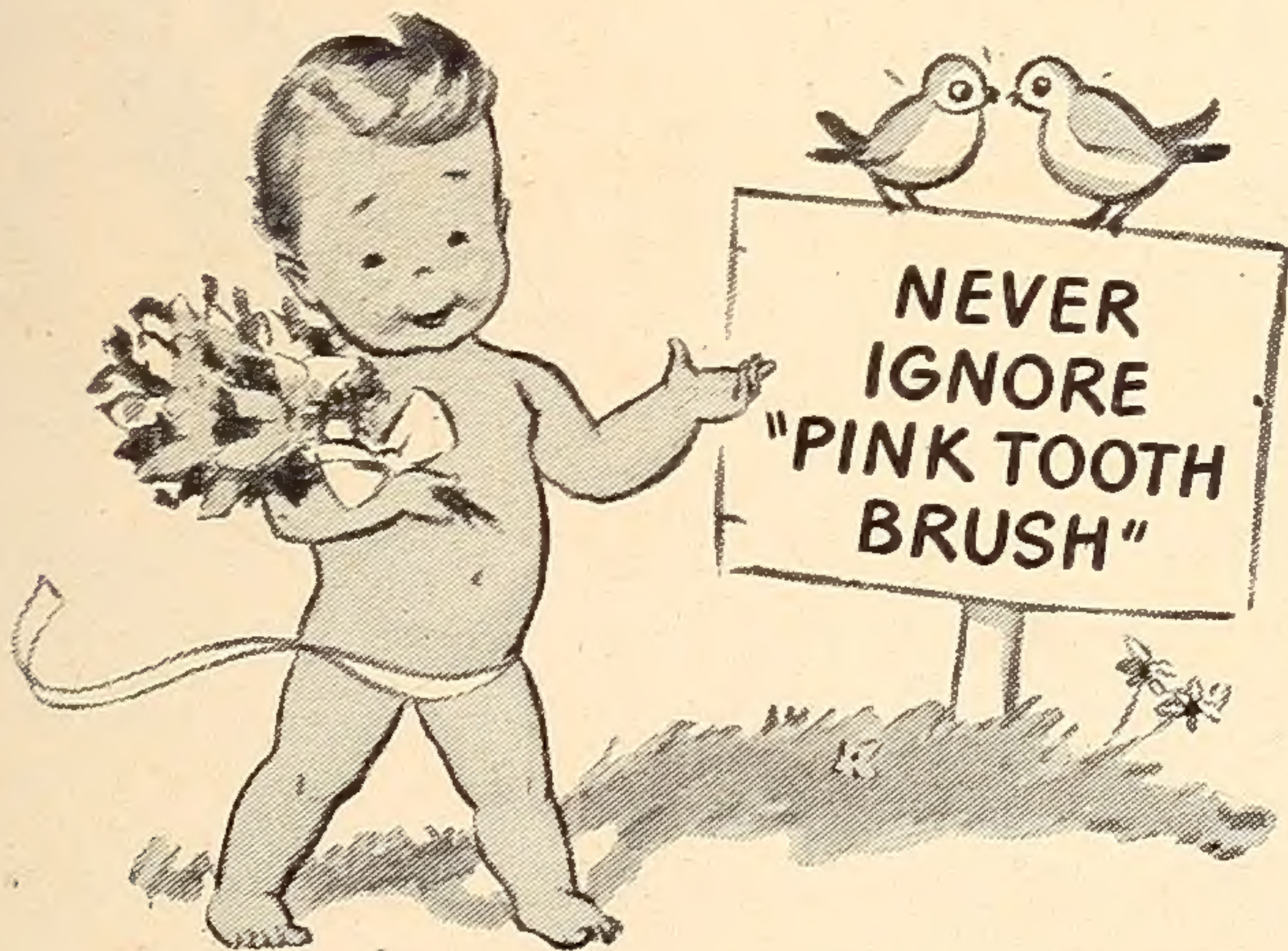
**CUPID:** Oh? And "pink" on your tooth brush, too?

**BRIDESMAID:** Only since last week.

**CUPID:** Well, didn't the dentist—

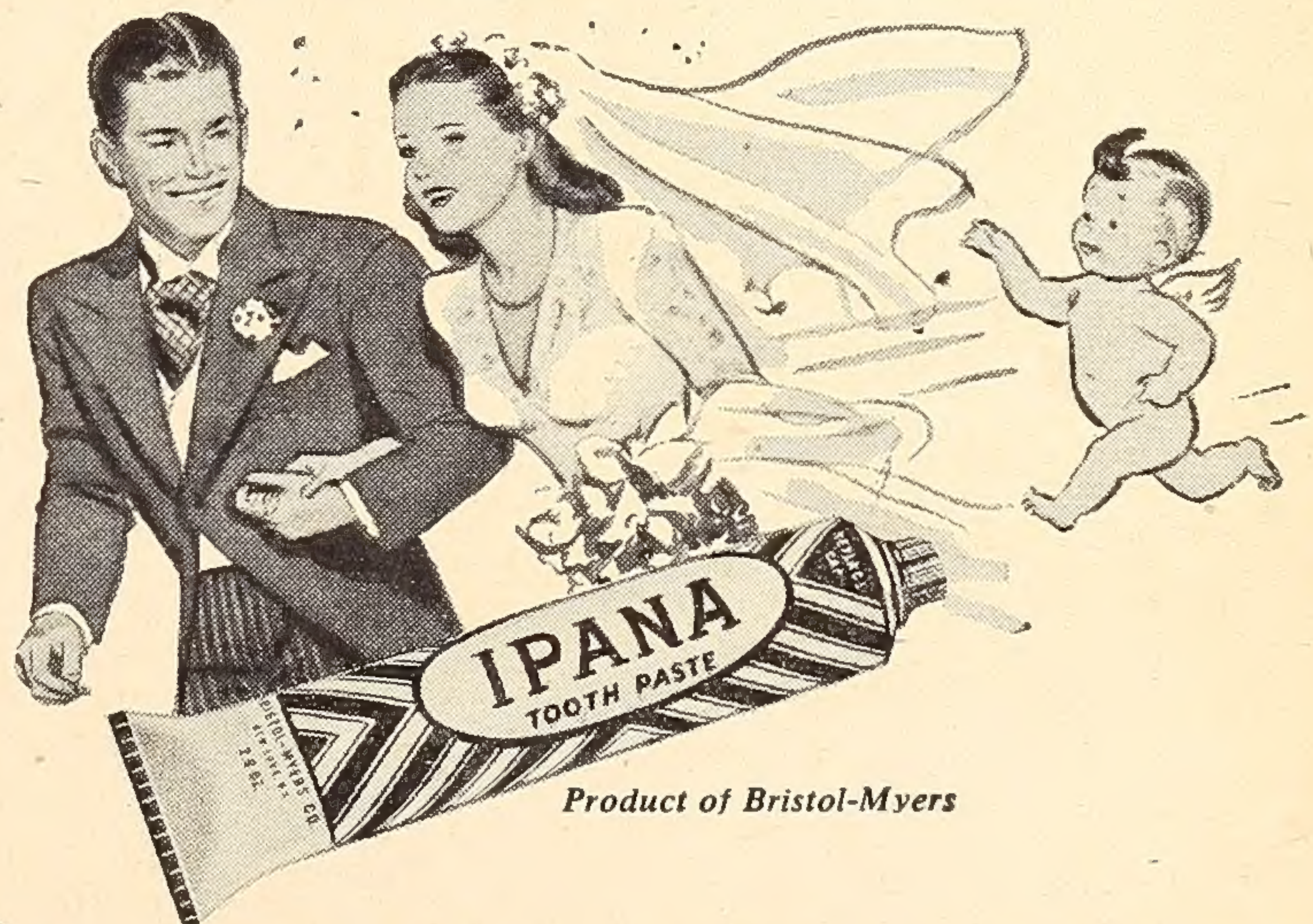
**BRIDESMAID:** What dentist?

**CUPID:** *What* dentist? Listen, you sweet little idiot, don't you know that "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist right away*? He may find your gums are being robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



**BRIDESMAID:** ...so then the cute little rabbit went lipperty-lip down the road, and—look, Little One, what's all that got to do with my smile?

**CUPID:** In a word: Plenty! A sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. And Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth and you'll help yourself to healthier gums and sounder teeth. And a smile full of sparkle! Start today, Sugar!



For the Smile of Beauty

**IPANA AND MASSAGE**



# METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in  
this space  
every month



The greatest  
star of the  
screen!

We're off on our tandem in a whirl of delight! We've just seen M-G-M's high-spirited new musical hit, "Two Sisters From Boston", and—oh, those sisters!

★ ★ ★ ★

It's a youthful, exuberant romance of New York at the turn of the century—those flamboyant days when it was definitely naughty for a young lady to show her limbs—no matter how attractive!



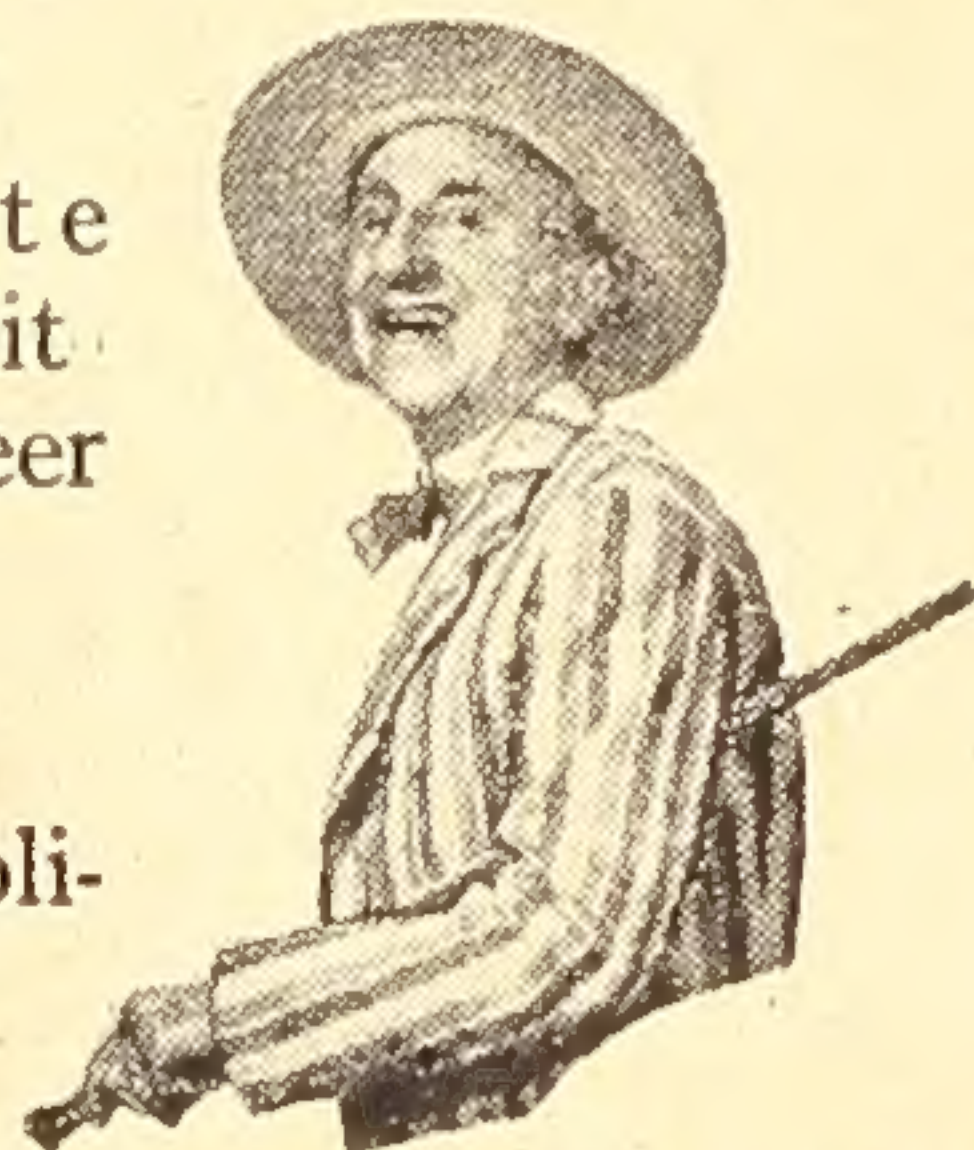
Kathryn Grayson and June Allyson are thoroughly delightful as the two capricious Back-Bay sisters who venture from their quiet, cultured world into the hurly-burly world they're curious about. And we do mean hurly-burly!

★ ★ ★ ★

Jimmy Durante shouts delirious ditties in a Bowery beer hall.

★ ★ ★ ★

The great metropolitan Opera tenor, Lauritz Melchior, throws his magnificent voice into the finest songs.



★ ★ ★ ★

Peter Lawford figures in it, too. He meets one sister, falls in love, meets the other sister, falls in love, and—well, it's a story as flip and flirtatious as a bustle.

★ ★ ★ ★

And the songs! Tunesmiths Sammy Fain and Ralph Freed have spiced some swell new melodies with a trace of nostalgia that suits our taste to perfection. And everybody sings!

★ ★ ★ ★

Produced by Joe Pasternak (the "Anchors Aweigh" man), expertly directed by Henry Koster, filmed from the original screen play by Myles Connolly, with additional dialogue by James O'Hanlon and Harry Crane—"Two Sisters from Boston" definitely belongs in the M-G-M family of hits!

★ ★ ★ ★

Do you gather we've gone and fallen for "Two Sisters From Boston"? In the immortal words of our friend Schnozzola: "Ha-cha-cha-cha!"



—Leo

# modern screen

MAY, 1946

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COVER AND COLOR PORTRAITS OF LIZABETH SCOTT AND INGRID BERGMAN BY WILLINGER

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M-G-M  
PRESENTS  
**TWO  
SISTERS**  
*from*  
**BOSTON**



KATHRYN  
**GRAYSON**  
THE SIZZLING SONGSTRESS!



JUNE  
**ALLYSON**  
THE BOSTON BEAUTY!

M-G-M's marvelous musical  
entertainment... romance,  
songs, heart-throbs, fun!



**JIMMY  
DURANTE**  
THE BIG SCHNOZZLE!



*Lawritz*  
**MELCHIOR**  
THE GOLDEN VOICE!



PETER  
**LAWFORD**  
THE HANDSOME LOVER!

"IT'S  
SO TERRIFIC -  
WORDS  
FAIL ME!  
I YAM  
SPEECHLESS!  
BUT FOLKS...  
HA-CHA-CHA-  
CHA!"



A HENRY KOSTER PRODUCTION • Original Screen Play by MYLES CONNOLLY  
Additional Dialogue by JAMES O'HANLON and HARRY CRANE  
Directed by HENRY KOSTER • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK  
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

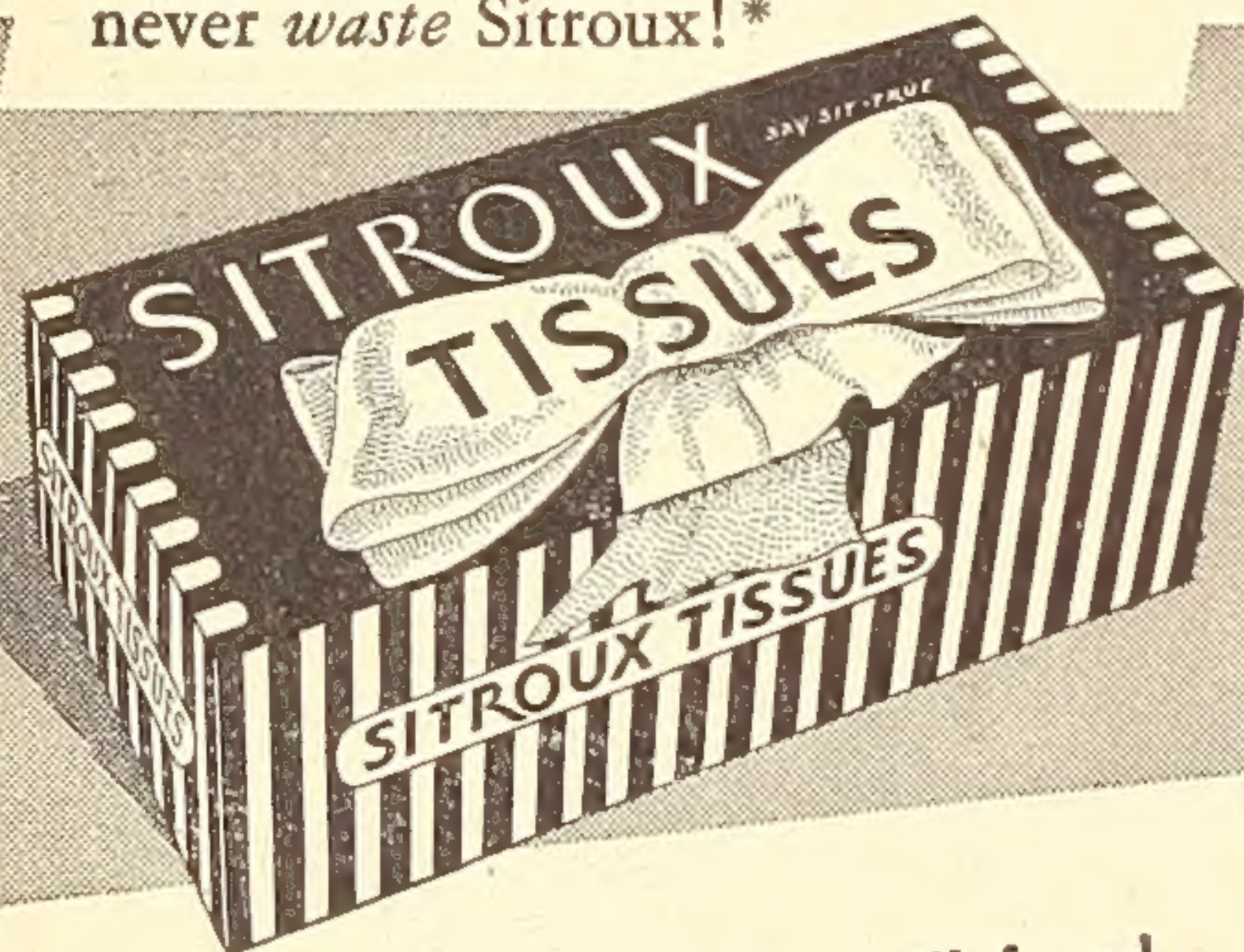


## BEAUTY BANDS TO "Hold that Line!"

For proper make-up and cleansing, *never* allow cream to get into *hairline* . . . yet, always be sure to clean all the way to it. To "hold that line", use easy-to-make Sitroux Beauty Bands! First, fold Sitroux Tissue diagonally, to form triangle as above.

Second step—pin Sitroux Tissue triangle securely to hair on each side, with hairpins or bobbies.

Third—tuck top flap under and you're all set! Soft, absorbent Sitroux is ideal for *removing* cream, too—for toning down make-up—and dozens of other daily "beauty-duties". Caution: *never waste Sitroux!*\*



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# SITROUX

SAY SIT-TRUE

# TISSUES

by Virginia Wilson

## MOVIE REVIEWS

### *Make Mine Music*

■ So you loved Bambi? And fell in love with Snow White? And adored Dopey and chuckled with Pinocchio and gasped over "Fantasia?" Well, lock them all in your memory book and make way for bigger and better things because they were only the beginning, folks; only the beginning. Yes, Walt Disney has done it again! This time it's "Make Mine Music," technically, "ten acts of vaudeville in cartoon technique," actually, the gayest, most unbelievable assemblage of ballet and fantasy and romance and music you've ever come across.

The Andrews Sisters are in it, crooning their hearts out over the blighted romance of "Johnny Fedora and Alice Blue Bonnet," and Nelson "Willie the Whale" Eddy and Jerry Colonna and Andy Russell and Dinah Shore and Benny Goodman and, oh, an endless assortment of "live" talent lending their voices and personalities to the magical Disney little people.

Take Willie the Whale, for instance. Willie's such a nice guy, all ten tons of him, and all he wants out of life is an opportunity to sing at the Metropolitan Opera. That's not much to ask, is it? But nobody's ever heard of Willie except his little friends, the penguins and seals, who loll around the North Pole with him and flip their flappers to beat the band when Willie lets loose with a tenor aria. Or baritone. Or bass or contralto—or a duet. You see, Willie's a very unusual whale—he can sing any range in the register, and sometimes all at once! Anyhow, one day, Tetti-Tatti, this broken down impresario out in New York, hears about Willie and decides to set sail and capture this most remarkable mammal. But as he nears the Pole, he imagines he hears the voice of his favorite tenor who's been lost at sea, and thinking to kill Willie and thus release the swallowed singer, he lets fly with a harpoon and—oh, woe!—Willie ascends to Whale Heaven! But there's a fadeout and presto, Willie's at the Met, all ten tons of him, singing (*Continued on page 8*)



One of "Music's" heroes: Willie the Whale (sung by Nelson Eddy), who loves to sing opera.



*The Love Affair of Their Lives and Yours!*

*IRRESISTIBLE*

*INNOCENT*

WHEN **CHARLES BOYER** TURNS THE CHARM ON **JENNIFER JONES**

AND **ERNST LUBITSCH** PULLS THE STRINGS

# *Cluny Brown*



20<sup>th</sup>  
CENTURY-FOX

with  
**PETER LAWFORD** · HELEN WALKER · REGINALD GARDINER  
RICHARD HAYDN · MARGARET BANNERMAN · SARA ALLGOOD · ERNEST COSSART

REGINALD OWEN · SIR C. AUBREY SMITH  
FLORENCE BATES · UNA O'CONNOR

Produced and Directed by **ERNST LUBITSCH** · Screen Play by Samuel Hoffenstein and Elizabeth Reinhardt · Based on the Novel by Margery Sharp



"End Dry Skin  
and be **ALLURING**"



says glamorous  
*Lola Lane*

Starring in  
"Why Girls Leave Home"  
A PRC Production

"I Depend on these  
Wonderful Rich Creams  
containing OLIVE OIL"

You, too, can get glorious *instant* relief from dry skin with amazing Lander's Cold Cream with Olive Oil.

It's heavenly the way this *special formula* cream makes dry skin softer and smoother at once! Use it for every purpose—cleansing, overnight and as a flattering foundation for makeup. Your beauty blooms!

And to make rough, dry hands *look* and *feel* like white velvet, just you try Lander's Hand Cream with Olive Oil. Get both these exquisite creams at your 10¢ store today.

**LANDER'S CREAMS**  
WITH OLIVE OIL

10¢  
AND  
25¢  
EACH



Plus Tax.

## MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

"Mephistopheles," "Pagliacci," the quartet from "Rigoletto," the sextet from "Lucia" and finally, in an overwhelming burst of pride, a one hundred voice chorus! Willie's indeed a wonder.

Jerry Colonna makes his cartoon debut as the contortion-voiced narrator for that old standby, "Casey at the Bat," while it's the King's Men who provide the musical background for the rollicking backwoods ballad, "The Martins and the Coys." Then there's the haunting ballet, "Two Silhouettes," a joint-jumping version of "All the Cats Join In," complete with bobby-sockers, rug cutting and Benny Goodman, and a wistful Sterling Holloway reciting "Peter and the Wolf."

There's so much entertainment to talk and rave about in "Make Mine Music" that words can scarcely cover the whole deal, but if you like music and color and imagination, go see this.—RKO

P. S.

In "Make Mine Music," Disney has created a new art form, the ballad-ballet. In a ballet duet, through a new technique of animation and direct photography combined, the dancers look as if they're soaring and flying, which all ballet principals dream of doing, but can never quite achieve—till Disney did it for them! . . . Critics applauded the way in which music and story are combined into a single dramatic medium; nowhere in the movie does the picture pause for the music, or vice versa. . . . For operatic scene of "The Whale Who Wanted To Sing At The Met," Disney created a miniature, complete opera—perhaps the shortest ever written, taking only 14 minutes to be performed. He reasoned that since opera tended for a generation to become shorter and shorter, and since it is content and not length that makes a good opera, the life of Willie the Whale needed lots of interest rather than lots of time! . . . Remember the immortal "Casey At The Bat," the poem about the mighty hitter who struck out? The epic baseball poem of pride going before a fall on the diamond, is set to music for the first time here. . . . New process invented for the picture is a recording technique which changes the register of a voice from low to high and back again, still keeping the original quality of the voice. Disney boasts that each time he invents a new process, it eventually becomes part of the motion picture industry.

### GILDA

When Grandpa was a young blade, they called the swivel-hipped ladies "hootchy-kootchy" girls. Nowadays, the polite term is "ballroom dancers," but no matter what you call it, it's still sex, and it still appeals.

Gilda (Rita Hayworth) is the hubba-hubba babe of Buenos Aires, greedy as a cat, beautiful as sin, but underneath all the slink, inside, still good. She was in love once and was hurt so she's made up her mind never to let it happen again. That's why, when Ballin Mundson (George Macready), sinister, suave owner of the casino, insists "anything I want, I get, even if I have to buy it," she's willing to listen. For Mundson is willing to pay a big price—he's willing to marry her. So for a while she's content until one night, Ballin brings his trusted friend, Johnny (Glenn Ford) up to meet her. Johnny's young, as young as she, and an American also, but he's devoted to Ballin, who picked him up out of a dark

alley one night when a bunch of sailors decided, via a gun in his back, that shooting crap with loaded dice wasn't exactly Emily Post. Ballin is at first puzzled, then suspicious, when his two most treasured possessions show a mutual hatred on sight, but watch and wait, he decides, watch and wait.

But Ballin hasn't long to wait because he hasn't watched closely enough. It turns out he's head of an international cartel monopolizing the world's supply of tungsten, a valuable war mineral, and the Nazis, for whom he has been fronting, don't want to play ball his way any more. In fact, they get so impatient, that Ballin is forced to shoot one of them and then simulate suicide in order to get the secret police off his trail.

Unfortunately, Johnny and Gilda don't know that the suicide's a fake, so when Mrs. Mundson's widow's weeds are only a week old, they marry. Wouldn't you think they'd live happily ever after? Especially after Johnny discovers that Gilda has been true to him all along—spiritually, anyhow. But what good does it do when bingo, there's Ballin, arisen from the dead with a dagger in one hand and a nasty, "I mean you!" look in his eye . . .—Col.

P. S.

Rita Hayworth turns dramatic in "Gilda." The studio's announcement that the glamor girl was saying goodbye to musicals brought a storm of protest from GIs all over the world. In answer to the flood of requests that Rita continue showing her legs and swinging her hips, the studio wrote two songs into the script. "Put the Blame on Mame, Boys" is a torchy lament, and "Amado Mio" comes out in the middle of a samba sequence. For the rest of the picture, Rita gives with her first straight acting part since her career began. . . . The star wears twenty-nine different outfits in the picture, including a chinchilla evening wrap worth \$65,000 and a sleeveless ermine cloak, valued at \$35,000 . . . "Gilda" is Ford's second picture since his return to civilian life, the first having been "Stolen Life" with Bette Davis. The character he portrays in "Gilda" is a nefarious gent who isn't averse to dealing off the bottom of the deck, or using loaded dice. When director Charles Vidor asked if Glenn needed instruction for the crap shooting scenes, Glenn grinned. "You forget," he said, "that I was in the Marine Corps for more than two years." . . . The picture reunites the trio of talents responsible for "Cover Girl"—Rita Hayworth, director Charles Vidor and Producer-writer Virginia Van Upp.

### SO GOES MY LOVE

This is one of those sweet, gentle pictures that send you out of the theater all relaxed and chuckly. Its story opens with Jane Budden (Myrna Loy), dignified and fashionable as all get-out, trying to wheedle the best price possible out of the Williams Packing Company for her load of pigs. "You see, the more money you give me," she explains, "the sooner I can go to Brooklyn to get married." "And who's the lucky man, mum?" asks Mr. Williams. "Oh, I don't know," breezes Jane, "I haven't met him yet—but he's sure going to be rich!"

Which is why she's so furious with herself for being attracted to the man sitting next to her on the Brooklyn Rapid Transit horse-drawn trolley. He's certainly not handsome, probably not rich and obviously



# ALAN LADD · VERONICA LAKE · WILLIAM BENDIX

CROSS LADD...AND  
YOU'VE DOUBLE-CROSSED  
YOURSELF!

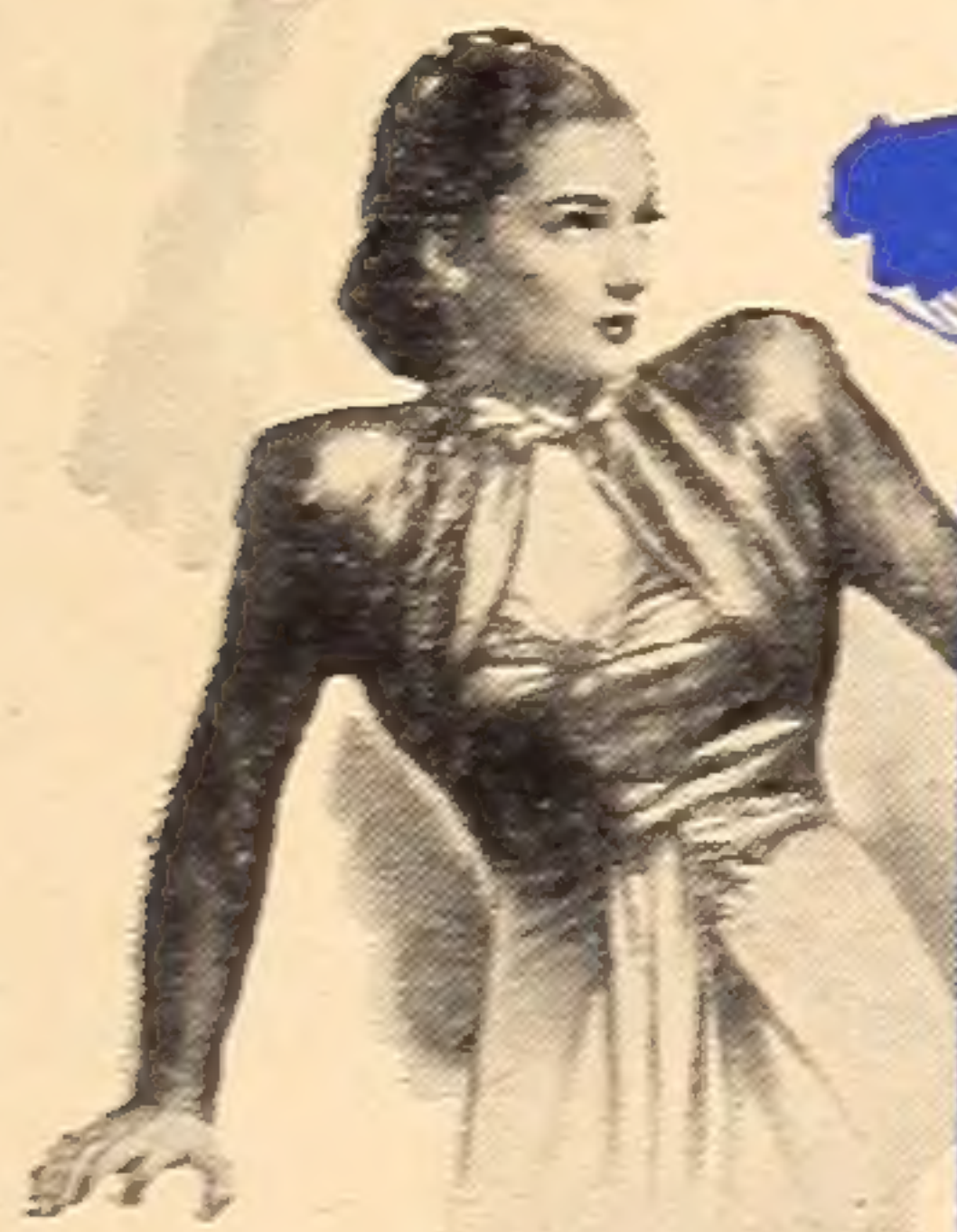
Fool around Ladd's woman  
... and you're a fool! For  
Ladd's gun and Ladd's fists  
say you can't get away with  
that, brother — not in *his*  
territory!



"The

**BLUE**

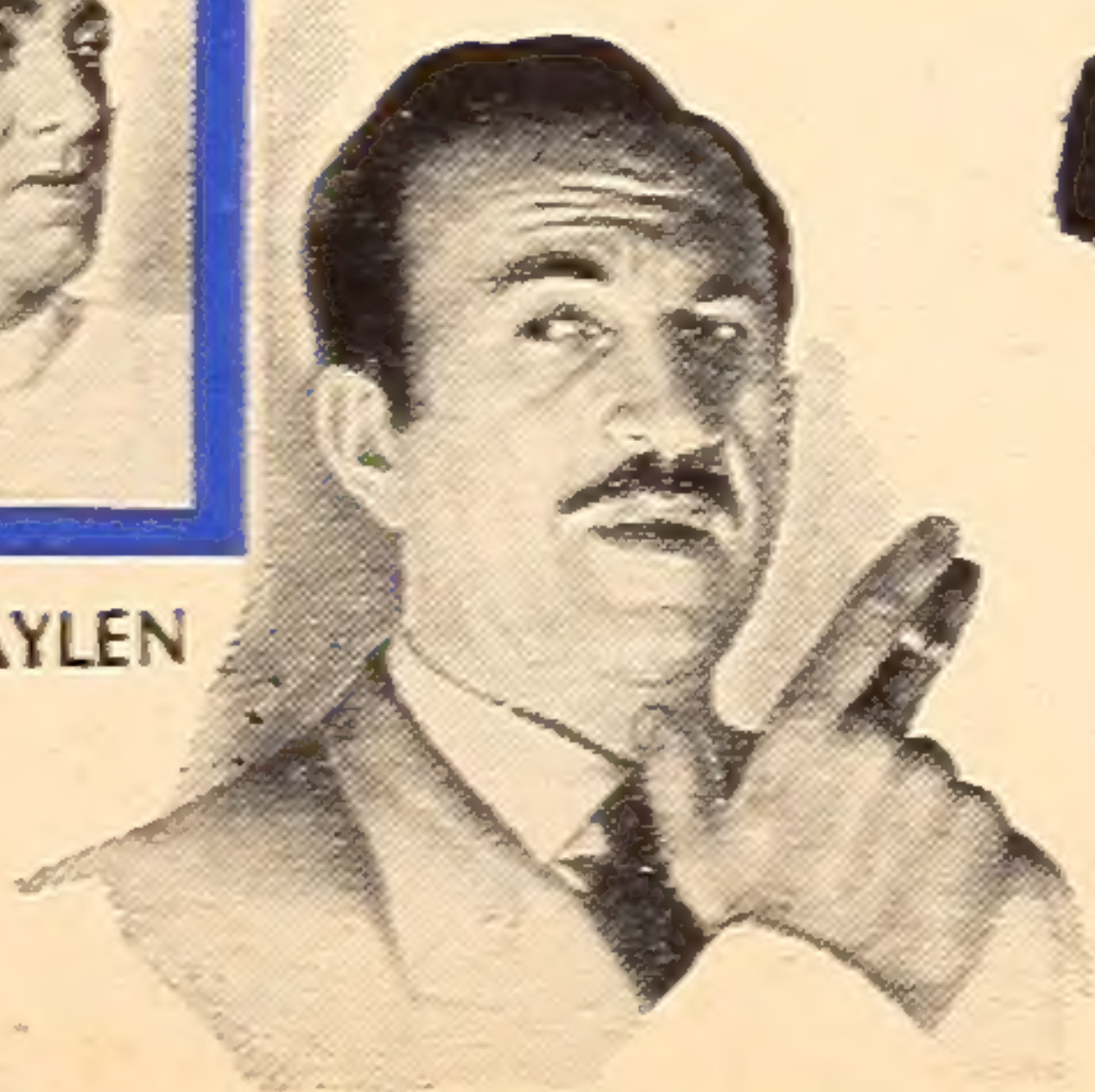
**DAHLIA"**



DORIS DOWLING



FRANK FAYLEN



HOWARD da SILVA

A GEORGE MARSHALL Production

with

Howard da Silva

Doris Dowling · Tom Powers · Frank Faylen

Produced by John Houseman · Directed by George Marshall

Written by Raymond Chandler

A Paramount Picture

With the three famous finds of  
"The Lost Weekend" including  
that now-famous 'natch' girl!



**OH!**

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# WELSBRO

## Watches

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crazy. Without a doubt crazy. Why, at one corner, he had the nerve to stop the coach, run out and pelt a passing wedding party with rice and then settle back with a calm, "No, I don't know the couple—I just like to throw things at people."

Things go from bad to ridiculous when Janie discovers that the rice-throwing man from the coach lives right next door. His name is Hiram Maxim (Don Ameche), he's a penniless inventor and she's scared silly she's falling in love and might even marry him. Until that day when he tells her she's unbelievably lovely—and would she mind keeping her claws off him! But as though to make up for his outrageous behavior, Hiram tells Jane he's decided to find her a husband and does such a thorough job of it that within weeks the cards announcing "the engagement of Miss Jane Budden to Mr. Josephus Ford" have been printed. Josephus (Richard Gaines) is a most generous stuffed shirt and would have gone through with the marriage if he hadn't discovered his fiancée in the arms of that Maxim man.

So he doesn't marry her. But Hiram does. And in time they get little Percy, littler Florence, a nomination to the Hall of Science and into trouble with Magel, the portrait painter, who doesn't like dogs with spots. Or crazy inventors . . . —Univ.

**P. S.**

History repeats itself when Don Ameche is again given the role of an inventor. This time he plays Hiram Maxim, the father of the script's author, Percy Maxim. The younger Maxim wrote the story of his father's life, embellished with a love affair and thickened with weird gadgets whipped up by the inventor . . . Myrna Loy's role is her first on the screen in a year and-a-half,

and her second in four years. Aside from her salary for the picture, Miss Loy added to her coffers when she sent geologists to her Montana ranch to prospect for silver . . . Bobby Driscoll, the sprout who appeared as the youngest son in "The Sullivans"—the one who copped the picture by yelling "Hey, fellas, wait for me"—spent his spare time on the set making small prayers. He had lost his first baby teeth and pleaded daily with his Maker to see that the adult teeth "came in buck" . . . During the filming of the movie, Ameche bought an interest in a professional football team which, added to his stable of horses, makes him a runner-up with Bing for interest in sports.

## WAKE UP AND DREAM

"Wake Up and Dream" is about an old man who forgot to grow up and a little girl who helped him.

Everybody in town said that old Henry Pecket (Clem Bevans) was "teched" and good-for-nothing and lazy because he thought things out a little different from most folks. Old Henry loved the sea and even though he lived inland 300 miles from the nearest body of water, it kind of seemed natural to him to spend all his free time building a ship, the "Sara March." It wasn't an ordinary ship, but a boat with wheels and a land rudder that maybe some day, if the danged government ever woke up and accepted it for war duty, would take to water like a duck to a pond. Mr. Pecket was captain of the craft and Nella (Connie Marshall), little orphaned Nella who lived with Jeff (John Payne) as his make-believe sister, was first mate. They had rare "let's pretend" times together, these two, sailing through treacherous waters and getting shipwrecked and discovering pirate gold

# FREE OFFER!

Why not sit back and let us SEND you the June, July, August and September issues of MODERN SCREEN absolutely free! Here's how: Just fill out the Questionnaire below very carefully and mail it to us IMMEDIATELY. You may be one of this month's 500 lucky winners of a four-month's FREE SUBSCRIPTION to your favorite movie magazine (we hope!). Remember, 500 winners each month—and the faster you clip and mail us this box, the better your chances of copping an on-the-cuff subscription.

## QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our May issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| Modern Screen Throws a Party . . . <input type="checkbox"/>                 | Darling Daughter (Peggy Ann Garner) . . . <input type="checkbox"/>            |
| Husbands Are Wonderful (Shirley Temple) . . . <input type="checkbox"/>      | The Andrews Gang (Dana Andrews) . . . <input type="checkbox"/>                |
| Esther Williams' Life Story (Part 1) . . . <input type="checkbox"/>         | Watch Elizabeth Scott! by Hedda Hopper . . . <input type="checkbox"/>         |
| The Long and Short of It (Gregory Peck) . . . <input type="checkbox"/>      | Bunnies 'n' Eggs 'n' Everything (Easter Party) . . . <input type="checkbox"/> |
| "Adventure" (Production Story) . . . <input type="checkbox"/>               | Divine Swede (Ingrid Bergman) . . . <input type="checkbox"/>                  |
| More Than Words Can Say (Jean Pierre Aumont) . . . <input type="checkbox"/> | Louella Parsons' Good News . . . <input type="checkbox"/>                     |

Which of the above did you like LEAST? . . .

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference . . .

My name is . . .

My address is . . . City . . . Zone . . . State . . .

I am . . . years old.

**ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN  
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.**



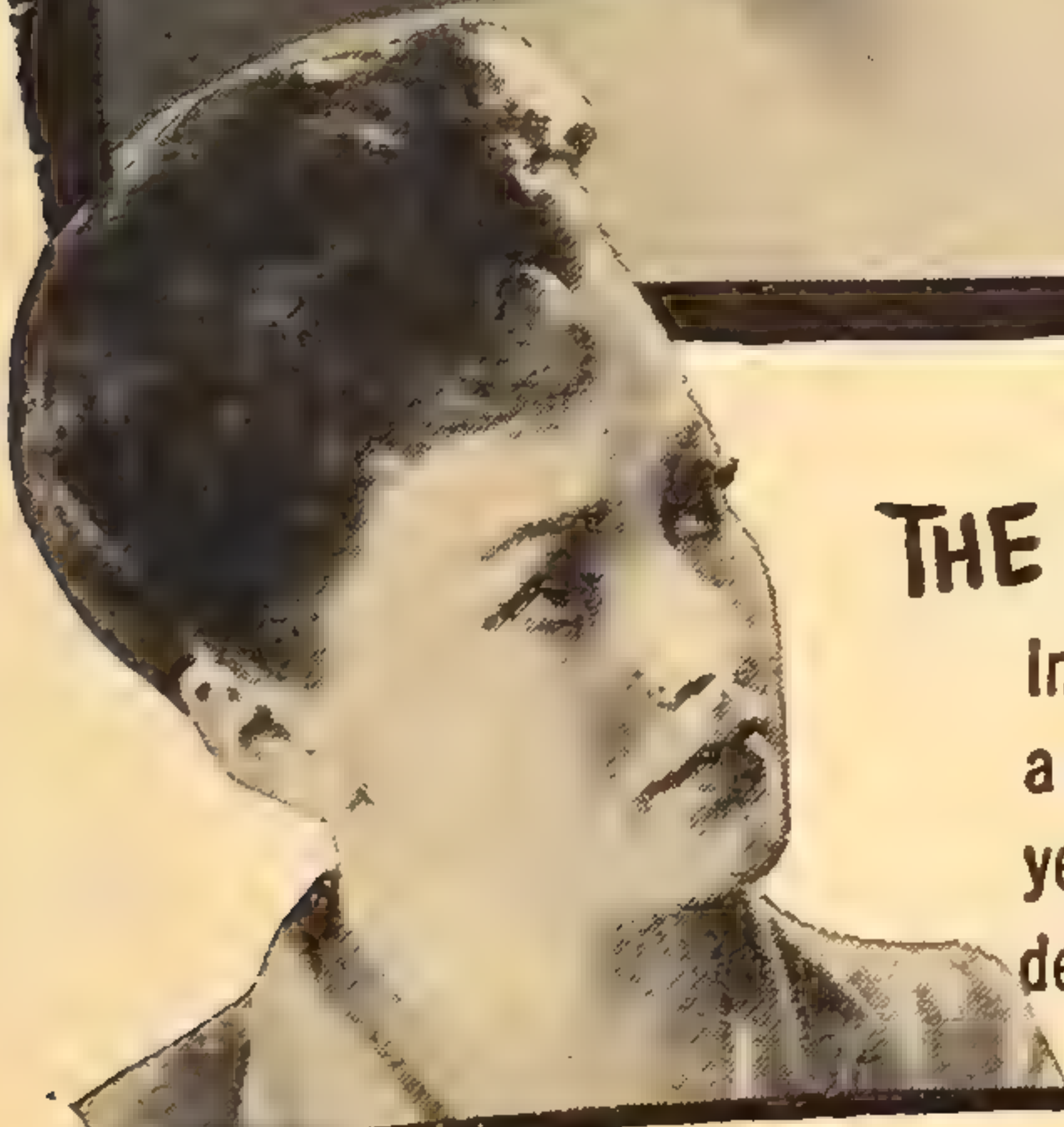
# Strange woman...

The lonely one... she kept her shadowed secret as long as she dared!



## THE SISTER...

In her heart, a dangerous yearning for a desperate love!



# Strange sweetheart...

He loved her... he loved her sister... but he couldn't belong to either!



## THE "FRIEND"...

They couldn't fool him — they couldn't trust him!



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OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND • SYDNEY GREENSTREET

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WARNER TRIUMPH...

PICTURE  
OF THE  
MONTH!  
REDBOOK  
MAGAZINE

WITH NANCY COLEMAN • ARTHUR KENNEDY • DAME MAY WHITTY • VICTOR FRANZEN  
DIRECTED BY CURTIS BERNHARDT Screen Play by KEITH WINTER • Original Story by THEODORE REEVES  
Music by ERICH WOLFGANG KORNGOLD

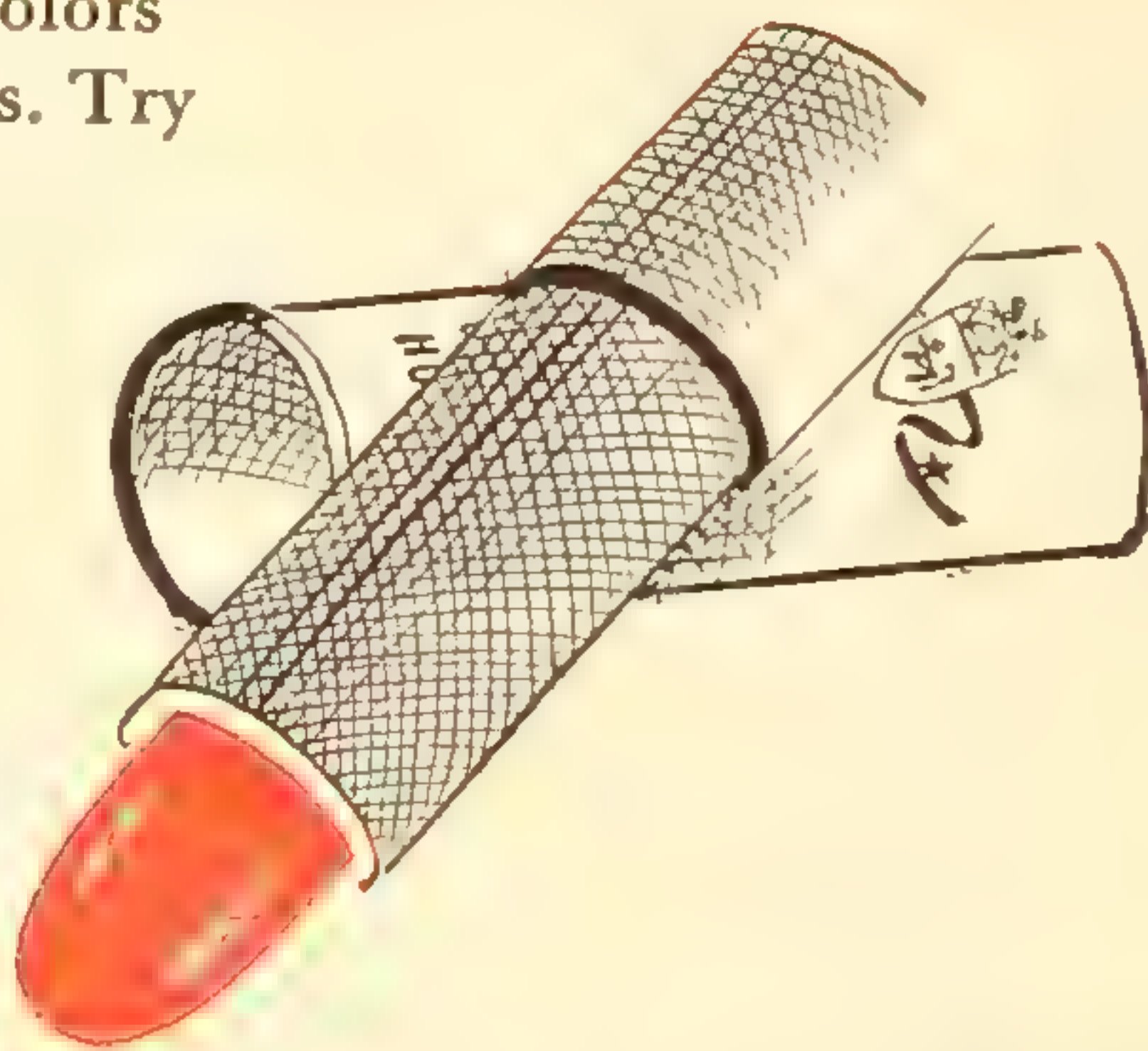


THE WESTMORES OF HOLLYWOOD BRING YOU

# Seven Hollywood Reds

A group of seven exciting, lipstick colors created in Hollywood for the Hollywood stars. Try DANGER SIGNAL—the newest shade of these 7 Hollywood Reds!

## Westmore Lipsticks



THERE IS NO LIPSTICK LIKE A WESTMORE LIPSTICK . . . .

Created in Hollywood, style center of the world, by Perc Westmore, the country's foremost make-up authority! Designed to give you exactly the lustrous, flattering lips you want. You will be delighted with the creamy texture, staying quality, and true, vivid reds of Westmore Lipsticks.

Gene Tierney  
Starring in  
"DRAGONWYCK"  
A 20th Century Fox Picture



Bud Westmore, who, with his brothers Wally and Perc, comprise the world-famous trio of Hollywood make-up artists, creators of the popular Westmore lipstick, rouge, face powder, creams and Westmore's Overglo Make-up Foundation.

and always knowing that no matter how rough the seas got, there was a ways The Island to come back to.

Jenny (June Haver) believed in The Island, too, even though she'd never been there, what with her job at Mr. Agrippa's lunch wagon. And her heart always missed a beat every time that lanky Jeff clodhopped into the eatery with his tattered farmer's overalls and that infuriating habit he had of calling her "m'am." You see, Jenny loved Jeff and Jeff loved Jenny and they were both too poor and both too proud to mention it. But when the day came for him to announce that he was joining up, it was Nella who cried and made a fuss and it wasn't until Jeff promised she'd always be able to find him on The Island that she calmed down. And ran away from Cousin Wilbur's where she was supposed to live for the duration, to Mr. Pecket's ship.

Like Jenny, who was visiting old Henry at the time, said right after the ship snapped her moorings, wishing will so make it so. Here they were, 300 miles from water, and the Sara March was gaily sailing, woosh, right into the river!

The whole thing might have been fun, at that, if Nella hadn't brought out that letter she'd just received from Jeff, the one that said, "We regret to inform you. . . ." But as we said, for the young in heart, nothing's impossible, not even finding a sweetheart on an island that doesn't exist . . . —20th-Fox.

P. S.

John Payne was a happy boy to at last land a role in a non-musical film. He's been trying to get away from the song-and-dance routines for years, and finally made it with "Wake Up and Dream." He sings one song in the picture, "Give Me the Simple Life," as he drives a horse along a country road. "It's a song," says John, "but it's without benefit of chorus girls" . . . Although June Haver doesn't smoke, the script included a scene which called for June to puff on a cigarette. Director Bacon was afraid she'd pick up the habit, and refused to let her smoke except in the final take, all of which highly amused the star . . . While the picture was being filmed, June received an invitation to be present at a camp in Texas where a ship was to be named after her. June stayed in Hollywood and worked, and without her actual presence, the crew of the B-29 christened their ship the "Gotta Haver!"

### THE MAN IN GREY

Hollywood actors had better keep a wary eye on a couple of Englishmen named James Mason and Stewart Granger. They are apt to walk right off with the honors in the romantic department and both of them appear in "The Man In Grey." The story begins at a London auction of the Rohan family treasures, which include a portrait of Lord Rohan called "The Man In Grey." Then it flashes back to the Regency period, when Rohan (James Mason) was a young blade, and his future wife, Clarissa (Phyllis Calvert), was a schoolgirl.

Clarissa is as sweet as sugar candy, and as pretty as a birthday cake. She is adored by all her schoolmates, but she chooses for her best friend a strange, solitary girl named Hester (Margaret Lockwood). No one approves her choice, since Hester is just a charity pupil and has a nasty disposition, besides. Even a passing gypsy who tells the girls' fortunes warns Clarissa against her. One day Hester elopes from school with a penniless young ensign. Clarissa leaves soon after to go to London, where she becomes the belle of the season. Her aunt marries her off to Lord Rohan, who is a catch socially and financially, but



who wants nothing except an heir.

Clarissa is desperately unhappy, even after her son is born. She is scarcely allowed to see him, and she feels very alone in the world, since Rohan makes no pretense of caring for her. Naturally she is delighted when she meets Hester again. The girl is now an actress—a profession definitely looked down upon in those days, but Clarissa takes her into her home as a companion. Rohan opposes this at first, until he gets another look at Hester. Soon his affair with Hester is known to everyone in London except Clarissa, who is probably the dumbest blonde on record. But soon she has a romance of her own, with a handsome, dashing wanderer named Rokeby (Stewart Granger). He offers Clarissa all that her marriage lacked. The situation is too packed with dynamite to go for long without an explosion.—Univ.

**P. S.**

Although George Arliss has retired from the screen and is living the life of ease in rural England, two members of his family are carrying on the theatrical tradition. Leslie Arliss, his cousin, directed "The Man in Grey" and Ruth Woodham, a niece, has her first important screen role in the picture. . . . James Stewart is the given name of Stewart Granger, who portrays Rokeby. The name change occurred after Granger was well on his way to stardom using his own name. "There just isn't enough room for two James Stewarts," he says. . . . The sword swallowing sequence in the carnival scene was done by Alexander Dourof, the son of a Cossack circus owner. He used a sword given to him by an army officer in World War I. It is twenty-seven inches long, and eighteen of the inches disappear down his throat.

## TANGIERS

Cesspool of filth, hotbed of intrigue, spawning ground for tantalizing native girls and hot, smoky romance—Tangiers. Tangiers, melting pot of North Africa and hideout for the hunted and the hunters.

So, as all roads once led to Rome, now this tiny Fascist-ruled town sprawling a few miles across the strait from Gibraltar welcomes the dregs of Nazidom flushed from their lairs by the recent Allied victory. And so, inevitably, it is to Tangiers that Fernandez (Reginald Denny) escapes with the huge stolen diamond with which he hopes to ransom his way to freedom. But there are others in Tangiers equally desperate for the money and power the jewel can provide: Balizar, powerful, unknown Nazi mystery man. Rita (Maria Montez), who saw her father and brothers tortured to death in the Spanish Civil War. Dolores (Louise Allbritton) and Ramon (Kent Taylor), Spaniards both, who, with Rita, have signed on as dancers at the Ritz Hotel to escape detection by the police. And Paul Kenyon (Robert Paige), brash, clever American newspaperman.

Painstakingly, each has made a plan to steal the diamond when word comes that Fernandez has been murdered. But when Colonel Artiego (Preston Foster) steps in to solve the crime, each provides a perfect alibi. But the search for the unknown Fascist continues nevertheless. Rita is sure that with the jewel she can bait Balizar out of hiding and thus avenge her family's death, while Paul, who finds himself increasingly attracted to the fiery dancer, realizes that unmasking the Nazi will result in a world-shaking "scoop" for him. Ordered to leave town by the jealous Artiego, Paul contacts Rita and forces her to admit that it was she who stole the stone but that it was Ramon who killed Fernandez in a burst of jealousy. Subtly, the net chokes closer and in a tiny room overlooking the Ritz dance floor, Rita, Paul, Dolores, Ramon, Artiego and Alec Rocco (J. Edward Bromberg), an Allied



## Don't be that kind of a Cover Girl!

**You can't cover up underarm odor—but you can guard against it with Mum**

**Y**OU SIMPLY can't resist perfume. That added dash of fragrance makes you feel so feminine. So alluring.

But you're only fooling yourself. For even the loveliest of perfumes won't cover up underarm odor.

Your bath washes away *past* perspira-

tion, but you still need protection against risk of *future* underarm odor. And Mum's the word for that.

So take 30 seconds to smooth on Mum after every bath, before every date. Snowy-white Mum keeps you sweet—nice to be near all day or evening.

Mum won't irritate your skin or injure fabrics. Quick, safe, sure—you can use Mum even *after* dressing. Won't dry out in the jar. Ask for Mum today.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.



Product of Bristol-Myers

# Mum

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**



JOAN BENNETT, STARRING IN "SCARLET STREET" A FRITZ LANG PRODUCTION, RELEASED BY UNIVERSAL



## HINT FROM *Joan Bennett*

"FOR ROMANCE—HAVE SOFT HANDS." You easily can, using Joan Bennett's hand care—this famous Jergens Lotion.

### Hollywood Stars, 7 to 1, use Jergens Lotion

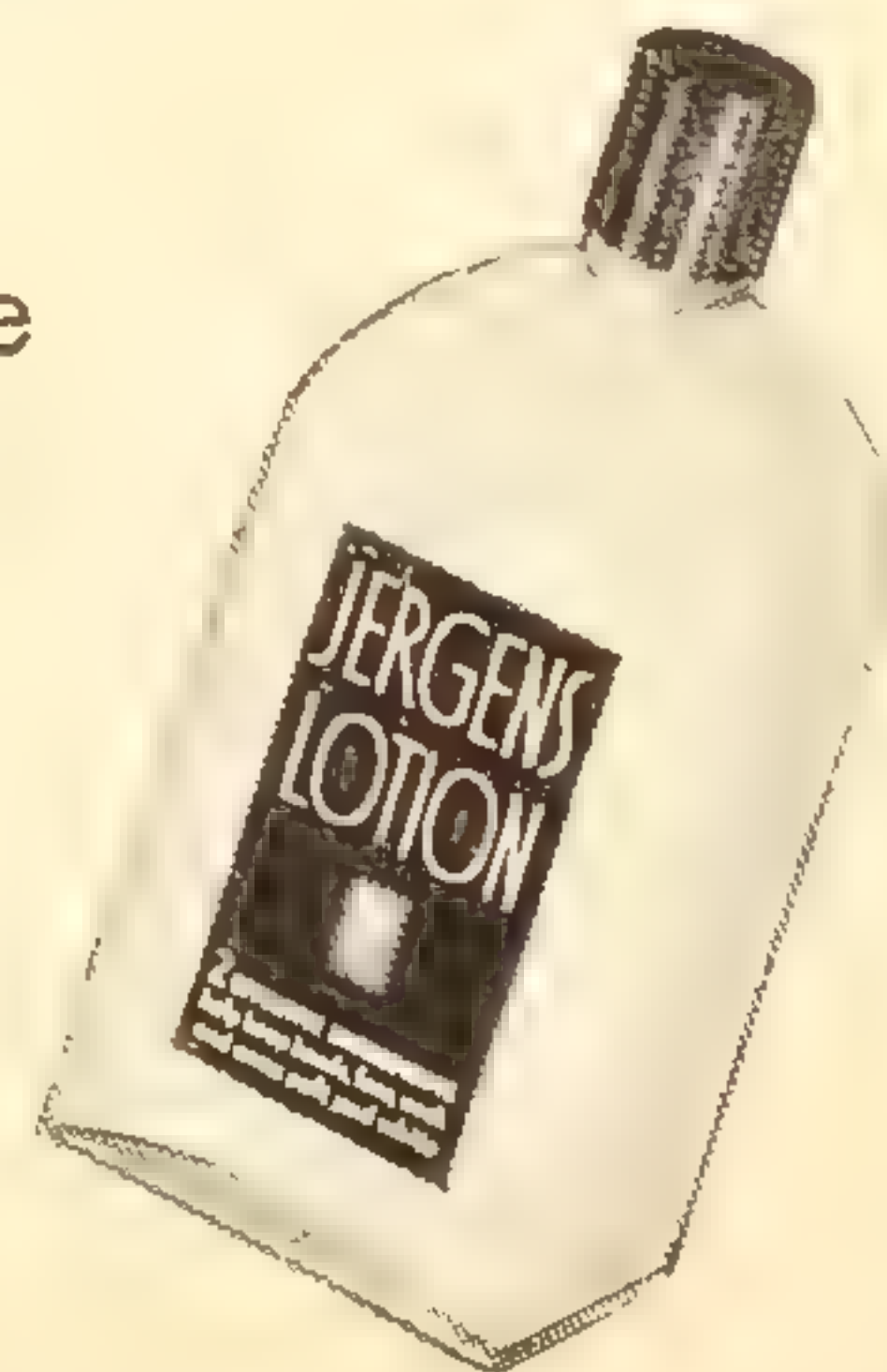
MORE PERFECT THAN EVER, NOW. Because of wartime research in skin care, Jergens skin scientists now make you an even finer Jergens Lotion.

"Gives longer protection;" "Hands feel even softer, smoother;" is verdict of women who tested this postwar Jergens.

Oh, surely! Those 2 ingredients, so well-thought-of for skin-smoothing that many doctors use them, are still contained in this more effective Jergens Lotion. On sale, now--same bottle--still 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax). No objectionable oiliness; no stickiness.

For the Softest, Adorable Hands

Use **JERGENS LOTION**



14 Now more Effective than ever—thanks to Wartime Research

secret agent, keep a rendezvous with Balizar—and death. For someone in that room is Balizar, and where Balizar lives, death stalks, too.—Univ.

P. S.

Production was held up for two hours because of a scene calling for Robert Paige to gash his face when he walks into a door. Director George Waggner insisted that no break be made in the scene so that audiences could know the injury was a fake. The problem was finally solved by putting a made-up gash in Bob's hand, which he slapped to his face when he collided with the door . . . Four retakes were necessary for a scene between Maria Montez and Bob Paige—all because of some fish. Bob and Maria are standing in front of an aquarium, and every time the scene was shot, the fish would crowd to front and center. It was discovered that they were attracted by the strong spotlights. Louise Albritton liked her 'movie boudoir' so well that when production was completed she bought the set's furnishings and installed them in her own apartment . . . The picture was made during the time of butter rationing and a half-pound slab used as prop sold for a \$100 war bond.

### SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

"I'll do anything, anything you say, doctor, only please don't tell Bill." Old Doctor Miller (Sir Cedric Hardwicke) shakes his head, he never did approve of Julie's (Maureen O'Hara) attitude towards her husband. Bill (John Payne) was no baby, far from it. Bill was William Weatherly, who had written and produced three of Julie's greatest acting triumphs. And now Julie was dying, her heart couldn't take the hectic Broadway pace, and Bill must still be spoiled and pampered, because Bill mustn't be distracted during rehearsals for the new play.

"How is she, doctor?" asks Bill eagerly. "She's going to—be all right," Dr. Miller answers reluctantly. "But she needs rest." "Swell," enthuses Bill. "We'll go on a two-week vacation. That'll get us both in shape." So Julie spends her two weeks in bed—learning her lines for the show. When it comes time for the out-of-town tryout, they pick a little seashore town which is the site of a large state orphanage. Walking along the beach one day, Julie meets little Hitty (Connie Marshall). They take to each other immediately and when Julie returns to New York, she convinces Bill they should adopt the child to make up for the baby they've always wanted.

Hitty comes to live with them, but it doesn't work out. Bill is licked by the youngster's "out of this world" manner. Julie and Hitty are alone in the house one night when Julie, steeling herself to tell the child she is to be sent back to the orphanage, has a heart attack, and dying, begs Hitty never to leave Bill. "But I'll always be around whenever you need me," she promises the heartbroken child.

Julie's death is a terrific blow to Bill. He can't bear seeing Hitty around the house, especially since she tries so hard to imitate Julie in order to make up for her loss. But Bill is so unfriendly, Hitty decides she must run away. She is stumbling along the water's edge, the waves lapping dangerously close, when she hears Julie calling, "Everything will be all right now, darling. Now we're really a family. You see, Bill loves you, Hitty." The child's face lights up. It must be true, Julie's always right, and anyhow, here's Bill, his face twisted with worry, frantically searching for her. He runs over, swoops her up in his arms. "We're going home, Hitty," he murmurs. "We're going home, daughter. . . ."—20th-Fox.



P. S.

The clothes designed for Maureen O'Hara made her happy because they called for the new hour-glass figure. Maureen relaxed happily and forgot about her diet. She was highly pleased with her two leading men, John Payne and Glenn Langan, both of whom are over six feet three inches. Five feet seven inches herself, the star has often had to work in her stocking feet for closeups. . . . John Payne gets his daily exercise from dumb-bells and weight lifting equipment. Gloria de Haven objected to the noise at 7 a. m. so John moved his accoutrements to his dressing room at the studio. . . . In order to give the sets a feeling of well lived-in authenticity, over \$15,000 worth of antique furniture and decorations were used. . . . Connie Marshall, the ten-year-old actress, tried to sell Producer Walter Morosco a story she had written as part of her school work. Morosco didn't buy it because by the sixth page everyone had been bumped off except the murderer.

## THE BLUE DAHLIA

Whoever said crime doesn't pay was nuts. Sure, it's a short life and a bang-bang one, but with Alan Ladd around to squeeze triggers (and heroines), who wants to quibble?

The war's been long enough and ugly enough to make Johnny Morrison (Alan Ladd), Buzz Wanchek (William Bendix) and George Copeland (Hugh Beaumont) feel strange in a civilian world and terribly close to each other. But now that they've been discharged, they know that the trio will have to split up. Johnny to go back to his wife, Buzz and George to set up a bachelor apartment where George will try to nurse his failing eyesight and keep an eye on Buzz, who's got a piece of metal the size of your fist in his skull from a shrapnel wound. Not that Buzz will need much watching because as a rule he's okay, except for those mental black-outs where he forgets where he's been and what he's done.

But Johnny finds out when he returns home to Helen (Doris Dowling), that if he's been seeing hell in the Pacific, at the same time his wife's been seeing a lot of pink elephants, Eddie Harwood, the owner of the Blue Dahlia Club and some generally unsavory characters. Johnny doesn't like the setup one bit and when he catches Helen and Eddie (Howard DaSilva) in a flinch, he lets fly with a Sunday punch. Eddie's a good sport about it, but Helen is so enraged she lets loose with her hay-naker. Dickie, the son Johnny idolized, she screams, did not die of diphtheria, as she'd written, he died in a car smashup they were in while she was driving, dead drunk. Quietly, Johnny goes to his room, repacks his grip, throws his gun on the sofa near Helen. "You're not even worth killing," he grits, and stalks out. But not before Dad Newell, the night watchman, has knocked and said, "See here, son, better pull down the shades next time you want to threaten your wife."

Frightened, Helen phones Buzz who goes to see her without telling anyone. They have a drink, then two drinks, never dreaming that in the meantime, Johnny has been picked up along the road by a lovely, wistful blonde (Veronica Lake) and given a hitch to Malibu Beach. Because they're both lonely and miserable, Johnny and Joyce find themselves attracted to each other until the radio blares out all about the murder at Cavendish Court and that "Lieut. Johnny Morrison, the husband of the dead woman, is suspected." This is a whodunit with finesse. Murderer with pink panties.—Para.

## Are you in the know?

What's the cure for this coiffure?

- ☐ An upsweep
- ☐ A snood
- ☐ A good thinning out



That bush on Nellie's head is strictly barber-bait! The cure? A good thinning out. A frizzy effect just can't compete with a simple, sleek coiffure. If your locks have a moppish look, have your hairdresser shear and shape them. Confidence goes with good grooming—and (on "those" days) with Kotex, too. That exclusive safety center of Kotex gives you *plus* protection. And to safeguard your daintiness, Kotex contains a *deodorant*—locked in each napkin so it can't shake out.



If you're budget-bound, which should you buy?

- ☐ A suit
- ☐ A conversation print
- ☐ A fancy formal

Does your budget hoot at your wardrobe plans? Then pick one of the new soft suits. You can wear it more often—with varied accessories keyed to most every occasion. Be a shrewd shopper. Always latch on to the type of duds you can *keep* living with, longer. And when buying sanitary napkins, remember—you can *keep comfortable* with Kotex. Because Kotex is the napkin with lasting softness—made to *stay soft while wearing*. Naturally, Kotex is first choice.

If stranded on a dance floor, should you—

- ☐ Join the wallflowers
- ☐ Retreat to the dressing-room
- ☐ Yoo-hoo to the stag line

If ever a goon-guy thanks you for the dance and leaves you marooned—what to do?? Walk nonchalantly to the dressing-room. There you can regain your composure and reappear later—with no one the wiser. Such trying episodes challenge your poise. Just as trying days often do . . . but not when you have the help of Kotex! For Kotex has special *flat, tapered ends* that don't show revealing outlines. So why be shy of the public eye? Just rely on Kotex!



A DEODORANT in every Kotex\* napkin at no extra cost



More women choose KOTEX\* than all other sanitary napkins

\*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.





## Yodora checks perspiration odor the SOOTHINGEST way

- Made on a face cream base. Yodora is actually soothing to normal skins.
- Entirely free from irritating salts. Can be used right after under-arm shaving.
- Its soft, cream consistency stays that way indefinitely. Never gets stiff or grainy. Contains no chemicals to spoil clothing.
- Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.
- Yes, Yodora is a gentle deodorant. Try it—feel the wonderful difference!



McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.



**CLEANS HAIR IN 10 MINUTES WITHOUT WATER**

- No soap—no rinsing—no drying
- Removes oil, dirt, hair odors
- Retains wave; restores sheen
- Grand between water shampoos
- Ideal during colds or illness

**MINIPOO**

30 Shampoos with Mitten \$1.00 plus tax

P. S.

In this film, Alan Ladd plays his real-life role of a returned veteran, although he portrays a discharged Navy flyer while in reality he was in the Air Force . . . Veronica Lake's role was her last before the one-year retirement occasioned by the expected birth of her baby . . . Director George Marshall brought the picture in on schedule, despite the fact that Ladd, Chandler and Veronica Lake were all on the sick list during the filming. Don Costello suffered a broken toe when Alan overturned a heavy table on his foot during a fight sequence, and Tom Powers reported for work one morning on crutches, due to the aggravation of an old war injury . . . The cast and crew were kept suffering until the last day of shooting, when they finally learned who done it. No one, with the exception of Chandler and the director, knew the outcome of the plot, with the result that the entire company made frantic bets as to the killer's identity as the shooting progressed.

### JANIE GETS MARRIED

Maybe it sounds far-fetched, but Janie's probably one of the reasons why we Americans love our movies so. We're a home loving, romantic people, really, and it gives us a kick to follow our favorite characters around, through school (like Andy Hardy), and professional life (don't you love old Dr. Gillespie?), and adventure (umm, Tarzan!), and yes, even into trouble. And if you don't think some of our pet picture people get into trouble, well, you just don't know Janie!

All young Miss Conway (Joan Leslie) wanted was to make her old beau, Sgt. Dick Lawrence's (Bob Hutton) homecoming a pleasant one. But she's gone out of her way so thoroughly that in three weeks, Dick finds himself pacing the vestibule of the Conway home with the wedding march and his step-dad's warning "Marriage is being locked in a box car with a mad horse" dinning in his ears.

The rice and honeymoon hysteria finally swept away, WAC sergeant Spud Leighton (Dorothy Malone) appears on the Lawrence threshold with a sure-fire plan to make her old ex-overseas pal appreciated in his budding journalistic career. The fact that Janie is tearing holes in her heart with jealousy over their conferences bothers her not in the least, so in desperation, young Mrs. Lawrence starts prancing around with old beau Scooper Nolan (Dick Erdman).

But that's not even the half of it. Because enter Cupid in the guise of Harley P. Stowers (Donald Meek) who, visiting Hortonville to buy a newspaper from Janie's dad, is so terribly confused by the romantic runnings around, that he not only refuses to let the deal go through, but insists that marriage is a sacred institution, and that Janie should go back to her husband—Scooper, the father of her "child."

Go see "Janie Gets Married." You'll come out appreciating anew that old saw about "May all your troubles be little ones."—War.

P. S.

Agnes Christine Johnston, who authored both this film and the original "Janie," feels that her persuasiveness is getting out of hand. While she was working on the script for "Janie Gets Married" she lost three secretaries to the altar, and to cap it, Joyce Reynolds upped and married a Marine and retired from the screen. Joan Leslie took over as Janie, the only change in the characters of the first movie (Continued on page 26)

### INFORMATION DESK

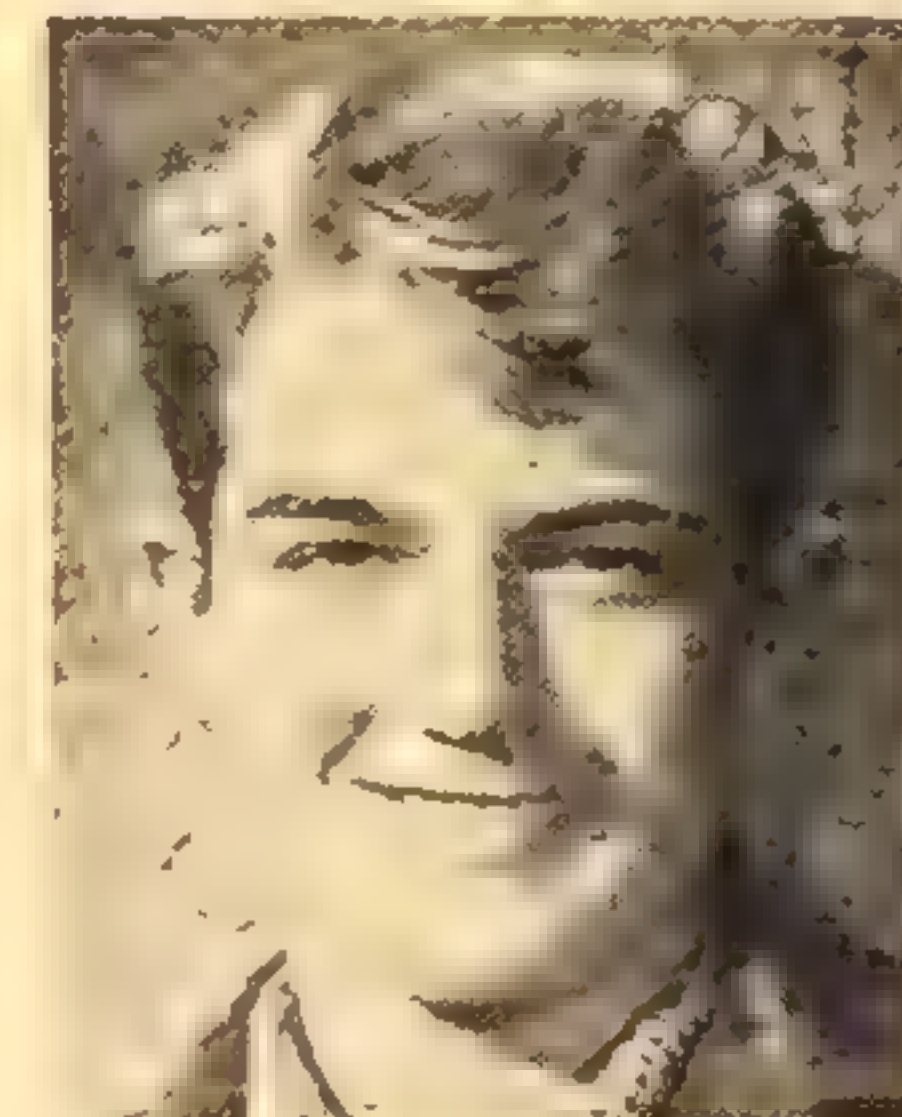
(Questions of the Month)

by Beverly Linet



Hello! What's new? Pul-enty—so let's get started with some info on face-inating, Seattle-born, JOHN HEATH. If the sensation that he created at M.S.'s Fan Club Party at the Zanzibar is any indication of his fu-

ture popularity, then he is destined to rank high with Peck and Power among your screen favorites. Johnny was born on Mar. 28, 1918. Is 6' 1", 170 lbs., and has blue eyes and brown hair. Still unstung by Cupid. Pic credits include: "Redhead from Manhattan," "30 Seconds Over Tokyo," and "Since You Went Away." Is currently appearing on Broadway in "Would-Be Gentleman," and can be reached at the Wm. Morris Agency, 1270 Avenue of Americas, N.Y.C.



Another JOHNNY! And this time it's 19-year-old MR. SANDS from Lorenzo, Texas, who can boast of a Selznick contract in one pocket and the lead with lovely Janie Withers in her latest "Lonely Hearts Club," in the other.

He's 6' tall, 160 lbs., and also has blue eyes and brown hair. Real name is John Harp, and he's unmarried. Dolores Billek, 29 E. 31 Street, Bayonne, N. J. has his club.



You were impressed by GLENN LANGAN'S performance as the Naval Lt. in "Bell for Adano," but when you see him in the romantic leads opposite Tierney in "Dragonwyck," and Crain in "Margie," you'll be sold for life.

Born in Denver, July 8, 1917, he's 6'2", with blue eyes and brown hair. Married Lucille Weston in 1939 while he was on the N.Y. stage. Write him at 20th-Fox, Beverly Hills, California.

E.S., N.Y.: MAY I HAVE THE NAME OF THE MUSIC FROM "MY REPUTATION," AND THE NAME OF THE BOY WITH THE GREEN SHIRT AND RED TIE IN THE "A. T. AND SANTA FE" SCENE OF "HARVEY GIRLS?" . . . The score from "My Reputation" is by Max Steiner. Stanley Adams added lyrics and it's published by Remick Music Co. under the title "While You're Away." Your blonde extra is JOE ROACH, but he just can't be located. Minute he is, I'll feature him here.

You know the rules. For info on pix and players, send a SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED envelope to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N.Y. 16, N.Y.



# *Greatest Frontier Saga* *SINCE "CIMARRON"!*

The screen tells it for the first time . . . a town  
outside the law . . . and all the notorious  
badmen who fought to keep it there.

# BADMAN'S TERRITORY

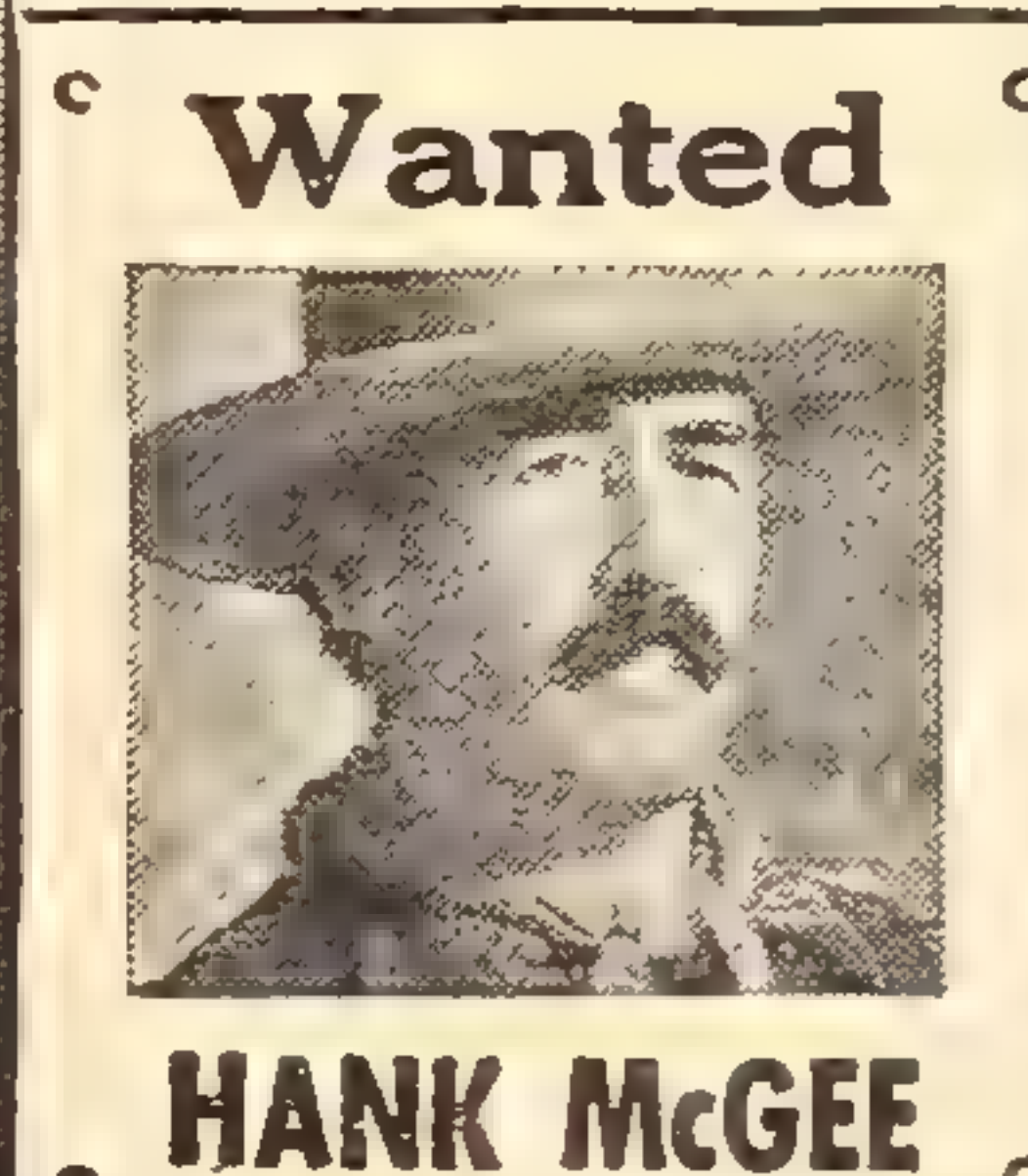
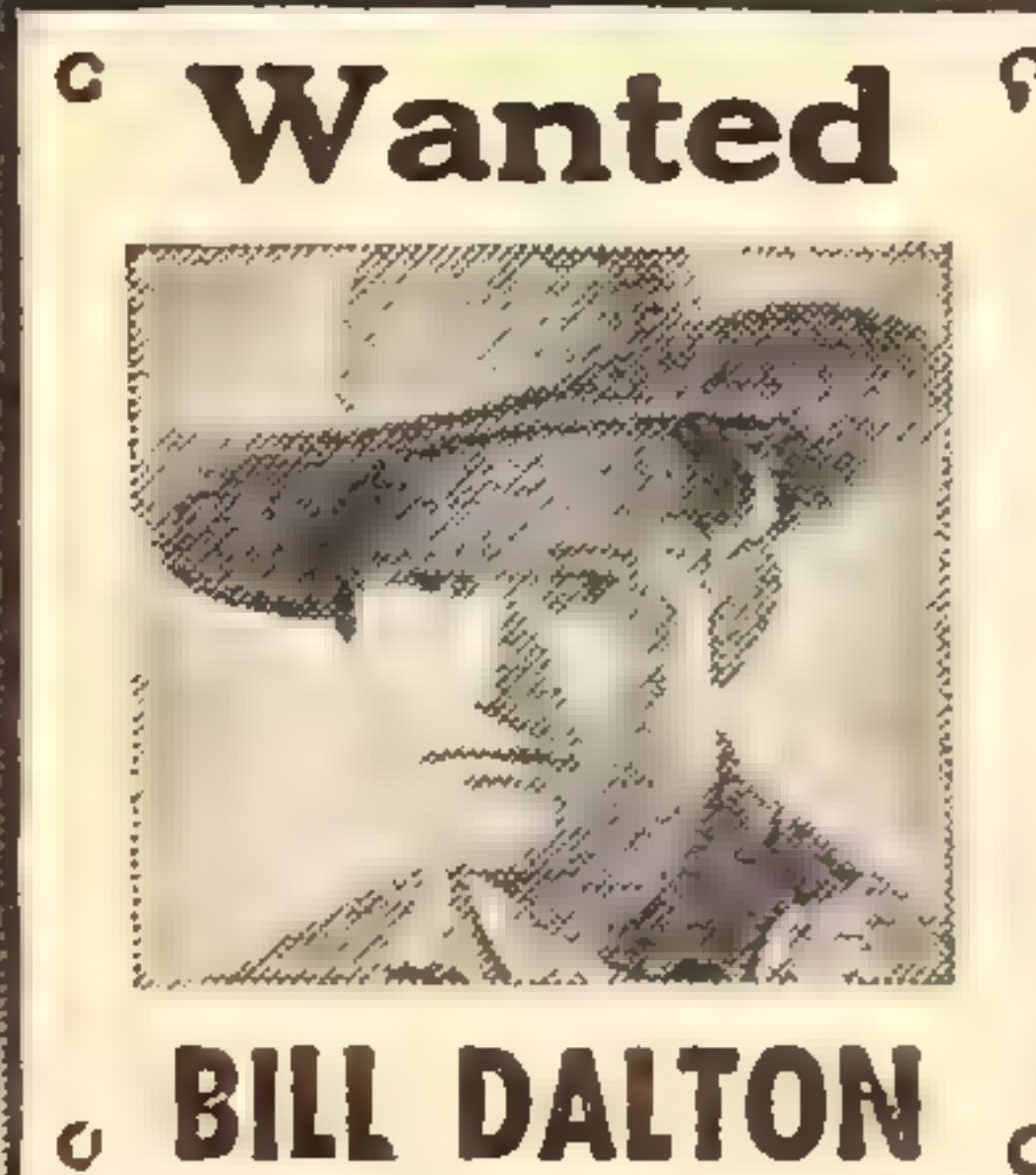
Starring

**RANDOLPH SCOTT**  
**ANN RICHARDS**  
**GEORGE 'Gabby' HAYES**

Produced by NAT HOLT • Directed by TIM WHELAN

Original Screen Play by JACK NATTEFORD and LUCI WARD

An RKO RADIO PICTURE



*See them ALL*  
*...IN ACTION*  
*...IN ONE PICTURE!*

R K O  
RADIO  
PICTURES



## CO-ED

All's fair in love and war, you say? But how about that time you cribbed in Latin? Or switched beaux? Or smoked secretly? Didn't you feel awful after? So c'mon, start turning that new leaf.

### CO-ED LETTERBOX

Bill and I went steady for over a year, then—out of a blue sky—he dropped me. How can I get him back? H. D., Butte, Montana.

*Actually, it wasn't out of a blue sky at all. The handwriting had been on the wall for a while, but you didn't want to see it, H. D. Maybe you'd been getting too possessive, maybe you'd stopped making an effort to be charming and amusing, maybe the spark just gradually burned itself out. Try to find the reason, so that the same thing doesn't happen again, and then go about annexing some new men, and forgetting about Bill. There's nothing more pathetic than an attempt to rekindle an old flame, nothing less satisfactory than a couple of half-hearted dates with a boy you once had fun with. Let him go, but without bitterness. You'll be all the wiser, all the more attractive for having suffered a bit!*

My mother, who is a widow, is planning to remarry, and my sister and I are frantic. We just don't want a strange man cluttering up our nice cozy house. Don't you think she should consider our feelings? B. T., Spokane, Washington.

*Frankly, we think your mom is doing the best possible thing for you two gals. By picking up the threads of her own life, she'll stop living yours for you. Furthermore, she'll have a companion for her later years, instead of converting you or your sister into same. After you've had a man in that oppressively feminine house of yours for just a little while, you'll wonder how you ever got along without him. See if you don't!*

I am seventeen and madly in love with a boy of twenty. Everyone is trying to tell us we're too young to marry, but gosh—look at Shirley (Continued on page 20)



JEAN KINHEAD

■ We overheard a couple of guys discussing women the other day, and couldn't resist a little ear bending. All in all, they approved of us gals, thought we were here to stay and all that. But one thing that they said made us practically blow our top gauge with rage. "They're almost all dishonest," was what they said. "It's part of being female."

When we cooled off, we got to thinking it over, and you know those guys had something? Oh, maybe we don't go in for grand larceny or anything as obvious as that, but you know how we are. A white lie here, an exaggeration there. We wear our brother's fraternity pin and pretend a gorgeous man planted it. We read a synopsis of a play and tell everyone we saw it. We're fakers, every single one of us, and it couldn't be less attractive. Let's give ourselves a long searching look, now, and see just how dishonest we are. And then let's do something about it—for the good of our characters, for the good of our reputations, and for the good of our guy's peace of mind.

**Fooling the Family:** You date the lads mom doesn't truly smoke like a furnace, and read forbidden books—but strictly on the q.t. They think you're a model child. It may seem like a good racket for a while—like having your cake and eating it, too—but actually you're not being very smart. Some day they'll find out about you, and then they'll lose faith in you and be about a million times stricter. Also, expect a bit of chicanery (g'wan, look that (Continued on page 20)



*Wrapping your heart with happiness...*



*...tying it tight with love!*

*Two grand people  
made for each  
other... and having  
such a wonderful  
time finding it out...*

*They get married  
for fun... and have  
it for the BEST  
of your life!*

JACK H. SKIRBALL · BRUCE MANNING present

MYRNA LOY · DON AMECHE

# *So Goes My Love*

A UNIVERSAL RELEASE with

RHYS WILLIAMS BOBBY DRISCOLL RICHARD GAINES

Directed by FRANK RYAN Produced by JACK H. SKIRBALL

A JACK H. SKIRBALL · BRUCE MANNING Production    Screenplay by Bruce Manning and James Clifden  
Based upon "A Genius in the Family" by Hiram Percy Maxim    Director of Photography Joseph Valentine



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HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES  
SANITARY BELTS

## CO-ED

(Continued from page 18)

one up) undermines your character that much more, submerges your conscience that much deeper, makes it a wee bit harder for you to be good. The thing to do, if your family's especially strict, is to have a little conference with them explaining—without anger or defiance—your side of the various questions. Arrange some sort of compromise whereby you may exercise your judgment and still benefit somewhat by their wisdom and experience. For instance, ask them to let you invite one of the boys whom they dislike, but whom you adore, to the house. Let them talk to him, get to know him. Give them a chance to see beyond his boorishness or his hard-boiled exterior. Then, after he's gone, sit down with them and discuss him, calmly and fairly. See if their opinion doesn't change—or your own! See if the conference method isn't at least 95% successful, and gosh, how much better you'll feel. How much better you'll be.

**Fooling the lads:** You "go steady" with two guys. One's a local boy, the other's from out of town; and never the twain shall meet. You hope. You simply kill the girls with your antics: Switching class rings, hiding football programs, describing your latest hair-raising escape—when Bill called, and Joe answered the phone. It's a gay, mad life, but it can't go on indefinitely. And when they find you out, they'll blacken your name for miles around, and you'll have a time and a half finding another beau. Not only that, the gals who are so entranced with you now while everything's jake, will change their tune when you're high, dry and swain-less. The only adult, gentlemanly solutions are

these: Either go steady and really work at it or don't go steady at all. Make up your mind. Two-timing is one of the worst forms of dishonesty. It has been known to disillusion boys for life, and furthermore, it's a forerunner of marital infidelity. So watch it!

**Fooling Teacher:** Guess we've all been tempted. If we could just see how Mary started the geometry problem on the final exam—just a hint is all we need. But if we have some integrity, we don't peek. Look at it this way. You wouldn't pick Mary's pockets, would you? Then how can you justify picking her brains? Out in the wide, wide world, cribbing has the unpleasant name of plagiarism and is very severely dealt with. It's a serious thing, kids, so next time you're caught short on an exam, muddle through it somehow. Better to get a D in Chem. and an A in honesty than vice versa. Truly!

**Fooling Yourself:** You pretend you like Frankie, 'cause the gang does, but way down deep, Perry Como's your boy. You wear purple lipstick and too much perfume ('cause Arlene does and she's a man-trap) when you're strictly a pastel character. You go around acting like two other guys, and you think you're fooling the people, but you're really just fooling yourself. Be honest about what you think, what you feel, what you are. Maybe the people who went for you when you were hidden under six inches of pancake make-up and a Hepburn accent won't like you any more. So what? You'll have twice as much fun with the people who like you as just plain you. And want to bet you do worlds better with the lads? Try it and find out!

## CO-ED LETTERBOX

(Continued from page 18)

Temple. What is your opinion of early marriages? M. M., Amsterdam, N. Y.

In the first place, it isn't fair to compare the average seventeen-year-old with Shirley. Because of the nature of her work she is much more mature than most girls of her age. She has been going out with boys (chaperoned to be sure) for years and years and has had a chance to meet a great variety of them. At seventeen, she has the experience and sophistication of a girl years older. As for our opinion of early marriages, it is this. If both boy and girl are adult, responsible, clear-headed kids and if they have the means to support themselves, we believe their marriage can be a pretty wonderful thing. However, if two youngsters go into marriage hastily, unprepared for life and with insufficient funds, they aren't going to stay happy.

My father opens all my mail. It makes me furious, but nothing I say has any effect on him. G. T., Gainesville, Ga.

We can't blame you for being furious. Your dad obviously doesn't trust you. Have you ever given him reason not to? Or have you an older brother or sister who caused him to lose faith in his kids? The only solution is to build up his trust in you. Talk to him about politics, showing him that you are growing up, have sound ideas. Discuss the gang at school, bringing in morals and explaining your stand on things like drinking and woo. Tell him

about the boys you know and why you like and respect them. Confide in him a bit, and ask him at least once in a while for advice. Some day it will suddenly occur to him that you're a pretty fine girl one he's just a bit proud of. And that will be the end of the letter-opening.

The guy I adore is shy, has never had a date in his life, and doesn't even look at the gals. How can I lure him? J. B. Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Those strong silent ones fall hard when they fall, but the approach must be right. Chances are he's an outdoor man. Probably likes long treks into the hills and excursions on his bike. Check on that and if so, talk to him about the hike you're planning. Tell him about your dog and get him talking about his. Some day, as him if he'd mind taking a look at you bike and seeing what makes it so squeaky. Then when you've got him lured as far as your front door, ask him in for some cake and milk, praise his mechanical ability to the skies, and start making plans for a picnic on Saturday. The lad'll be your devoted slave, just wait 'n' see!

\* \* \*

Kiddies, Spring is a dandy, light-hearted time of the year, if you're with it, if you're not it can be mighty grim. So bring your peevies to us. Honest, we've got an answer for everything. Mail the wails to Jean Kinkead, Co-Ed, MODERN SCREEN, 14 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.



*She challenges men with her beauty . . .  
conquers them with her sword!*

By day...a devastating  
enchantress...by night...  
a deadly avenger...here is a  
woman born bold and lovely  
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# "The Wife of MONTE CRISTO"

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**JOHN LODER  
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CHARLES DINGLE · FRITZ KORTNER · EDUARDO CIANELLI  
MARTIN KOSLECK · FRITZ FELD  
Associate Producer JACK GRANT      Directed by EDGAR G. ULMER



*A woman, dauntlessly and daringly romantic as Dumas' dashing Count of Monte Cristo!*





That's Adrienne Ames under the floral display. Adrienne's got a radio spot on WHN nightly, interviewed our own Leonard Feather, swapped gossip of New York for on-the-beam stuff from H'wood.



Andy Russell takes a breather at recording session to show off record of a previous broadcast to beautiful, beaming wife Della. Peter Lawford horned in, got invited to A.'s new Encino ranch!

## BY LEONARD FEATHER

■ Calling all swing fans in and around New York! If you want to get the inside track on what kind of spontaneous combustion results from a meeting of two jazz critics, listen to Freddy Robbins' 1280 Club program on Tuesday evening, April 23. You'll hear me and my friendly rival, John Hammond, talking about jazz.

John and I have had many arguments over the years, including a long and very acid one about Duke Ellington, whom John doesn't admire as much as I do. In spite of our spats, though, we still like the same kind of music, basically, and we both believe very deeply in the spreading of democracy and tolerance through music. However, I'm sure Freddy Robbins will find some subjects to make this battle of words very warm for April, and he'll probably have to act not only as emcee, but also as referee. Hope you'll be listening—it's on station WOV, 1280 on your dial.

Now, to business: The month's records. Well, I could hardly pass up the opportunity to list the Frank Sinatra album as the best popular selection of the month. The choice of tunes is so good—many of our old favorites—and the overall picture so typical of Frankie, that my recommendation goes without saying. And for the best hot jazz I suggest "Blue at Dawn" and "Bouncy" by Timmie Rozenkranz and his Barons on Continental. Reasons later.

### BEST POPULAR

I DON'T KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT YOU—Peggy Lee (Capitol)—Peggy scored such a hit with her recordings of her first two compositions "You Was Right, Baby," and "What More Can a Woman Do?" that she sat down, chewed her pen awhile and came out with this new one, also co-authored by guitarist-hubby Dave Barbour. You probably don't know it, but in the past couple of months Peggy has turned down movie offers, a five-figure deal for an (*Cont'd on page 102*)





# A BRAND-NEW ALBUM OF COLE PORTER HITS!

**“NIGHT and DAY”**

starring

**ALLAN JONES**



Includes:

Night and Day, I've Got You Under My Skin, Begin the Beguine, Why Shouldn't I?, What Is This Thing Called Love?, Rosalie, Easy to Love, In the Still of the Night . . . With Orchestra and Chorus, Ray Sinatra, Conductor. Album M-1033, \$4.50, suggested list price exclusive of taxes.



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Tommy Dorsey ★ Duke Ellington ★ The Ginger Snaps ★ Al Goodman ★ Erskine  
Hawkins ★ Lena Horne ★ Betty Hutton ★ Spike Jones ★ Sammy Kaye ★ Greta Keller  
Wayne King ★ Zeke Manners ★ Freddy Martin ★ The Glenn Miller Band with Tex  
Beneke ★ Vaughn Monroe ★ Henri René ★ Carson Robison ★ Roy Rogers ★ David  
Rose ★ Sons of the Pioneers ★ Charlie Spivak ★ Martha Stewart ★ Billy Williams

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THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON



**RCA VICTOR RECORDS**





CHECK THE BOXES OPPOSITE THE CHARTS YOU'D LIKE

## New CHARTS THIS MONTH

**HOW TO THROW A PARTY**—How to make your shindig a sure-fire success, whether it's an orchids-and-tails gala, or Sunday supper for the gang. Sound advice on good hostessing, refreshments, decorations, entertainment, etc., and charted Party Index for all occasions. FREE, send LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope . . . . . ☐

**GUIDE FOR BRIDES**—Complete wedding etiquette for the girl who'll be a bride this June—and every girl who ever hopes to be one. Covers invitations, announcements, showers, trousseau, reception, flowers, music, expenses for formal and informal affairs. Also, a time-table to help you make orderly preparations for the big day. FREE, send LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer . . . . . ☐

## FOR FANS

**SUPER STAR INFORMATION CHART (10c)**—Completely revised to include all the latest data on the lives, loves, hobbies, new pix, little known facts about the stars. Send 10c and a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope. . . . . ☐

**MUSIC-MAKERS—1945-'46—by Harry James (5c)**—Be in the know! The Trumpet King tells ALL in this 15-page super guide to the lives, loves, records, movies, radio shows of your favorite recording stars. Send 5c and a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope. . . . . ☐

**HOW TO JOIN A FAN CLUB**—Brand-new, re-edited chart, listing over 100 of the best clubs for all your favorites—Frank Sinatra, June Allyson, Peter Lawford, Alan Ladd, etc. Learn about the MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION. Also, how to write good fan letters. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope . . . . . ☐

**INFORMATION DESK**—Answers to every question that ever pops into your mind about Hollywood, the stars and their movies. If you're hankering to know about casting, musical scores, or who socked the heroine with a tomato in the film you saw last night, see box on page 16 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

## FOR GLAMOR

**SKIN CARE FOR TEENS**—Teen beauty depends on care, diet, grooming. Here's a chart that tells you all about skin care, facials, PROBLEM skin. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see THREE-IN-ONE offer . . . . . ☐

**HAIR DO'S AND DON'TS FOR TEEN-AGERS**—This is the last word on hair glamor! It's got everything—hair-grooming directions, charts for facial types, new hair style ideas! FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer. . . ☐

**YOU CAN BE CHARMING!**—Says Jean Kinkead—Charm is the way you look, walk, talk, think, dress, act, behave toward others. It's the difference between being the belle-of-the-ball and Alice Sit-By-The-Fire. Anyone can have it for a small investment of patience, time and effort. This chart explains how YOU can have it. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer. ☐

## FOR ROMANCE

**HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH BOYS—by Jean Kinkead**—Be dated, re-dated, but never superannuated! The secret of making the right kind of impression on the nice boys you know. Hold-your-man tactics that WORK! FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer. . . . . ☐

**BE A BETTER DANCER!—by Arthur Murray**—Easy to follow directions on all the turns and tricks that will make you a honey on the dance floor. Plus dance floor etiquette—what to wear, how to be popular with the stags. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer. . . . ☐

**PLEASE BEHAVE!** Easy etiquette for sailing through any social situation without awkward, embarrassing moments. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer. . . . . ☐

**CO-ED PERSONAL ADVICE**—Want to know how to get him to ask for a date, or when it's cagey to be 'hard to get'? Write to Jean Kinkead, c/o MODERN SCREEN. She'll answer all your vital heart-problems in a personal letter. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

## FOR THE FASHION-WISE

**DATE DRESS DATA FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS**—New-as-tomorrow ideas about dressing for dates. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer. . . . . ☐

**SPORTSWEAR FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS**—Now that sport clothes are worn from sun-up to dancing-in-the-dark, here's how to look your best in them. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer. . . . . ☐

**ACCESSORIES FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS**—It's accessories that make your outfit! How to glamor-up your clothes with those little touches that mean everything! FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer. . . . . ☐

## FOR HOME SWEET HOME

**DESSERTS FRANKIE LOVES—by Nancy Sinatra**—Here are recipes for making Frankie's Favorite Lemon Pie, Apples Delicious, Sigh-Guy Gingerbread, and many more that are high on the Sinatra Dessert Parade. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer . . . . . ☐

**MAKE YOUR HOME MORE ATTRACTIVE**—Tired of looking at the same old four walls, year-year-out? A paint brush, some old orange crates, a saw, and a little imagination will transform your home into a thing of beauty, penny-cost. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer . . . . . ☐

## FOR CAREER

**HOW TO PICK THE RIGHT JOB**—Career Chart No. 1—Select the job that's right for you—the basis of your hobbies, natural abilities, personal desires. Private secretary, model, nurse, interior decorator, statistician—whatever your choice—here's how to decide whether you'd in. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope (see Career Chart No. 2) . . . . . ☐

**JOBS AND HOW TO GET THEM**—Career Chart No. 2—Once you decide which job is for you, you'll want to know how to go about getting it. Here's the straight low-down on scores of career jobs—how to be interviewed, salaries to be expected, even your chances of marrying the boss. The same envelope that brings you Career Chart No. 1 will take care of this one, too. you check here. . . . . ☐

## Special THREE-IN-ONE OFFER

Save postage by taking advantage of special THREE-IN-ONE offer. Look up down the list of free charts. You'll find an envelope (12) checked (✓) like this. Select A THREE of these checked charts and enclose ONE large envelope bearing SIX CENTS stamps. We'll send you all THREE in this envelope, and you'll save three cents. Enclose additional envelopes (6c postage on each) for each additional choice of three checked charts. Four envelopes (6c stamps on each) for entire series of 12 charts.



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man  
do I  
belong?"*

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GOOD ENTERTAINMENT

IS INTERNATIONAL



## MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 16)

... Clare Foley again plays the loathesome kid sister and this role, added to her part in "Janie" both on the stage and screen, tacks up a thespic record for the youngster. Eleven years old, she has been the brattish Elsbeth 847 days, or more than twenty percent of her lifetime.

### BOYS' RANCH

There are rough boys and tough boys, boys who play hookey and boys who need a mother, but there's no such thing as a mean boy and never, never a bad one.

That, at least, is the premise Dan Walker (James Craig) has always gone on, and so far, he's never found it untrue. As short-stop for a professional ball team, Dan's always been popular with the gang that hangs around outside the ball park, waiting for him to bat a "fungo" over the fence so they can catch the ball and claim a free admission. But this particular day, two of his special pals, Skippy (Skippy Homeier), the leader of the local "tough guys," and Hank (Darryl Hickman), his sidekick, are hanging around to say goodbye to Dan because Dan's just been asked to resign, it seems he's outlived his usefulness for the team. Not that he minds too much, it's just that he hadn't quite planned to settle down on that ranch in Texas for a while yet. Anyhow, he's just packing when Skippy and Hank pop up in the lockers with a farewell gift, a swell pocket knife "worth at least three bucks." Dan is touched, but before he has a chance to express his gratitude, a big cop ambles over and hauls them all to the police station—the knife is worth at least three bucks but it would've been nice if the boys had paid for it instead of swiping it off the park vendor. There's a lot of commotion and talk about reform school and before he knows it, Dan's volunteered to take the two boys in custody. Dan's wife isn't too pleased with the whole setup, so when they get to Texas, he ships the boys off to a pal's ranch, where they so ingratiate themselves that the pal promptly heaves them out. Which leaves Mr. Walker right where he started.

But a responsibility's a responsibility, and Dan talks rancher Banton into lending him an old abandoned courthouse and 640 acres of land to start Boys' Ranch, which will be a home for Skippy and Hank and some other choice teen-age characters who've taken to hanging around lately.

Everything is fine until someone discovers that Skippy has skipped out with the ranch funds. But he's stopped in time to avoid messing up a graveyard, giving the ranch a bad name and to rescue Hank from a fate worse than death.

And by the way, there's a very small fry in the picture by name of Jackie "Butch" Jenkins who should be arrested. Little guy steals every heart in sight. —M-G-M.

P. S.

One of the scenes required "Butch" Jenkins to look slightly jaded after devouring eight slabs of lemon meringue pie. Butch took it upon himself to actually eat six pieces before going into the scene. As he reeled toward the cameras he said, "This is gonna be easy to do. I don't feel so good." When the director asked him why he'd eaten so much pie, the sprout informed him that he had merely "been getting in the mood" . . . During the filming of the picture, Skippy Homeier and "Butch"

invented what they term "Circus talk," which consists in putting the letters "iz" before the first vowel in every word. As time progressed they were slinging the lingo all over the set, but Skippy's mother confessed that all she had picked up personally were the words "jizerk" and "dizope" . . . Butch Jenkins spent anxious hours rehearsing his most difficult scene, which involved dialogue with veteran George Cleveland. When the time arrived for the take, it was Cleveland, not Butch, who blew his lines. When Cleveland apologized, Butch smiled sweetly. "That's all right, Mr. Cleveland," he said, "I used to do that myself."

### RAINBOW OVER TEXAS

For thirty years now, bluff millionaire Wooster Dalrymple (Robert Emmett Keane), has been trying to break into society, but failing, he tries to buy a way into the Blue Book for his rebellious daughter, Jacqueline (Dale Evans). But Jackie's got just as much spunk as her old man. "You should be proud of your background," she storms, "tea parties and so-cials, I want to live!" And because, to her mind, the only living being done today is out Texas way, she jumps her dad's ship and stows away on the train bearing Roy Rogers and the Sons of the Pioneers to Dalrymple, the town her father founded.

Once the troupe hits Dalrymple, however, things get too hot for them to bother much with wimmin folk. Roy is being needled by Pete McAvoy (Kenne Duncan) who tries to insult him into a fight, thus keeping the champ out of circulation when the big pony express race, with its huge winner's prize, will be run. But Roy refuses to let anything get his dander up. Until the racketeer who's behind all the crooked gambling in town, Kirby Haynes (Sheldon Leonard), shows his hand by having a defenseless man shot in the back—and Roy framed for the murder. That does it! Through stampedes and fixed races and ambushes Roy rides, fury on a white horse. There are many more dead men before the picture rat-tats to a blazing finish, and a lot of evil-doing punished, but there's also another convert to the wild 'n' woolly West, Wooster Dalrymple. And romantically speaking, the fearless Roy Rogers nearly bites the dust—but not quite.—Repub.

P. S.

Even if Dale Evans does enjoy working in Westerns, she gets a bit fed up with the eternal riding clothes which give her little or no glamor. She was gay as a Hopper hat when she found that the script called for her to wear a white bathing suit. When the bathing suit arrived in her dressing room, it was an all-white number, with lovely lines, but across the front of the skirt was painted a bucking broncho. Miss Evans bowed her head in meek submission . . . During the filming of the picture, Roy Rogers bought twenty-seven sorrel mares to be mated with Trigger. The first colt will be used in the next Rogers film, depicting the story of how the cowboy star acquired his famous horse . . . The prop department turned sculptor when it had to build a life-sized statue of Robert Emmett Keane, who portrays Dale's industrialist father in the film . . . For the movie, Tim Spencer, one of the Sons of the Pioneers, wrote two songs, "Texas, U. S. A." and "Cowboy Camp Meeting." The latter is a tricky tune which promises to be a big hit.

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gleam with new

**RADIANT  
BEAUTY!**



"Shampoo" is hardly a big enough word for Kay Daumit's Lustre-Creme, excited women tell us. It cleanses wonderfully well, of course, and rinses swiftly with no trouble at all, but it's the glowing, shimmering beauty which follows that makes Lustre-Creme so different. Secret ingredients bring out thrilling sheen . . . glamour you may never have suspected—and your hair behaves! Department stores, and all good drug stores, have Lustre-Creme; long-lasting jar costs \$1.

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# CUTEX



**DARK'N HANDSOME**

*new  
mystery  
color*

**It's dark... it's exciting...** it's the new Cutex color for intrigue. Put it on your long, temptress nails... wear it—then let men beware! • And when in lighter mood try the new Cutex Proud Pink:



April, 1946

TO OUR READERS,

Things have been popping at MODERN SCREEN, and I've got to make up my mind whether to tell you about our beautiful new circulation or about our recent gay Matinee Party at the Cafe Zanzibar. I really haven't room to do justice to both.

But in a nutshell, this is the circulation story. When Henry and I got off to a timid start back in 1940, newsstand sales hovered precariously around 400,000. The latest figure is 1,600,000. The sale has doubled twice. Bugs Bunny himself couldn't have done better!

I won't grumble. 1,600,000 is fine. As a matter of fact, it makes us eighth in the country - right after LIFE magazine! Yet all the circulation in the U.S.A. wouldn't mean as much to us as that Zanzibar party. And I'll tell you why.

From the beginning, Henry and I have been fighting kind of a crusade. We've believed that there's so much more to a magazine than just making money. We made up our minds that MODERN SCREEN would be "the Friendly Magazine" - and we've stuck to it. For our readers, young and old, we have friendly services - advice and information charts. So far, 3,000,000 charts and personal letters have been mailed off to readers who needed a friendly shoulder to lean on.

And yet, we've never been quite satisfied. Tons of mail - but mail isn't the real thing. Friendship is personal and direct. And that's how the Zanzibar party happened - first a dream - then, early in February of this year, a warm, charming reality. To one of the biggest night clubs in New York, we invited 500 readers to meet nearly 100 stars of stage and screen. Gene Kelly, Hurd Hatfield, Sonja Henie, Jan Clayton, Cesar Romero, Danny Kaye - countless others.

It was a great party (see pages 30-37). Far more - it was a party that meant something. You readers got together with us staff members. You chatted with the stars. On that February afternoon in the Zanzibar, MODERN SCREEN'S friendly policy came to life. Of that fact we are unspeakably proud!

*Heald*  
Executive Editor

P.S. For an important announcement please turn to page 119.

*The Friendly Magazine*



## MODERN SCREEN THROWS A

# PARTY!

So it can't happen here, eh? But it did! A hundred guest stars jamming the Club Zanzibar, and all for you—all in honor of our M. S. fans!

■ Bet every time you read about a big, flashy four-alarm party for a group of movie stars, you picture Elsa Maxwell or M-G-M engineering the whole thing. Don't you, now? And aren't you wrong! Lookit. We've just been to a party, and it was the "Oklahoma," the Cadillac, the Van Johnson of all parties. No joshing, it was fine. And guess who was at the bottom of it? Not Elsa or Louis B. or any of the publicity boys. Just a queen-size blonde with a wonderful smile and a yen for Dane Clark. So help us, she was, and here's how it happened.

Peggy Field (this dishy blonde we mentioned) is mad for Dane Clark. She considers him absolutely atomic, and she'd planned a stupendous party for him when he came East on his vacation. She lived and breathed that party for *weeks*, and then came the heartbreaking, hysterics-making telegram from Dane that his vacation had been cancelled, that the party was off. It was a kick in the teeth for Peggy. It was, she told her mom, the End of the World.

That (Continued on page 118)



Oh happy day, oh bliss! When pert Peggy Fields received her invitation to the MODERN SCREEN Fan Club party, she jumped with joy, nearly trampled those math and Latin books. P. S. See that Dane Clark pic? It's *sooo* affectionately autographed.





Mr. and Mrs. Fields are used to their daughter's rave enthusiasms by now, but even they were impressed at the star line-up. And when Mom heard that Gene Kelly would be there—ummmm...



Limey's—a spaniel and mad-in-love with his mistress, but when he heard of the party, he gaily wagged g'bye.



The gang turned out to envy Peggy's outing, wish her fun—and send their autograph books for additions.



Aside from being a perfect host, Exec. Ed Al Delacorte has an eye well trained for a pretty gal, so naturally he spotted Peg at the entrance.



Charge! Gloria Shawy, Frank Sinatra's number one fan and club prexy, led the thundering hordes up the Zanzibar steps. You'll see Gloria all over the spread LOOK is featuring in their April 30th issue. MODERN SCREEN, the magazine other mags interview!



Nat Reiff, co-sponsor of the party with Fan Club director Shirley Frohlich (she's downstairs being trampled on), welcomes Peggy with a list of the doin's—and makeup advice.





Peggy's just trying it on for size, thank you. It all started when Frankie mentioned, on an air show, that Staten Island sure was foggy. So Jane Harris, Dolorés McMullen, Dot Nix and Annabelle Corbo banded into "The Foggy Girls"—identical as to pea jackets and hero worship.

Wreathed in smiles and mink, Sonja Henie was introduced by M. C. Ed Sullivan, giggled, "If I'd known how big this party'd be, I'd have brought skates!"



MORE PARTY PICTURES →



Could've set the place afire and this fan wouldn't have budged. Why? Danny Kaye, of the gay charm, was onstage!



Danny's floored by evidence of Frankie's fame.





Peggy cribbed party music-maker Joe Marsala's clarinet to see if she could produce party noises—Jimmy Dorsey begged "No!"



Ever the gentleman, Robert Paige murmured "After you," to pretty Peggy as they autographed the huge party celebrity register.





Lt. (j.g.) Gene Kelly (hallelujah, he's an almost civilian!) feasting his eyes on *two* pretty gals—Peggy and wife Betsy Blair.



MORE PARTY PICTURES—

In answer to Peggy's plea for autographs, singer, Carl Ravazza scribbled "A swell party." "Me, too," penned thrush Eileen Barton.





Hurd Hatfield's still new to the fan rush act, even though "Diary of a Chambermaid's" bound to make him a big time swooner sensation. When a kind M.S. staffer offered to help him out of the mob, he rumbled, "I should say not—I love it!"



It wasn't long before our canny guests latched on to Peggy's dazzling celebrity personality, with the result that she had writer's cramp for days after!



It was a tough fight, but M.S. Executive Editor Al Delacorte, with the help of a beaming Kelly-ite, finally won. Seems Gene originally refused to remove his overcoat—it was government property and darned if he'd let it get ripped up!





M. S. fans weren't proud, they raved and roared for all the celebs. But notice how his club kept Bing up front? And that's Dick Haymes dangling back thar.



The Fitzgeralds, Ed and Pegeen, aired their show right from the stage, with Danny K. an extra-added attraction.



Almost, but not quite, the end of a perfect day. Peggy waltzing herself into a dream at the Stork Club later, with Hurd Hatfield.



Ed Sullivan farewell'ing Hurd, Peggy, Maggie Whiting and Al D. And so good night. It's been fun, see you next year.





Now that she's a "Junior Mrs.," Shirley's studio plans to team her with Guy Madison in young-love roles like Janet Gaynor-Chas. Farrell pics.



Shirley got cookery-conscious while John was still in the Army, trotted off to cooking school and made hash of all those bride's biscuits jokes in no time! J.'s rich, but he and S. like to do things themselves.



The Agars were khaki-whacky for so long that Shirley began to think there *wasn't* any other color! Shirl- kept that blue tweed number well sprayed, hugged it so much she *smothered* the moths.



## HUSBANDS ARE

Wonderful!

HUSBANDS! SIGHS SHIRLEY TEMPLE. THEY

GET HOTEL ROOMS, FIX CAR DOORS, PRAISE

YOUR COOKING—AND LOOK SO HELPLESS

WHEN THEY'RE SICK! • BY VIRGINIA WILSON

■ Shirley plumped up the pillows expertly, and said, "Okay. Let's see that thermometer." She held it to the light while the big guy sprawling in the bed grinned at her. She was such a *little* girl, even in those tall, stilted heels. So little and so pretty and such a darling! He could hardly believe even now that she was his own wife.

"Fine thing," he said ruefully. "I finally get out of the Army and right away the flu catches up with me."

Shirley smiled at him over the thermometer. "You're better today. Your temperature's normal."

"That's what *you* think! Not with you around it isn't, Mrs. Agar."

"Mrs. Agar." Shirley, suddenly serious, repeated it, her brown eyes enormous with the wonder of it. Of being really married with a husband out of the Army, and a whole life ahead of them. "Jack, are you happy? Happy like *(Continued on page 84)*



Shirley's keeping house in her old playhouse—but she's all grown up now, with problems like deciding what husband John should do. He's torn between wanting to finish college or becoming an actor.

"Dear John," she'd write, "I know you're indispensable, but the Army should realize I need you more than *they* do!" Now John's home for good, and happiness isn't just an occasional furlough—it's forever!





By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

# ESTHER WILLIAMS

■ One sultry summer evening, back in 1939, at Des Moines, Iowa, a slim, sun-tanned California girl of seventeen poised for a racing plunge into the biggest moment of her young life.

It was the final race and the top event for women of the National Swim Meet—the 100-meters free style sprint for the championship of the United States—and Esther Williams was tired. That day she had churned the distance in the soupy water five times, and five times she had won. The elimination heats followed so close she hadn't had time to eat anything except tea and crackers all day. The night before, the Midwestern heat had stifled her in the sweltering hotel room and she hadn't slept a wink. It was seven o'clock and she was wilted. Her arms and legs felt like lead.

But as Esther Williams waited for the starter's signal she chanted to herself, "This is it! I can do it!" over and over again, and as her body spanked the water in the flat racer's dive at the last she dug her long arms deep to the rhythm of the same chant that never left her brain, "This is it! This is it! I can do it! I can do it!"

The strength she knew would come flowed through her body and she cut the water fast and clean. At the turn, she kicked off the tank wall and an instant's peek told her what she knew—that the class of the country was well in her wake. She was laughing when she popped up like a porpoise, sleek, dripping (*Continued on page 42*)



Even at 3, Esther's grimy knuckles and spotted socks anticipated her approaching tomboyism. Of pioneer stock, her maternal grandfather, a Civil War vet, knew Abe Lincoln well, and her grandmother had 8 children between treks by covered wagon!



# LIFE STORY

SHE WAS A GAWKY KID WITH A WILL  
TO WIN WHO ALWAYS MUTTERED "I CAN DO  
IT!" WHEN THE GOING GOT  
TOUGH—AND DID IT! (PART ONE.)



One of ex-GI Ben Gage's first gifts to his wife was a tiny star sapphire ring clustered by diamonds. "As our marriage grows," E. smiles, "it will grow, too."



Esther's mother (here with E. at the "Going My Way" premiere), was the first to sympathize with the fellow who stole several "Bathing Beauty" reels—and then tried to hire a projectionist to run them for him.

Her marriage to Dr. Leonard Kovner ended on a "we'll always be pals" note after four years. Here, together before the divorce, on one of his rare nights away from his hospital dorm.







Hobby lobby: When the Gages moved into the new house, Ben gave E. a spittoon; she converted it into a lamp base! The shade above is an old qingham dress!



With her new contract running into the four-figure class, busy Esther has very little leisure time, still finds working out in the swimming pool Metro built especially for her, her pet relaxation.

Esther combined business with pleasure by honeymooning at Acapulco for two weeks—then running back to finish work on "Fiesta" in Mexico City. After seeing her first bull fight, she raved, "It's better than a ball game!"





## ESTHER WILLIAMS

### LIFE STORY



If it weren't for her strong Williams will power, an old childhood incident would have made her swear off playing darts forever. Seems she'd been playing with older brother David, when he tossed one over his shoulder and it pierced her cheek right below the eye!

and fresh at the finish for the cameras to catch the new national speed queen's winning smile. But only Esther Williams knew that she alone hadn't really won that race.

She couldn't have; she wasn't that good a swimmer, she wasn't that strong, she wasn't that sharply conditioned to skim the distance in 1:08 for a new world's record. Something stronger than herself, she knew, had guided her. A power beyond her body had flowed into her aching muscles—the all-perfect power she had believed in and trusted since babyhood had worked the miracle.

Esther's mother had taught her that faith, will, philosophy, religion—whatever it was—and she had absorbed it like a flower does sunshine. "Never be afraid of anything. You can do it, because it's not your strength or your talent, but something stronger than you. If you're ever afraid of anything, just remember that *you* don't have to do it alone. If you believe, it will be done for you."

Esther Williams learned that lesson early and it became the theme of her life and sometimes, looking back on the other girls thrashing in her wake—in a swimming pool or out—while she was still strong and fresh and confident, she felt sorry for them, because they didn't know. Her belief in herself is the keynote of Esther Williams' existence today and it's the story behind the success story of a very normal, average American girl. It's what has lifted Esther off the sport page to a Hollywood star's enviable pedestal and brought her fame.

In Hollywood there are better actresses than Esther Williams, by far, as there were always at one time better swimmers. Plenty of beauties in the extra line have prettier faces than she and more divine figures. Hundreds know more smooth career tricks about how to get ahead in Hollywood and dozens and dozens can give Esther cards and spades in experience, talent and technique.

But Esther (*Cont'd on page 104*)



By ABIGAIL PUTNAM

the

AND





THERE'S MUTT 'N JEFF, DAVID 'N GOLIATH,  
AND NOW THERE'S PECK 'N PECK, WITH JONA-  
THAN P. RUNNING GREGORY P. RAGGED!

# LONG

# short OF IT

■ Mr. Jonathan Peck, an exuberant gentleman of twenty-one months' brisk experience, has two (at least) highly exciting events scheduled for the future. Item 1: He is to become a brother this fall.

Jonny's father, Gregory, is adamant about the addition to the family—he wants a girl, to be named Stephanie. If Jonny could speak his mind, he'd probably hold out for a sister, too. Yet, in case the recruit should prove to be of more eventual interest to Burma Shave than to Max Factor, he will be called Stephen.

Stephen, if that's what he turns out to be, couldn't possibly be a failure if he manages to capture himself one-tenth of the charm now owned and operated by his older brother. Which brings us back to Jonny.

Master Peck now has fourteen teeth; he distinguished himself by cutting his first molars before he cut his eye teeth, a situation that made lead pencils, medium-sized twigs, and a vagrant rung from his highchair very interesting. He could bite into all of these articles hard enough to leave the imprints of two sturdy teeth.

Jonny has been walking . . . take that back, . . . Jonny has been RUNNING for several months. He is always in a hurry. When taking off for some spot, preferably that just forbidden by his mother, young Peck lifts his arms, elbows bent, thrusts out his chest, and hurls himself against the air. His feet appear to follow from force of habit.

Most of the time this form of locomotion gets Mr. Brown Eyes around the house in record (*Continued on page 99*)



The theater's never lost its fascination for Greg (here with Bette Davis on a C.B.S. air show). A recent Broadway musical had on its "Angel" list, "G. Peck—\$1500." His next pic's "Duel in the Sun."



Greg still isn't used to his popularity. When a studio publicist apologized for phoning six times in one day, "Forget it," said Greg. "It feels good after the days when no one called!" Greta beamed, nodded "Sure!"





1. When the "Minnie Tolbert" is torpedoed in mid-ocean and young Ray Estado (T. Renaldo) is wounded, it hits his fellow Merchant Mariners hard, especially Mudgin (T. Mitchell), who stays with Ray till the end.



2. Harry Patterson (Clark Gable) and Mudgin wander into the San Francisco Public Library for information on something Mudgin lost on board ship—his soul. But Emily Sears (G. Garson), the librarian, thinks it's a gag.



4. Helen's a good kid and she has to keep reminding herself that Harry and Emily are her two favorite people, because down deep she's a little bit scared: Scared that maybe she's falling in love with Harry herself.



5. But she knows it can never be. Why? Oh, lots of reasons. Like the time when, not finding any Sunday dinner, they spied a hen on the road and presto, 2 hours later—fried chicken.



7. After that life becomes a wild thing: The crazy ride into Reno with the wind whipping their hair and the meek little Justice of the Peace and Helen, her face white, crying, "You ran out on me, where've you been?"



8. They explain and Helen beams, "Why, I'll move out so you can settle down!" But Harry's a seaman, no firesides for him. He stalks off, retires to his ship, and Mudgin, after arguing with him, trips and breaks his back.



By Maris MacCullers



3. But even though they start out by bickering, Harry's personality sweeps Emily off her feet and as she keeps running into him at the apartment she shares with Helen Melohn (Joan Blondell), slowly her antagonism fades.



6. Suddenly, the fun and the fury and the fears all merge. "And I swore never to fall in love," murmurs Emily. "You have the ocean in your eyes," Harry answers. "I never met a girl before with the ocean in her eyes."



10. A star twinkles as Mudgin dies and, tortured, Harry thinks: He's found it. Mudgin's found his soul. Finally, Harry finds his, too, finds it in the love he returns to share with Emily, with Emily and their new-born son....

HARRY (GABLE) WAS A SAILOR,  
WITH THE SEA IN HIS BLOOD, AND WOMEN  
WERE POISON—TILL HE MET EMILY  
(GARSON) WITH THE SEA IN HER EYES...

## "Adventure"

**STORY** His name was Harry Patterson and there was enough of the sea in his walk and in the wind-squint of his eyes so that you knew he couldn't be long off a ship. He was standing now at the edge of the desk set near the front of the room, waiting for the girl with the horn rim glasses to turn to them. It was the last place in the world you'd expect to find him—a sailor on shore leave, on the town—waiting at the Reading Room desk of the San Francisco Public Library. The man at his side looked around warily once and tapped his shoulder.

"Harry," Mudgin said, "maybe we better come back some other time."

"There's no time like (Continued on page 88)"

**PRODUCTION** While the picture was being filmed, Richard Ney was discharged from the Navy, and he and wife Greer Garson spent a short vacation at their cottage at Pebble Beach, California. Despite the fact that they re-did the living and dining rooms, built cupboards in the kitchen and painted the outside of the house, Ney gained 15 pounds as a result of Greer's cooking . . . The story was taken from the novel "Anointed" by Clyde Brion Davis, and chosen for Gable's first film since his return to civilian life because director Victor Fleming felt it was a story of a virile man with not only a mind of his own, but fists to back it up . . . Gable, the guy who made famous the turtle-neck sweater, found that his first day of shooting called for a (Continued on page 93)





SO LONG THE WAITING, SO

SWEET THE HOMECOMING — BUT AT

LAST THEY'RE TOGETHER AGAIN,

JEAN PIERRE AUMONT AND MARIA

MONTEZ—TOGETHER FOR KEEPS!

## More than

■ When Jean Pierre Aumont stepped off the gangplank of the troopship he didn't bend down and kiss the ground as several other soldiers did. After all, his wife was in a hotel room somewhere there in New York, and why kiss a bit of damp concrete flooring when Maria Montez was waiting?

He hoisted his large duffel bag and started hurrying down toward the end of the long pier, then hiked another couple of blocks and wormed his way down into the subway.

It disgorged him at a swanky hotel in uptown New York—a few words to the desk clerk, then an impatient call on the hotel phone, a dash for the elevator. Ten stories up the doors slid open and the tall soldier hurried down the long carpeted hall, his duffel bag banging at his knees. From around a corner a dark haired figure in a black negligee came running. The two stopped, then went to each other with open arms. Jean Pierre was home.

Late that same afternoon he lounged back in a deep (Continued on page 80)





Although "crazy about the U.S.," Jean Pierre is still a French citizen, had his greatest thrill being the first to enter his home town of St. Tropez and planting the Free French flag there. (Here as composer Rimsky-Korsakoff in his latest picture, "Fandango.")

Words can say...



Odd Coincidences: Pierre, called "Europe's John Garfield," broadcasting with—John Garfield. Wife Maria Montez was born in the Dominican Republic, is billed in France as "Mrs. J. P. Aumont"—otherwise she's unknown!



When the Aumonts moved into their huge, but relative-packed Canyon mansion J. Pierre remarked, "Guess we'll board the baby with the next-door Ronald Colmans!"

BY EDWARD HERRON



# Darling Daughter

PEGGY ANN TEEN-

DREAMS OF BLUE CONVERTIBLES,

SLINKY BLACK GOWNS, CO-ED

COLLEGES—AND THEN MOM GAR-

NER WAKES HER UPI



◀ So-o-o grown-up Peggy Ann Garner with Lon McCallister at Ciro's, where she sipped a cocktail (so what if it was tomato juice?), sported jungle red lipstick for the occasion.

■ Are you having trouble with your Algebra? Are you not allowed to have real, honest-to-goodness dates? Does your mother disapprove of blue denims, overdressed by one of your father's cast-off plaid shirts? Is there a little problem in your home about how long you can talk over the telephone, and how many records you can buy each week?

Then step right up and shake hands with Peggy Ann Garner—she's a fellow-



by Fredda Dudley

▼ "Dear Diary," muses Peggy Ann—and confides she spends most of her time at the beach to polish off her bronze glow, is beginning to look twice at *fellers*, got a crush on Scotty Beckett of "Junior Miss!



▲ "Home, Sweet Homicide," sighs Peggy Ann, referring to her new pic and her new home. Den is stacked with records by Johnny Mercer and Dick Haymes. Peggy would rather be a champ skater than actress!

sufferer. Peggy is fourteen and going to studio school in what would be—on the outside—ninth grade or high school freshman year. That Algebra *gets* her, it really does. For the life of her she can't get excited about what X is doing, nor what became of Y.

In addition to Algebra, she is struggling mightily with Latin declensions. She has reached the "Hic, haec, hoc, huius, huius, huius" routine and it leaves her cold. About the only bright

spot is an absurdly jumbled Latin poem supplied by Mrs. Garner, who studied Latin herself in high school. This deathless bit of verse reads:

"Boyibus kissabus sweeta girlorum;  
Girlibus likabus, wanta someorum.  
Papabus seeabus kissa someorum,  
Kickabus boyibus outa la doorum."

Despite Peggy's intense distaste for these two subjects, she is snagging an A minus in each. In the two subjects she

really likes, History and English, she is maintaining an A rating. On school nights, she has to be in bed by nine o'clock, and she is required to rest for ninety minutes in the afternoon. That rest period has caused occasional disagreements between Peggy and her mother. "But I'm not tired in the least," Peggy will protest.

"You wouldn't admit it if you were," says her mother placidly. "You'll be a lot livelier (Continued on page 114)





BY CYNTHIA MILLER

■ A few weeks ago, David, oldest son of Dana Andrews, came home bearing a big box; he and Mary Andrews had been shopping for a new suit for him. The instant mother and son set foot in the house, Dana knew from Mary's quizzical smile that something special had happened.

David was agog. "Here is my new suit," he announced, divesting himself of his pull-over sweater and squirming into the coat. He added, "It's a lot like that grey pin-stripe of yours, Dad."

It was. But something was seriously wrong. "Better slip into the trousers, too, son," Dana said, hoping that the complete ensemble would show off David's figure to better advantage. David is now at that growing-boy stage wherein he strongly resembles a triangle—broad at the base and receding at the shoulder line.

He hopped into the trousers, then strutted around in his finery. Dana rubbed his hand over his chin, looked at the floor, exchanged glances with Mary, and tried to think of some way in which (Continued on page 96)



At the Ice Show, Dana Andrews listens while George Montgomery tells one on his wife, Dinah Shore. Dana, father of three, approves the Montgomerys' desire to "stay happily married and have 5 kids!"



# The Andrews gang



Plaid Shirt, Jr.; (David) looks dreamy as Plaid Shirt, Sr. (Dana) reads him a lecture on clothes. David likes everything his dad (of "Canyon Passage") wears, but alas, he's still got baby fat to lose!



**FAME IS FINE, BUT**

**FOR DANA THERE'S NO THRILL LIKE ROCK-**

**ING BABY STEPHEN, READING**

**THE FUNNIES TO KATHY—OR HAVING**

**DAVID SWIPE HIS TIES!**

ightclubbing with the missus, Dana and Mary gab about their favorite hobby: The theater. Dana's just won a press award for being the "second most co-operative actor;" Greg Peck's the first.



**watch**





# Lizabeth Scott!

SHE'S SMOOTH AND SULTRY,

THE SCREEN'S NEWEST SIREN. SHE'S

LIZABETH SCOTT—SIXTH WINNER

OF HEDDA HOPPER'S GRUEN WATCH

AWARD TO A HEADED-FOR-

STARDOM STAR OF THE MONTH.

■ All right, boys, all right—this month it's your turn. MODERN SCREEN's Star-of-the-Month golden Gruen watch latches right on to the wrist of the lass with the lazy name, Miss Lizabeth Scott—and I hope that sort of evens things up in the Hollywood battle of the sexes.

After all, I'm just a weak woman, so how can you blame me for bobbing a nod at five straight fellows packing the collective charm quotients of Pete Lawford, Guy Madison, Bill Williams, Johnny Coy and Mark Stevens? Maybe I've been swept away by the gust of gorgeous guys blowing stardust into my eyes everywhere I look. Anyway, there have been a few complaints that I'm selling my sisters short—and that ain't necessarily so. Because while the males wail, "How about some pin-up appeal instead of all these magnificent jerks?" the girls also berl, (Continued on page 120)

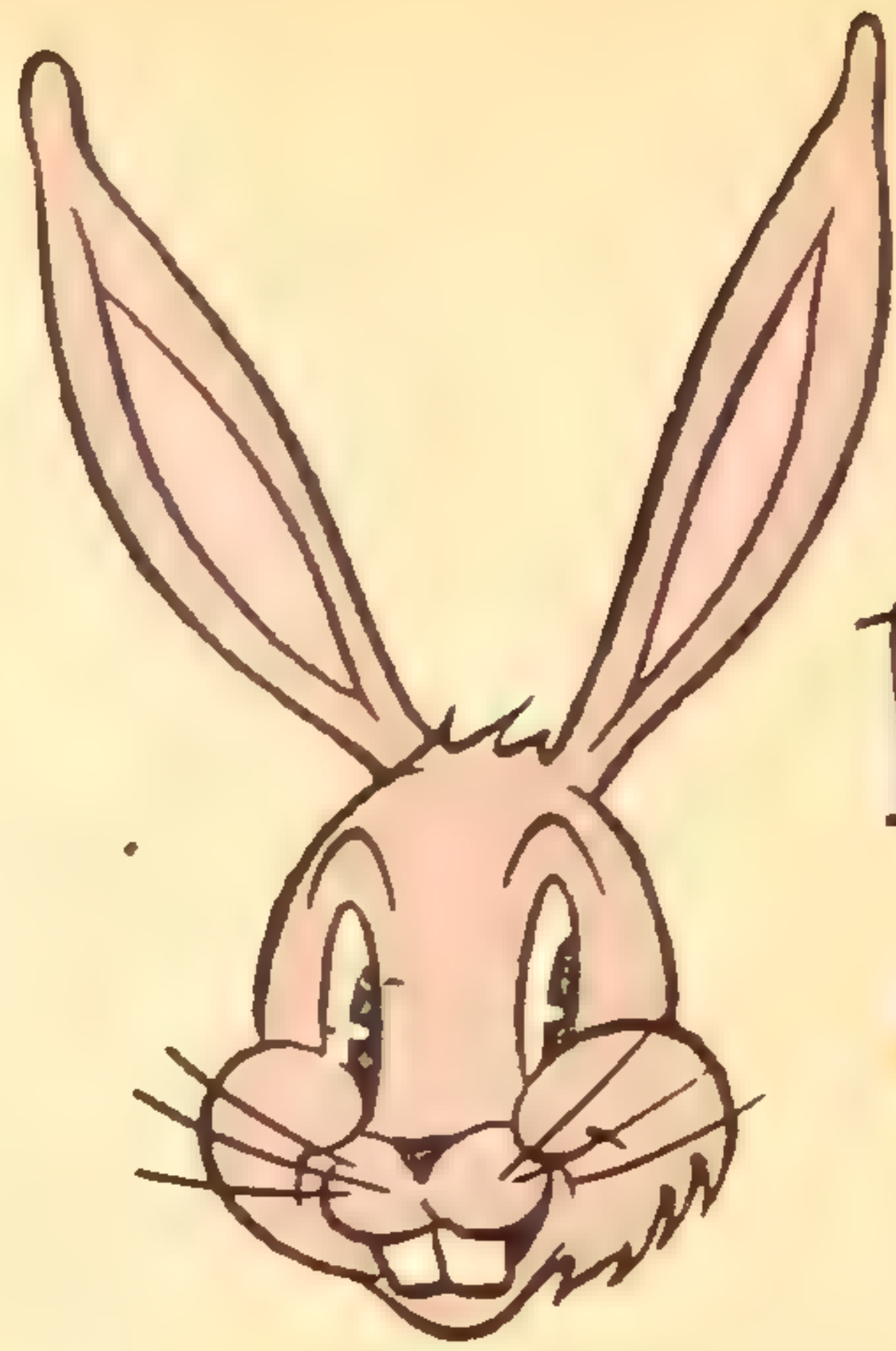
Lizabeth, now in "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers," finds her trouping background stands her in good stead these days of maid shortages. Producer Hal Wallis just refused a \$50,000 loan-out offer for her.



At long last—an actress wins Hedda Hopper's Gruen Award for the Star-of-the-Month! It's a striking pink gold watch flanked by two small diamonds, and judging from the girls' delighted expressions, it's a beaut!

by HEDDA HOPPER





# BUNNIES 'N EGGS 'N EVERYTHING!

Easter parading at Lou Costello's party with the three Mitchums, Buddy, Carol, and Patsy Costello; Elizabeth Taylor, and their chubby host, Lou C







Who's afraid of the big, bad bunny? Not Maureen Reagan, who bravely feeds Lou (Harvey?) Costello at Easter party. Patsy Costello keeps her distance!

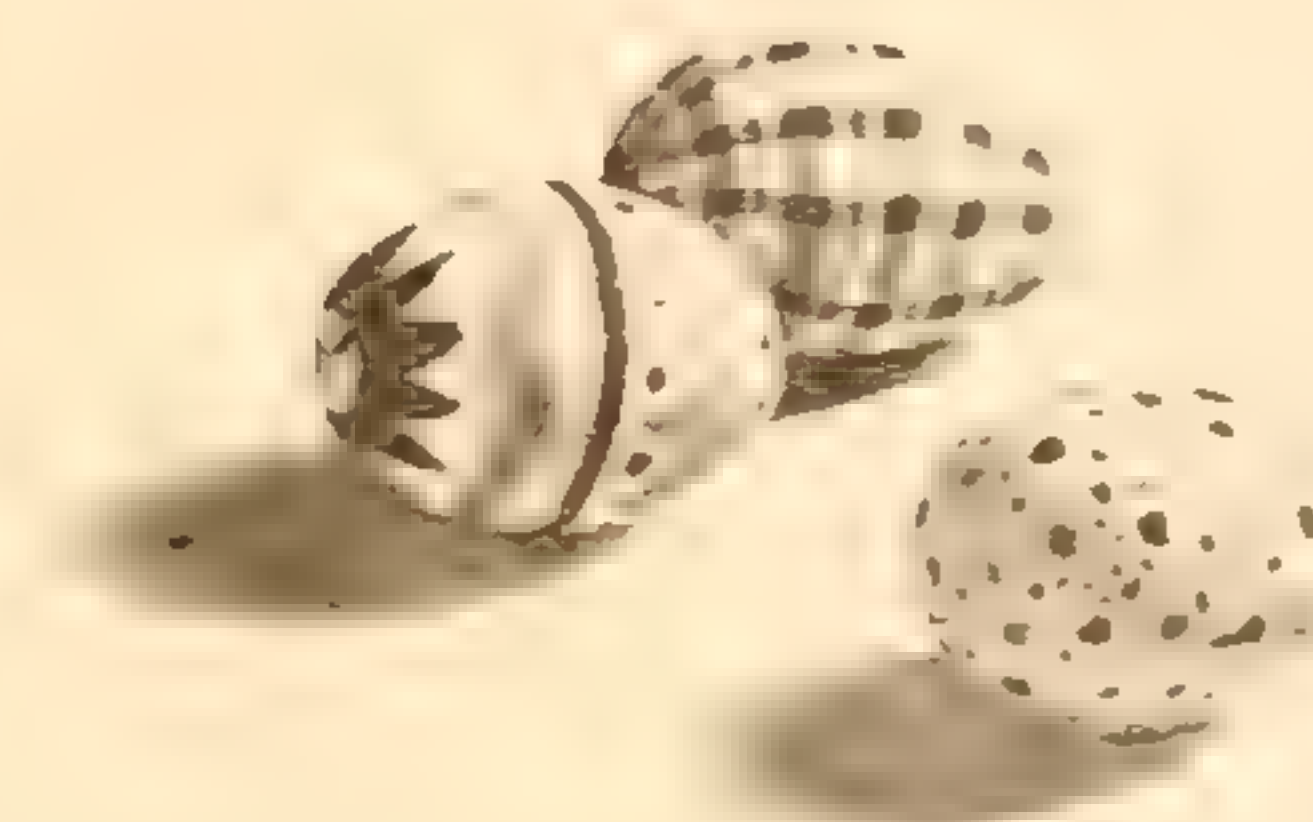
HEAVENLY BODIES, THOSE

STARS' KIDS—THE LITTLE MITCHUMS,

DURYEAS AND REAGANS—TILL

THEY SPIED LOU COSTELLO DRESSED AS

PETER RABBIT!



One omelette coming up! Josh's an adventurer, like poppa Bob Mitchum. He found first Easter egg, impressed Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan's daughter Maureen no end!



That's the back of Josh and Chris Mitchums' heads, with Pete and Dick Duryea leaning against pop Dan. A friend, Sharon, June Allyson's brother, Eliz. Taylor and Maureen round up the ring-a-rosy.







# Divine Swede

INGRID'S A VIKING WHO

BLUSHES, AN OSCAR WINNER WHO LIKES TO

WALK IN THE RAIN, A NATURAL BEAUTY

WHO DRESSES IN 15 MINUTES FLAT!

■ "Cut!" said Leo McCarey. "That's it. That's the picture."

It was the last scene in "The Bells of St. Mary's," a scene which probably only Bing Crosby and Ingrid Bergman could have played like that. The farewell scene where Father O'Malley's resolve to banish his best nun from her favorite parish to another climate, without letting her know the real reason, cracks all to pieces. When he calls her back and explains that she has tuberculosis, her face glows with a beatific smile, and she breathes, "Thank you—you've made me so happy."

If you saw "The Bells" you'll understand why that most touching ending of any Hollywood picture in years sent a hush over the RKO stage as if a felt curtain had fallen. On the set that day, the simple power of Bing's and Bergman's acting momentarily banished the artificiality of Hollywood props and stage settings. It muted the crew's customary chatter and break-up bustle. There were none of the usual wisecracks, let-down laughter and rowdy relaxation when a picture ends. The air was tense. Nobody moved or made a sound.

Ingrid Bergman sensed the awkward situation and broke it up. She flew over to Bing Crosby, tossed her arms around his startled neck—and gave him a great big kiss!

A warm, impulsive gesture like that is typical of Ingrid Bergman, Hollywood's greatest actress, undisputed first lady and new Divine Swede.

Ingrid Bergman has never met the first Divine Swede, Greta Garbo—although she (Continued on page 127)



Cary Grant teased Ingrid—Hollywood's greatest "walker"—about her new 120-foot living room she's had built: "Now you can hike in your own home!" After the picture was shot, Leo McCarey gave Ingrid a music box which tinkled "Bells of St. Mary."

by Jack Wade



# louella parsons' good news

GENE TIERNEY'S GOT A  
DESIGNING HUSBAND; GARBO SAYS NO TO CROSBY;  
VAN J. KEEPS THE PRESIDENT  
WAITING; MARIA MONTEZ STAR GAZES!



Rita Hayworth dances with Tony Martin at Ciro's, tells her bosses she'd like him as her next leading man, but says "just friends!"



Before being discharged from the Marines, Ty Power was promoted to captain, said the thrill was nothing to being reunited with Annabella!



Nora and Errol Flynn couldn't stay long at Mocambo's, 'cause Errol's so busy writing books! Warners' are bidding for his latest.

■ I can hardly believe that Bette Davis is being as rude to Joan Crawford as the spies on the Warner lot tell me.

Bette's always been swell about extending the welcoming hand to visiting stars and every young player at the studio will tell you that Queen Bette is generosity itself when it comes to giving them good breaks in her pictures.

But the other day, the air turned to icicles when Joan entered the commissary and, seeing Bette, went up to her table with the intention of inviting her to a dinner party.

While Joan stood there, Bette continued to eat with gusto and relish, barely looked up, and never once invited the Academy Award winner for "Mildred Pierce" to sit down. I'd hate to think such unusual conduct was because this is the first time in many years that Bette wasn't in the running for the Oscar herself.

\* \* \*

If Maria Christine Aumont doesn't grow up under a lucky star she can sure blame her mammy, Maria Montez.

Maria is a great one for the blights and blessings of Astrology. So when she heard she was going to have a baby and in what month it was due, she went to work on her charts and came up with St. Valentine's Day. Since the baby was to be delivered by a Caesarean operation, Maria had almost as much control over the date as the stars.

Sure enough, St. Valentine's morning an eight-pound daughter was born to her at St. Vincent's hospital.

I'll say one thing. The baby got off to a romantic start. Pacing the floor step by step with papa Jean Pierre Aumont was the family's good friend, Charles Boyer!

\* \* \*

Tyrone Power and Annabella came over to my house for dinner the second night after they got back from their vacation in Canada. Ty looks like a million dollars, much thinner, but believe me, soooooo handsome. They had a wonderful time on their trip, but he told me, (Continued on page 62)





She's like "a dainty rogue in porcelain," with an adorable *jeune fille* look!

ARTA FOLWELL  
TO WED STEPHEN T. EARLY, JR.  
EX-INFANTRY OFFICER

*Mr. and Mrs. Henry Philip Folwell of Jackson, Mississippi, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Arta Parvin Folwell, to Mr. Stephen Tyree Early, Jr., of Washington, D. C., formerly a Lieutenant in the Infantry.*



**MERCY STEEL**—Arta helps sort and clean surgical instruments to be shipped to Europe. Since 1940 the Medical and Surgical Relief Committee has been sending supplies throughout the free world. Volunteer workers, like Arta, help collect, sort, and clean them before they are sent.

**SHE'S** *Engaged!* **SHE'S** *Lovely!* **SHE USES** *Pond's!*

**I**T WAS AT A PARTY in Atlanta that Arta and Stephen met, and it's easy to see why she danced into his heart.

Her hair is silk-spun, her eyes warm, friendly brown, her complexion pink-and-white and baby soft. "I use lots of Pond's Cold Cream on my face right along," she says. "It makes my skin feel really *super*."

Yes—she's *another* engaged girl with a charming soft-smooth Pond's complexion! And *this* is how she cares for it:

*Arta smooths* snowy Pond's generously all over her face and throat—and pats well to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off.

*She rinses* with a second creaming of silky-soft Pond's, working it round her face with little circles of her cream-covered fingers. Tissues off again. "I



like to *cream double* each time—for *extra* cleansing, *extra* softening," she says.

Pond's *your* face twice a day—as Arta does—*every morning* when you get up, *every night* at bedtime. In-between clean-ups, too! It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Get a *big* luxury jar of Pond's Cold Cream *today!*



**HER RING**—a stunning diamond in a square setting.

**A FEW OF THE MANY POND'S SOCIETY BEAUTIES**

*Thelma, Lady Furness*  
*Miss Geraldine Spreckels*  
*The Lady Moyra Forester*  
*Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr.*  
*Duchess de Richelieu*



# FORGET-ME-NOT BLONDE — *by collins*



**Celebrated painter, John Collins, shows how  
a blonde complexion is glorified  
with original\* "Flower-fresh" shade of  
Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder**

Want to make your blue eyes seem bluer? Want to make your fair skin look richer, more radiant? Then smooth on Cashmere Bouquet's new "Flower-fresh" shade of Natural. With a whisper of pink, fresh as a bon-bon, it imparts a pearly-smooth finish to your skin. Masks tiny blemishes; clings for hours . . . it's the face powder *find* of the year. There are "Flower-fresh" Cashmere Bouquet shades to glorify all skin types.



Here's the right Cashmere Bouquet shade for you!

#### FOR LIGHT TYPES

\*Natural, Rachel No. 1  
Rachel No. 2

**FOR MEDIUM TYPES**  
Rachel No. 2, Rose Brunette

**FOR DARK TYPES**  
Rose Brunette, Even Tan

**CASHMERE  
BOUQUET**

*face powder*

"Louella, I'm so damned glad to get home and settled again, I don't care if I never see another train or plane."

He also told a very funny story about being in New York with Cesar Romero. Ty and "Butch" were walking down Fifth Avenue one day, enjoying themselves very much for the few minutes before they were recognized. Then, out of the blue, the bobby-soxers started descending on them.

Quickly, the boys hopped in a cab—only the cab wouldn't start. It stalled just as they were about to drive off.

"So there we sat," laughed Ty, "like a couple of monkeys on display in a cage. And the girls would stick their heads in the cab window and discuss us impersonally.

"One of them was particularly smitten with Cesar. She kept saying to her girl friend, 'He's a DOLL, that's what he is—just a DOLL!'"

Gene Tierney is a little bit miffed with designer Orry Kelly because he failed to nominate her among Hollywood's best dressed women on my radio show.

If it makes her feel any better, I'd put Gene on my list if I were a fashion expert—which I ain't. Her husband, Oleg Cassini, designs everything she wears off the screen and, believe me, she was a vision at a party at Atwater Kent's home.

Gene walked in wearing a long, fitted rose colored gown—at least we all thought it was a gown. Suddenly she electrified everyone by starting to take off her dress! You see, it wasn't a dress at all, but a beautifully fitted coat under which she was wearing a white dress of the exact same cut and fit!

Poor Elizabeth Scott can't find a place to live. She's been evicted from so many apartments in the past twelve months that the gang at Paramount has labeled her, "Miss Movie C 1946."

Only those incorrigible clowns, Billy Wilde and Charlie Brackett (the men behind "Lo Weekend") would tell this on themselves—but I swear, those two would tell anything.

Seems they were very anxious to get Gret Garbo for "Emperor's Waltz" with Bing Crosby. After days of trying to locate her they were finally able to obtain her private telephone number and get G. G. on the wire.

When they explained that they would like to meet her and discuss the movie with her, Garbo surprised them by consenting. "We're getting somewhere," said Brackett to Wilde.

So they made the appointment and went on to her home one afternoon to discuss the film with her. Not only was Garbo most cordial but at cocktail time she invited the boys to remain for a drink and hors d'oeuvres. During an unobserved moment, Charlie hissed Billy, "We're getting somewhere."

Finally, came dinner time—and surprise of surprises, she invited them to remain for the evening meal. Once again, Brackett was moved to comment to his director-friend, "We're getting somewhere."

After dinner, all very gay and happy, they retired to the living room for coffee and more enthusiastic discussion about the movie. Garbo could not have been more charming. She laughed loud and long at the witty dialog.





From one uniform to another! Dick Greene's just back after 2½ years with the British Lancers, donned fancy duds for Atwater Kent party with wife, Pat Medina. He and Pat toured France doing camp shows after he got his medical discharge.



June Haver with Vic Orsatti at the Kents—but there's still Bobby Breen, Vic Mature, director Lucky Humberstone—and that ain't all! So how come June's formed a club of bachelor girls on the 20th-Fox lot called the "No Rata Data" Club???



A designing gal, Gene Tierney dreams up most of her own clothes, then has 'em made! Husband Oleg Cassini's another ex-serviceman who delights in dressing up after all those slap-khaki years. Gene's hair's back to its natural brunette shade.

## good news

and situations. Finally, they thought the right moment had arrived to pin her down.

"Miss Garbo," they said, almost in unison, "have you reached any decision about this picture with Bing?"

"Yes, gentlemen," said Garbo, "I have." Came the breathless moment of suspense. "I HAVE DECIDED NOT TO DO IT!"

"Charlie," said Wilder to Brackett, "I think we are beginning to get somewhere—right OUT THE DOOR!"

\* \* \*

Vignette on Dennis Morgan: He never calls his wife "Baby," "Mamma" or "The Little Woman." Her name is Lillian and he calls her Lillian. He never calls his children "the kids." They have names, too. He's the most amiable, hospitable guy in the world about everything but guests who drop in without being invited. He's more like a prosperous business man than a movie actor. He doesn't even live in Hollywood or Beverly Hills. His home is an old estate over near Pasadena. He likes frogs' legs and little out-of-the-way cafes. He doesn't like popular night clubs where you get an exploding flashlight bulb in your face while eating. His favorite color on women is blue—any shade. He doesn't like red evening gowns—but red hats are cute. He sings in the shower, while driving his car, or on the slightest provocation. He's a very good guy.

\* \* \*

Lana Turner sold her house in Bel Air for a pretty penny and I believe it was that same pretty penny that made up her mind—and not that the place reminded her of Turhan Bey.

And speaking of pretty pennies, the Fred MacMurrays parted with their Brentwood home for \$100,000 cash. And Fred already one of the richest men in Hollywood!

\* \* \*

I had a long, long talk with Rita Hayworth, who is one of the sweetest girls in this town. And here is the truth about the three men in her life—at least, in the newspaper columns.

She and Victor Mature will not resume their romance where they left off. That's over and done with.

She is definitely NOT carrying a torch for her ex, Orson Welles—but she has nothing but the kindest and most complimentary things to say about the man she is divorcing.

She IS very, very fond of Tony Martin, her current steady "date," but she says it isn't love—yet.

Personally, I'm not too sure about that. They look like they are in seventh heaven when they are dancing in each other's arms. They have both been through little private hells. Tony, particularly, suffered as the result of the "investigation" into his Navy commission in the early days of the war. But he more than made up for that blot with his



fine record in the China-Burma-India Theater of war.

Perhaps Tony and Rita are more in love than they are willing to admit—even to themselves. When two people have been hurt—not once but many times—they fear to wear their hearts again on their sleeves.

But if I were a fortune telling lady I would predict that Tony and the gorgeous Rita will be our next serious Hollywood romance.

\* \* \*

#### A Word To The Wise Department:

The too frequent visits of Paul Brinkman to the set of his bride, Jeanne Crain, are beginning to get into 20th Century-Fox's hair. Or does a studio have hair?

Those last four stories you picked for yourself got bad reviews, Deanna Durbin. How about letting Universal select your next one?

The next time Van Johnson is invited to the White House nothing should stop him from being there on the exact hour—and I mean NOTHING. Van's too nice a kid to be criticized for even a delay (he stopped to sign autographs) that came out of the kindness of his heart. But no one should be late to the home of the President of the United States.

\* \* \*

Lila Damita took her son, Sean, to see his father, Errol Flynn, in "San Antonio."

When they came out of the Beverly Hills picture show, she asked him how he had liked the movie.

"It was good," said the little boy, "but I can't make up my mind whether I like him better on or off the screen!"

### IT'S A GIFT!

—That knack you have of spotting new faces and flashing the word to us. So we'd like to match your gift with one of our own. Just mail us the Questionnaire Poll on page 10 IMMEDIATELY (after you've filled it out, of course), and you may be among the 500 lucky ones who'll receive the next 4 issues (June, July, August and September) absolutely free!

I think the following letter speaks for itself—and there is little more I can add:

Dear Louella:

I do hope you remember me. I've just come home from St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica and I thought you might be interested in something that I saw there. Of course, it's just another of Bob Hope's nice gestures—but the Head Sister and I thought you might like to know.

There has been a tragically ill, 17-year-old girl there, dying from an absolutely unknown illness. The staff and sisters had found her almost impossible to handle, particularly in regard to her mental viewpoint, as she herself knew there was no hope.

But ever since Mr. Hope (he's well named) took the time and trouble to visit her and cheer her, it has made the last part, if not the ending to her story, quite a different thing. The Sisters and everyone are very, very grate-

ful to Mr. Hope. Perhaps this seems unimportant, but remembering you, I don't think it will. Six weeks is a short time to have left.

Sincerely,

Mimi Forsythe.

\* \* \*

The nerve of some people!

The girl who has been impersonating Barbara Stanwyck in New York finally overstepped herself when she checked in at one of the best hotels as "Miss Barbara Stanwyck, California." A New York columnist printed the "arrival" which nearly knocked the real Barbara off her pins when she read it sitting in her sunny Beverly Hills patio.

"I knew SOMEBODY had been trying to get away with murder because several New York shops had reported there was an attempt to use my charge accounts," Barbara told me, "but it was the last straw when she registered at a hotel!" Of course, detectives were put on the trail immediately.

\* \* \*

The top drawer stars, all gorgeously gowned, danced 'til the wee small hours at the formal dinner dance L. B. Mayer gave in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford II, of Detroit—who certainly had a whirl when they visited Hollywood. The young Fords are very attractive and everyone who met them commented on their simplicity and genuineness.

I don't believe I have ever seen such lovely gowns and so many beautiful women at one party. Loretta Young was a vision in an elaborate white gown trimmed in gold.

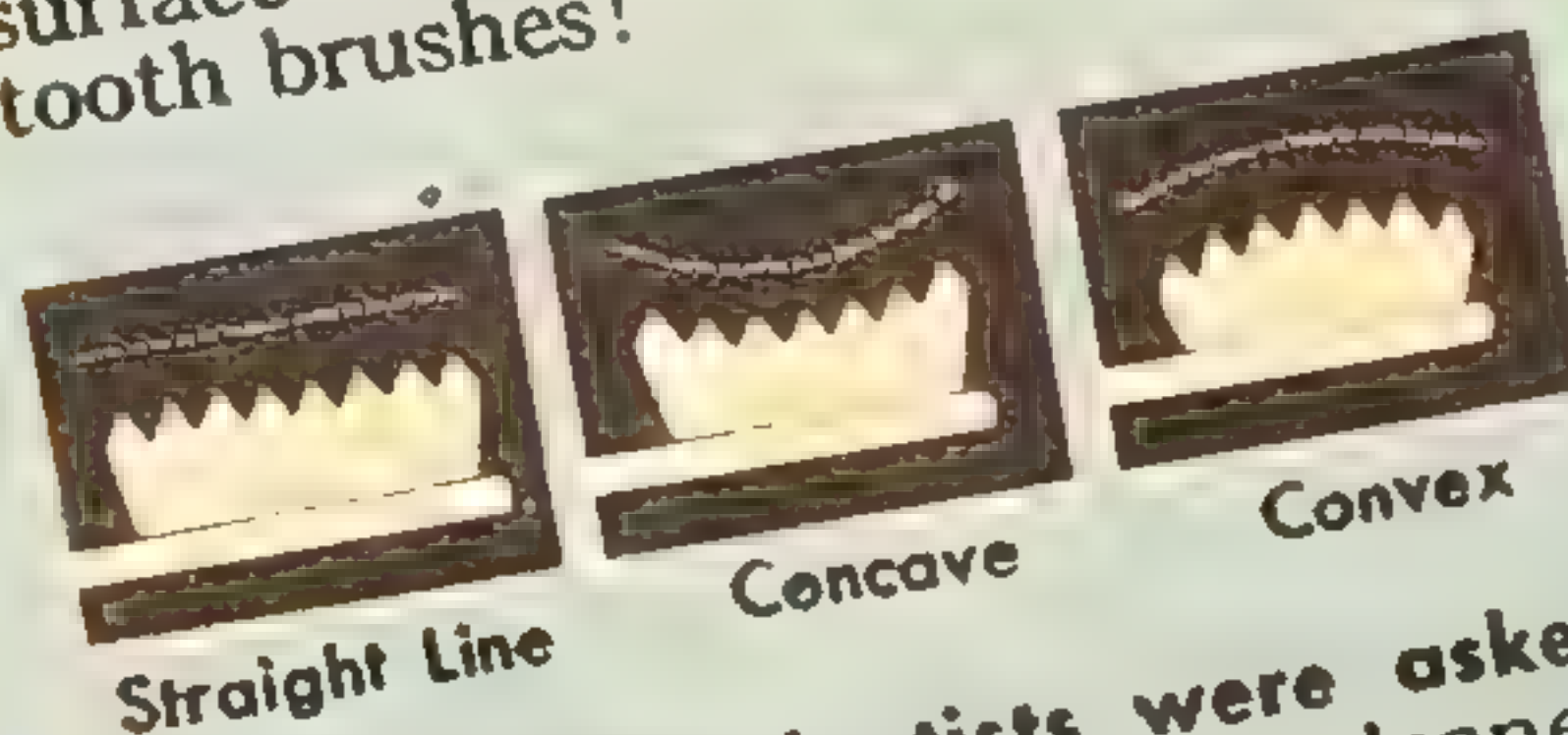
Greer Garson was stunning with her red

### Straight Line Design



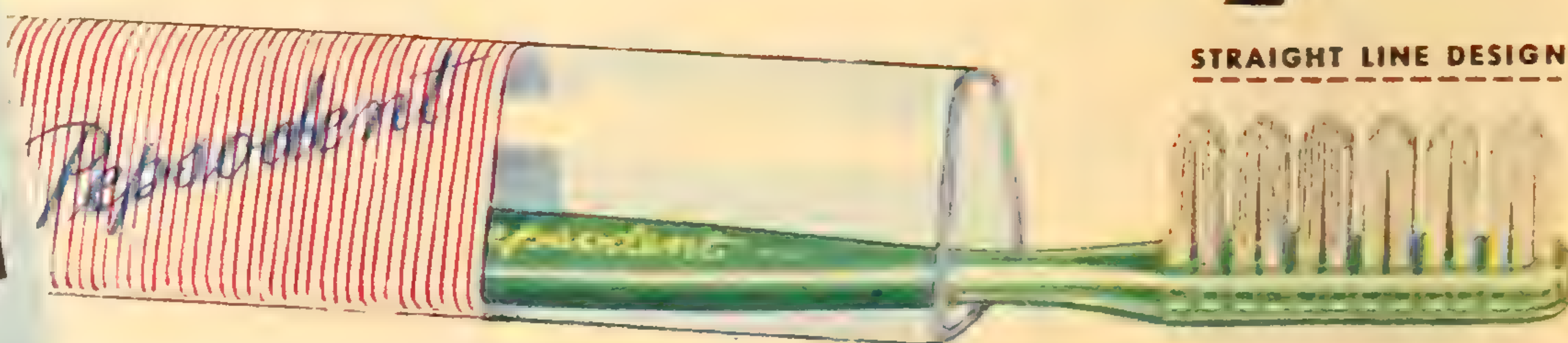
*cleans teeth best  
say dentists 2 to 1*

**How Dentists Voted in  
Nationwide Survey**  
There are only 3 basic brushing  
surface designs among all leading  
tooth brushes!



When 30,000 dentists were asked  
which of these designs cleaned  
teeth best—by overwhelming odds,  
by more than 2 to 1—the answers  
were: "Straight Line Design!"

**Why Pepsodent Straight Line Design Cleans  
Teeth Best.** Most teeth in the average mouth  
lie in a series of relatively straight lines. Author-  
itative research shows Pepsodent's Straight  
Line Design fits more teeth better than convex  
or concave designs... Actually cleans up to 30%  
more tooth surface per stroke.



STRAIGHT LINE DESIGN

*Every  
Pepsodent Brush*

**has the Straight Line Design  
most dentists recommend**



hair drawn simply away from her face and she, too, was in white.

Joan Bennett wore a stunning black frock with tulle and ostrich trimmings and Joan told me, in an aside, that she and Peggy ("Forever Amber") Cummins were wearing the identical dress, although Peggy's was in white. I would never have noticed it—but the "wearers" are always conscious of those things.

I was particularly attracted to a beautiful girl with red hair and brown eyes. She is Beverly Tyler, and after "The Green Years" is released, you can bet she will be a star.

Irene Dunne arrived late. She had had an early supper with her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, who is getting better but who is still not yet able to attend these soirées.

Lady Millford Haven's handsome young son, in Navy uniform, came with the Douglas Fairbanks'. I think Doug looks more like his famous dad every day.

The two daughters of L. B., Mrs. William Goetz and Mrs. David Selznick, helped him receive. Irene Selznick was with Eddy Duchin, the famed orchestra leader, who seems crazy about her.

\* \* \*

Speaking of parties—perhaps the prettiest social affair of the season was the Valentine dance hosted by Atwater Kent, the Los Angeles millionaire. His home, atop a Beverly hill, is an ideal setting, for it seems that the whole world is spread out twinkling in lights at your feet. As for the house—it is so big that Atwater can entertain two or three hundred guests as easily as you or I could have eight for dinner! He is a marvelous host and so popular with the film people.

Gene Tierney was something out of a picture book in a lacy Scarlett O'Hara gown of the Civil War period and her husband, Oleg Cassini, came as a dandy of those days.

Greer Garson went mischievous and appeared as a British sailor. June Haver looked like a Valentine in a white and red costume. Ginny Simms and Mrs. Edgar Bergen, both expectant mothers, dodged the costume idea, but they looked beautiful in modern gowns.

\* \* \*

That's all for now. See you next month!

### IN THE MERRY, MERRY MONTH OF MAY

We were strolling through the park one day, chewing on a stray blade of grass, when we thought how hungry a body'd get if he had to live on that cow food. Then we brightened up, because we knew all along that a really hungry soul could make \$5 just like that if he'd just take himself to a nice, quiet cell and write us all about what Gertie Glamorpuss said when he met her. We call 'em "I Saw It Happens," and we pay five smackeroos for every one we accept. So, if you've been eating off the grass lately and would welcome a change in diet, cudgel your brain and come up with a true, clearly written, brief account of what happened when you met a star—and let us know. Mail your entry to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

## They'll give your baby the right start, too!



These two Gerber's Cereals are made for one purpose—to serve the special needs of baby and build healthy little bodies.

First of all, Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal are excellent starting cereals—they mix to a creamy, smooth consistency. They are rich in *added iron*, so necessary for babies ready to start on solid food. For just about that time, your doctor will tell you, the supply of precious iron you give baby *before birth*, begins to run low.

As a further aid to baby's well-being, both Gerber's Cereals contain generous amounts of B complex vitamins (from natural sources), calcium and phosphorus. Furthermore, both cereals are made to taste *extra good*! Millions of babies have done well on Gerber's Cereals. When buying, look for "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package!

Gerber's Cereal Food (blue box) and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal (red box) are pre-cooked, ready-to-serve right in baby's dish by adding milk or formula (either hot or cold).



Be sure to get both, and serve Gerber's Cereal Food at one feeding, Gerber's Strained Oatmeal at the next. Remember, it is wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor.

NATIONAL BABY WEEK, April 27 to May 4. "Give your baby the right start in life."



# Gerber's

FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL.

## Baby Foods

Cereals Strained Foods Chopped Foods

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Free sample

Address: Gerber Products Co., Dept. DE5-6, Fremont, Michigan.

My baby is now ..... months old. Please send me samples of Gerber's Strained Oatmeal and Gerber's Cereal Foods.

Name.....

Address.....City and State.....



# Emergency Stations!

FIRST AID IS THE  
BEAUTY DEPARTMENT'S THEME—LEARN  
TO BE A GOOD SAMARITAN  
AND THEN YOU CAN BE SURE THAT  
YOUR LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL

By Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

■ "Hey, we're *not* going to recommend any hand lotion!" Al Delacorte and Henry Malmgreen yelled at me. I was telling your editors, Al and Henry about their big influence on the new Beauty Department story. But when they heard that the subject was First Aid they seemed right happy about the set-up. Figure it out this way: Al and Henry are missionaries of the neighborly way and it's contagious! Usually we talk about looking beautiful, but now let's do some serious thinking about moving out of the window dummy class and really beginning to act the life beautiful.

Two thousand-year-old gossip has it that the good Samaritan not only felt sorry for the injured man, he knew what to do for him. It behooves all of us to learn First Aid. True, we might not chance upon a man who's been beaten by robbers but accidents do happen on the job, in school or at home. That's why it is such a good idea to keep handy the materials needed to check minor injuries or to help an accident victim



Ella Raines' Red Cross training makes her a great help in an emergency. Soon you will be seeing her in Universal's hit, "The Runaround."



until the M.D. arrives. You can buy these separately or, better yet, you can invest in especially prepared First Aid Kits and then you are sure of having all the necessities. Of course, you'll keep a kit in the family medicine cabinet, but remember to get a smaller one for the automobile. If you are planning to hie yourself to a beach or mountain cottage for the summer, by all means bring along a First Aid Kit.

You can learn First Aid through community, school or church groups. Too, there is still a need for Red Cross workers . . . Universal's Ella Raines is a shining example of one. With this training you can be a really useful citizen. But—this is important—never try to take the place of a doctor!

Here are some of the helps which we can provide, I've checked these with a doctor. First, be sure the injured person is kept lying down. Then attend immediately to serious bleeding, cessation of breathing and poisoning. Examine for less apparent injuries. Keep the victim warm and comfortable and, if he is unconscious, never give him liquids—that might cause choking.

All dressings and bandages that you use should be absolutely sterile. The best are those packaged in sealed envelopes. Adhesive tape holds bandages in place, but is never placed directly on wounds. Always use fresh iodine labeled "Tincture of Mild Iodine, U.S.P." Old iodine is dangerous because some of the alcohol may have evaporated, leaving a solution so strong it might burn skin.

Bear these pointers in mind. Set to work learning all that you can to help. You'll be well on the way to leading the good life when you can respond promptly to "Emergency Stations!"

\* \* \* \*

It certainly warms your Beauty Editor's heart to hear from you MODERN SCREEN readers! So keep sending in your problems of complexion, makeup, figure, hair care. I'll be glad to answer. And as a special May treat, there is a pile of booklets on "Hair Do's and Don'ts for Teen Agers" on my desk. To get yours, just drop me a note and, pretty please, accompany it with a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The address: Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

# Why not bring out the natural glossy highlights of *your* hair like Powers Models?



Miss Jane Gilbert, stunning Powers Girl, is thrilled the way beautifying Kreml Shampoo keeps her hair shining-bright and lustrous for days!

**Positively never leaves any excess dull, soapy film.** Men can't help admire shimmering highlights in a girl's hair. They like the soft, silky feel of it under their fingers.

So, girls—why not take a tip from gorgeous Powers Models who are famous for their naturally soft lustrous hair? Powers Girls use Kreml Shampoo to wash their hair! Kreml Shampoo is an arch conspirator for ensnaring your man. And here's why—

**Silken-sheen beauty lasts for days.** Kreml Shampoo not only thoroughly cleanses scalp and hair of dirt and loose dandruff but it actually brings out the natural sparkling highlights that lie concealed in the hair. Kreml Shampoo leaves hair so much softer, silkier, easier to set.

**Wonderful to soften dry, brittle ends.** Kreml Shampoo is so mild and gentle on your hair. It positively contains no harsh caustics or chemicals. Rather, it has a beneficial oil base which helps keep hair from becoming dry. It never leaves any excess soapy film that makes your hair so dull and lifeless looking. So be glamour-wise and always wash your hair with Kreml Shampoo—a trump card in any woman's bag of beauty tricks! All drug, department and 10¢ stores.

## KREML SHAMPOO

A product of R. B. Seiler, Inc.

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE  
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

*How to fix the entrancing hair-do above*



First wash hair with Kreml Shampoo so that your hair will sparkle with its natural lustre. Set pin curls in direction of arrows.



Follow directions of arrows for setting pin curls in front. Notice how Kreml Shampoo leaves hair so much easier to set.



Showing proper position of braid. Kreml Shampoo is marvelous for thick, long hair, because it thoroughly cleanses each tiny strand.





## ED SULLIVAN SPEAKING...

■ "Katherine, that man is here."

The voice boomed into the C.B.S. Theater studio, over the control room channel, and a score or more shirt-sleeved musicians looked up idly to see what was about to happen.

The speaker was Ted Collins; Katherine was Kate Smith; "that man" was Sullivan, on the Paul Revere mission of informing the countryside that in consequence of the magnificent standards maintained by Kate in 3,000 air shows, the Ed Sullivan-MODERN SCREEN radio plaque had been awarded to the Columbia Broadcasting System star.

"Well, I'll be darned if it isn't Edward," exclaimed a bespectacled gent at one of the "mikes," as Collins and I emerged from the control room. The bespectacled gent was Tommy Dorsey, appearing that night on the Smith show, and greatly enjoying the ordered informality present at any Kate Smith rehearsal. But the informality never gets out of hand, because Ted Collins has definite ideas of showmanship, and the cardinal point of the Collins creed is that performers in general, and Katherine in particular, must be handled with respect. He always has felt that way. The first time he ever saw Kate Smith, in "Honeymoon Lane," Collins resented the gags that had been composed about her in the script of

the show. "I don't care whether you weigh 108 pounds," stormed Collins. "Once you're on the stage, you are not to be treated as anything but a fine performer. If broken-down comics can't get laughs except at the expense of other members of the cast, they ought to get out of business." It has been on that basis that the Smith-Collins partnership not only has endured but flourished.

Down the years, there has been no break in the consistency of the policy established by Collins. In Hollywood, when the Kate Smith show originated out there for a spell, the studio musicians and announcers were thunderstruck to learn that Collins had banned sport jackets, vari-colored flannel trousers and gay socks for them. "But this is California," they protested to Ted. "We don't dress formally out here for a radio show." Collins didn't waste any time in argument: "Listen, chums, this is a big league show. Kate Smith followers have a very definite idea in mind when they think of her, and they like to find her in a studio surrounded by a dinner-jacketed cast. If you'd rather drop out of the show - - - -?"

There was the day that Collins went into Bill Paley's office at C.B.S. "I've got a new attraction for you, Bill," said Collins. Paley was interested, quick, because the Kate Smith show has incubated such finds as Abbott and



Ted Collins beams as Ed Sullivan hands Kate Smith his second MODERN SCREEN RADIO AWARD for her fine programs.



An unusual partnership exists between Kate and Ted: As her manager, he demands dignity and conservative attire on the part of her co-workers.



Costello. "I have got probably the top commentator of the networks," said Collins, "but she should be on an afternoon spot." Paley gazed at him incredulously: "SHE, did you say she is a SHE?" Collins nodded: "That's right, Kate Smith." Paley explained patiently that Kate's following had been built as a singer, that it would be suicidal for her to invade the field of commentation. But Collins persisted, and today, Kate Smith's rating as a daytime commentator is phenomenal.

As this story demonstrates, it is inevitable that in any discussion of Kate Smith, I find myself reverting almost continuously to Collins. It is inevitable because never in the history of contemporary showmanship has there been such a relationship between star and manager. At each stage of their journey to the top brackets, this has been an integrated effort that found every short cut, that eliminated every wasteful expenditure of time or energy or talent. Collins finds time, on the side, to run his Boston professional football team in the winter, and go trout fishing in the Adirondacks in the summer, when their program originates from Lake Placid.

The girl from Washington, D. C., Kate Smith, is even more extraordinary than her manager and friend. She is something special because of a God-given voice that is subject to none of the distresses that plague other singers. Typical: Other singers scream in agony at the very thought of snow-covered mountains, claim that extreme cold so tightens vocal chords that Whispering Jack Smith could out-shout them. Kate listens sympathetically to her fellow thrushes, then heads for the bob sled run at Lake Placid. After a full day outdoors, she relaxes on her island estate by drinking something cold, iced milk or iced tea. According to all accepted standards, by this time her voice should have been as frozen as an OPA ceiling, but instead, it gets better with the years; streams out cool and clear as an Adirondack stream.

Recently, when I made the first Ed Sullivan-MODERN SCREEN award to Edward Johnson, of the Metropolitan Opera, we were talking about my favorite Metropolitan singer, the great Ezio Pinza. "He's such a fine actor, too," I applauded. Mr. Johnson, a former "Met" star, acted amused: "Pinza has such a magnificent voice that he doesn't have to concentrate on singing. He acts his roles brilliantly because there is no fear in his mind about his singing."

It is the same with Kate Smith. Like Pinza, she has a voice that occasions her no apprehension, and so she handles all other chores brilliantly. Singing is child's play to her, and eagerly she turns to dialogue or commercials or speech making that would demoralize the better-than-average singer. Conditioning all of her extra-curricular activities is a fine mind and a nice dignity that are reflected in her very level eyes. Beyond that is a very genuine feeling for people. Kate likes them, and they know it, and it is evident in her voice and attitude.

This past summer, when Parks Johnson and Warren Hull left "Vox Pop" to swell comedian Peter Donald and me, one of our shows took us to Lake Placid, where the U. S. Army was running the exclusive Lake

## MORE THAN AN INK . . . IT PROTECTS PENS !



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**3.** *Solv-x* (available only in Quink) eliminates all sediment left by ordinary inks. Your pen starts instantly . . . ink flows smoothly.



ENDS RUBBER ROT,  
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**4.** Quink with *solv-x* prevents the rubber rot and corrosion of delicate metal parts caused by ordinary high-acid inks.

• Keep your pen free from trouble. Next time, ask for Parker Quink with magic *solv-x*! In 4 permanent, 5 washable colors, at 25¢. School size, 15¢. Also pints and quarts. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

# PARKER Quink

THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X



Placid Club as a reconditioning spot for returning GIs. As part of the program, hidden from the audience, a GI and his girl were married by a Catholic priest in the Army chapel. The youngsters didn't have anybody to stand up for them. So I talked to Ted Collins, and he came in from a fishing trip, covered with four days of beard. I told him about the GI and his fiancée.

That night, the two youngsters had Kate Smith as bridesmaid and Ted Collins as best man, and Kate sang a song for them with a GI pianist accompanying her.

So for this, and hundreds of other equally fine things, Kate Smith gets our second monthly award. It couldn't go to a nicer person.

**Personality of the month:** For my money, most promising new comic is Herb Shriner, Indiana, who appeared with me before President Truman at the White House Correspondents' dinner. Shriner, just out of the service, returned to radio with the same drawling, Will Rogerish comedy that distinguished him before he became a sad sack. Typical of the youngster's cracker-barrel type of comedy: "With New York City shut down because there was no fuel for heat, it's too bad we couldn't have gotten that filibustering senator up here with these city slickers—where we really could have used some of that hot air."

**Gash of the month:**

Cantor: "Haven't seen you in a long time, Jack and you really look marvelous. Hope I look as good when I'm your age." Jack Benny: "You did."

Dinah Shore: "What has six legs and sings?" "The Andrews Sisters!"

Frank Morgan—"Bing, what is your secret for winning an Academy Award?"

Bing Crosby: "Hard work, perseverance and Barry Fitzgerald."

Ollie O'Toole: "Before we got married, my wife said to me 'Ollie, just a reminder. Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine' and I agreed with her."

Jack Haley: "That's fine. And you've stuck to it?"

Ollie: "I certainly have, Jack. Haven't kissed her in forty years."

Molly: "Don't think I've ever seen a clearer winter day. It must be very cold."

Fibber: "Cold! I had to walk down the street backwards because my sheepskin coat kept turning its tail into the wind."

**News of programs:** When Long Beach, California resident, Merle G. Overholtzer, won the first prize in the Guy Lombardo (ABC—9 P.M. Tuesday EST) song title contest, little did he know of the headaches that Lombardo went through as a result of that stunt. Post Office regulations demand that the judges in such a contest actually read everything submitted. Lombardo was telling me at the Hotel Roosevelt that he has never slaved so frantically, wading through miles of titles. Some idea of Guy's feeling may be obtained from the winning selection: "Do Sheep Count People When They Sleep?"... Radio Row agreed that the Hit Parade's action in dropping Dick Todd on a 24-hour notice was one of the top churlish instances of the year. (You wonder if sponsors ever realize the emotional makeup of the performers. Todd was crushed by the summary dismissal. Understandably. The money factor is incidental in such an upset) . . . Kay Kyser, the Carolina Boy who made good in all of the big cities, now is drawling through his umpteenth radio year (10 P. M. Wednesday, EST, NBC). Kyser's success has been largely a personal thing. No performer works harder or is more anxious to please an audience,

and that quality, flavored with homespun humor and modesty, has kept him in the top brackets.

An autograph fan crashed the Bob Hawk show, CBS, by showing up with a drum under his arm and telling the gateman that he was with the Van Steeden crew.

**They-Never-Win-In-New-York Dept.:** Comics always get a laugh by commenting that New Yorkers never, or rarely ever, win radio contests. Despite the fact that there are 7,000,000 New Yorkers, representing a terrific market for any product, the winners always seem to come from Kalamazoo and stations East. In the Jack Benny contest, not a New Yorker finished in the first three. Carroll P. Craig, the champ, hails from Pacific Palisades, Cal., Cleveland Charles Dougherty was second, Detroit Joyce O'Hara finished third. Yet I'll guarantee that percentage-wise, the letter writers of Brooklyn, N. Y., the most prolific letter writers in the nation, topped all other areas. Benny, delighted with the popularity of the contest, was most pleased with the fact that only one vitriolic letter arrived. It was mailed on the first day of the contest, was a model of poison-penning. A Pacific Coaster wrote it, unsigned.

**Femme Dept.:** Kate Smith's announced intention to resume an hour show has other sponsors reviewing their belief that 30 minutes is about the ideal time in which to hold the attention of an audience. Kate, after experimenting with a shorter program, determined that in a variety show, you can't crowd in all of the features in less than 60 minutes. . . .

Cass Daley stays with Fitch Bandwagon, (Sundays, NBC), although the name band policy yields to guest star policy.

"Junior Miss," with Mary Small, fades from the airwaves, but Mary, as a result of clicking individually, is a cinch to get a long-term with some other radio spot. . . .

Abbott and Costello call Amy Arnell "The Creep." She collects macabre gold charms, cheery little things like miniature coffins, a tombstone, a death mask. . . .

Radio is following the Dinah Shore-Jo Stafford Hooperating race, in which Miss Stafford gained a perhaps momentary advantage, 14.9 to Dinah's 13.9. These ratings, compiled from telephone polls of various national areas, fluctuate from month to month, so Dinah isn't too disturbed. But there's no doubt that Jo is booming along faster than any other femme singer.

All around the radio polls: About the only thing that radio polls agree upon is that Joan Davis is the top air comedienne, that Lux Radio Theater is the best in its field, that Jo Stafford is best of the Jane-Come-Lately's. Radio Daily, Motion Picture Daily, Song Hits and Esquire findings are reproduced for your own observations.

More than 1,000 editors in the Radio Daily's ninth annual poll came up with the following "Top Ranking" voting:

Program of '45—Fibber McGee, Molly. Comedian and individual entertainer—Bob Hope.

Popular singers—Crosby and Dinah Shore.

King of the sweet orks—Guy Lombardo. Swing band—Tommy Dorsey.

Classical vocalists—John Charles Thomas and Lily Pons.

Symphonic program—N. Y. Philharmonic.

Symphonic conductor—Toscanini.

Popular musical show—Hit Parade.

News commentator—Lowell Thomas.

Dramatic program—Lux Radio Theater.

Dramatic serial—One Man's Family.

Sports commentator—Bill Stern.

Children's show—Let's Pretend.

Education series—American Town Meeting.

Quiz—Information Please.

Daytime variety—Breakfast Club.

**DIANA LYNN**, grown-up and beautiful, will soon be seen in Paramount's "The Bride Wore Boots." Here Diana wears, not boots, but Henry Rosenfeld's superbly cut sun dress of Loomshire cotton poplin. It has a tiny separate jacket to cover its one bare shoulder. See also the accessory ideas made possible by the subtly contrasting tones of the belt. Diana's friend is none other than "Harvey," made visible by Dorzar, a firm of geniuses in toy making, who have caught all the charm of the country's favorite animal character.

\* \* \*

To find out where to buy this dress, as well as the other fashions in MODERN SCREEN's fashion pages, write to: Toussia Pines, Fashion Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Comedienne—Joan Davis.

Announcer—Don Wilson.

Singing unit—Andrews Sisters.

Song of the year—Till The End Of Time.

From the Motion Picture Daily's poll:

Most promising stars of tomorrow—Jack Smith and Jo Stafford.

All around winner and best dramatic show—Lux Radio Theater.

Best new program—Request Performance.

Best female singers—Stafford and Munsel.

Best male singers—Melton and Eddy.

Best quiz—Take It Or Leave It.

Best Children's Show—Let's Pretend.

Best comedienne—Joan Davis.

Song Hits poll finds Danny O'Neil the top newcomer of the year and Evelyn Knight the year's outstanding recording vocalist.

Esquire awarded its statuettes to Duke Ellington, The King Cole Trio, and Woody Herman for representing the best of jazz music in the U. S.

Duke won the gold award . . . Herman won the bronze award, and Nat "King" Cole won the gold award as pianist, and the silver award as male vocalist. The Esquire award is presented annually and was given during the yearly Esquire concert on Jan. 16 over ABC.

Leave 'em laughing dept.:

Ish Kabibble, on the Kay Kyser program: "People are stuff that there are more of than anybody, if there was no more people, it would sure cut down a lot on the population. Some people are a lot younger than other people, especially babies. Babies start out with hair and no teeth and waste about ninety years getting right back where they started from."

Rosella Hipperton: "On my last birthday, I just turned 35."

Joan Davis: "When you turn 35, dearie, it comes out 53."

Jack Carson: "Don't tell me anything about a cow. Back on the farm in Wisconsin, I used to milk 208 cows twice a day, seven days a week. Then I'd clean up and go to the city."

Arthur Treacher: "For some relaxation?"

Jack Carson: "No, to get my fingers straightened."

Abbott: "Do all of your uncle's cows give milk?"

Costello: "No, none of them give milk. You have to take it away from them."



Modern Screen  
*Fashions*







*So much for so little*



1 This rayon gabardine beauty will be the most versatile item in your wardrobe. With flats and a beanie, wear it to school or to work: With your big black straw cartwheel hat plus a pair of black shortie gloves and your high-heeled suede pumps, it will go dancing with equal confidence. Comes in print shantung, too! Gail Gray Junior Classic for under \$6.00.



2 A steal from General Ike is this two-piece battle-jacketed honey. Skirt is tailored to a T, a swell mix-matcher with your other blouses. The sharply tailored jacket makes your waist look tiny. Wear it casual-like, the way you see it here, or with a white ascot, hat and gloves to give you that put-together look. Another Gail Gray for under \$6.00.

3 Look sweet 'n lovely in this charmer of a two-piecer, with its expensive looking dress-maker touches that are found in dresses twice its tiny price (under \$6.00). Wear it with that new flowered Easter bonnet, and don't go out without snow-white shortie gloves! All these Gail Gray Junior Classics are made by the Jack Wasserman Company.





a

**a** A Personality Two-some by Ambassador, this charming print dress, with its perky peplum front, will be your standby through warm Summer days. It's an Adventure print in washable rayon and it's under \$13.00

b

**b** Ponemah's washable one-denier rayon, which is the very last word in fabric news, makes this circus-y print dress, with that flattering sweep to the side. It's a Personality Classic by Ambassador, and it's about \$15.00.





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beauty with a soft pleat skirt.

Right: a pocket pin-up.  
Both in frosty cool rayon  
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**Gail Gray**  
REG.  
JUNIOR CLASSICS



# SUITS THE STARS

"YOU'RE always well dressed in a suit," is the fashion adage, and our favorite gals in Hollywood swear by that idea. Their suits range from tried and true classics to knockout dressed-up numbers that can go anywhere.

JANE WYMAN, famed for that "put-together" look, always appears as trim without her suit jacket as she does with it on, because she sews small shoulder pads into her sweaters.

JOAN CRAWFORD, who looks terrific in her suits, avoids that sat-out-skirt look by having her suit skirts rounded in the back waistline as much as two and one-half or three inches, to follow the natural contour of her body. To hold her skirt down and keep it hanging perfectly she has the hemlines weighted.

ALEXIS SMITH avoids having her blouses ride up out of her skirts by having one-inch ribbon tacked inside her blouse at the waistline, hooking it at the center front. This fits the blouse to her waist and prevents it from pulling out of her skirt.

DOROTHY MALONE accessorizes her basic tweeds in unexpected ways. She has a dark brown tweed suit, which she dresses up for festive occasions by wearing a dull gold lamé gilet and adding jeweled buttons. A dull gold beanie completes a fascinating costume.

IDA LUPINO glamorizes a wine wool suit by adding a pink satin brocaded gilet and stunning flared satin gloves. Ever try making your own from patterns given by almost all the well known pattern companies? It's not too hard!

ELEANOR PARKER'S favorite dress-up is a black velvet with a slight bustle effect in the back. With it she wears a black velvet ribbon drawn through her up-swept hair, and through the bow of it she draws three white ermine tails.

ANOTHER bustle suit is worn by Joan Leslie, who has a back interest suit in green wool. She wears with it an unexpected hat of natural Tuscan straw and a straw handbag. Matching hats and handbags are NEWS!

A DRESSMAKER gabardine suit was made really dressed-up by Joan Crawford, who wore a black velvet and pearl choker with her black suit, which has a low-cut square neckline. A white straw sailor hat completes her costume.

JOAN CRAWFORD again (that gal *lives* in suits) has a novel idea for wearing flowers on one of her summer suits. She draws them through two slits cut in the shoulder of her jacket, bound in the same shade as the binding of her buttonholes.

ELEANOR PARKER mix-matches a stunning two-tone grey outfit. Her skirt is dark grey, her simple tailored jacket is lighter grey. A three-quarter length topper of the same shade as the jacket makes a workable outfit.

JOAN WINFIELD looks very smart in a severely tailored black satin suit, which she wears with a snowy "dandy" blouse and a white hat. Red roses on the hat, red roses pinned to her suit give her a romantic air.

## NEW

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## HEADY FASHIONS

**H**ATS and umbrellas match this year! Mary Goodfellow makes a striped lovely with lush, lush roses high on the crown, and matches it with a striped parasol! It's an idea that's going to go over big, so watch for it in your local shops!

**E**VER see those dashing high chechia hats worn by the Russian Cosacks? They're in the news, made not of fur, but of felt, of straw, of ribbon. Try one with that flared short coat to give you that swashbuckling look!

**T**AKE one white straw beanie or bowler. Buy a few yards of polka dot ribbon and a bit of veiling. Tie the ribbon into a multitude of bows and arrange them smack in the middle of the front of your hat. Add veil. Lo! An Easter bonnet!

**A**NITA ANDRA, creator of the exotic, makes a turban of natural colored Tuscan straw. Tuscan is that lacy, fragile natural straw that drapes like fabric and looks luscious. You'll be seeing it around!

**L**OTS and lots of open-crowned hats are being shown this season! Know what that means? It means that your public sees the crown of your head, which is more than you do, unless you LOOK! So take that hand mirror before you go out, and see that the top of your head is sleek and shiny.

**R**EMEMBER the off-the-face Breton sailor you wore when you went to Sunday school? Remember the elastic under your chin? Well, grown-up Bretons don't have the elastic, but otherwise they're the same school girl stuff that those were. They come big, bigger, biggest, so buy one to match your size!

**T**HE perennial straight brimmed sailor is perennial! And never prettier than this season, made of rough or smooth straw, piled high with bows, ribbons, fruit, butterflies! Your fancy can run riot, if your fingers are nimble; if not, look for the lovely ones you'll find on the counters of your local stores.



## JEWELRY MAGIC

**TRY** wearing your gold chain necklace looped over the shoulder of your new Spring suit, the way our boys wear their beautiful looped braid decorations. Just drape it over your sleeve, and fasten on the shoulder with a gold pin or clip. It's new!

**A** PRETTY pin or clip is nice, three of 'em marching down your lapel, on your handbag or your blouse are better! Even a very inexpensive pin gains in importance when it's triplets! If you can get different sizes, it's even cuter!

**B**EEN wearing your pins or clips on your suit lapel, just like everybody else? Well, don't, 'cause it's newer to pin them on your sleeve, just below the shoulder, or on your blouse cuff. The new bishop sleeves are just perfect for that kind of accent.

**YOU'VE** got a string of pearls, haven't you? And we bet you have a gold chain necklet, because everybody bought 'em this season. Add one to the other, a twist of the wrist (or two, or three), and you've got the very latest thing in necklaces.

**T**HAT charm bracelet that you're sort of tired of wearing makes a fascinating chatelaine! Wear it looped across your suit front, with perhaps a pretty pin on one end, the other disappearing into your suit pocket. Or try it looped swag-like from the bottom button of your suit into your right hand pocket.

**T**HAT same old chatelaine is just the thing to wear looped on your shiny calfskin belt. Try the same with your chain necklet. Dresses up that skirt and blouse combination into high style!

**T**AKE one plain white blouse. Add a bright ribbon going under the collar and crossing over just at your throat. Cut the ribbon ends into an inverted V. Pin your prettiest heirloom pin where the ribbon crosses. It gives that "dandy" look!



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## MORE THAN WORDS CAN SAY

(Continued from page 49)

chair, his feet cocked comfortably on the bed while he watched Maria try on one of the several dozen hats she'd picked up while waiting for the boat to come in.

"I'm a lucky guy," he murmured.

Maria turned her head sideways, one hand shoving a stray bit of hair under the hat perched on her head. "Why?"

"Having you. Getting sent back with the Mission. Coming home with almost a whole skin."

### luck hounds him . . .

Jean Pierre Aumont is one of the luckiest men in Hollywood. He went through the first phase of the war in Europe with the Nazis biting at his heels every step he took, only holding back long enough for the handsome Frenchman to pick up a Croix de Guerre in the midst of the fighting. Somehow he slipped out of Europe and over to the United States in 1941 while France fell back into the shadows. He had thirteen years of theatrical experience behind him when he first gawked his way along Broadway. One startling piece of good fortune after another came his way; theatrical engagements, Hollywood and stardom in two pictures, all climaxed by his marriage to Maria Montez.

Then it was war again, North Africa, Italy, the invasion of Southern France, another Croix de Guerre, a couple pieces of shrapnel, and now this return to the States with a French Military Mission to the United Nations Conference. There was a lot of flesh gone off his bones, the circles under his eyes made him look as though he'd had a bad night, but at 33 he was still packed with energy.

And the biggest piece of luck was still in the cards for Jean Pierre and his wife—the baby born to them in February of this year. But before Maria Christina's St. Valentine's Day bow, the Aumonts were sure busy dodging rumors—and hunting rooms.

Like that time the manager knocked on their hotel door. "Mr. Aumont," the gentleman said very dramatically, "I'm afraid I'll have to ask you and Mrs. Aumont to leave the hotel."

Jean Pierre was astonished. This was no homecoming reception for a soldier after eighteen months of war. "What's wrong?"

"There have been scores of autograph collectors in the lobby for days. We can't move about and the other guests are complaining. On top of that," he continued, touching a white handkerchief to his cheek, "one of them slapped my face when I wouldn't let her come upstairs to you!"

Jean Pierre kept Maria from charging out into the hallway while he nodded grimly. "We're leaving this afternoon for San Francisco. But don't forget, mister, if it wasn't for those autograph people, we might not have the money to stay at your hotel. Goodbye."

Maria was ready to climb on the furniture, to start tearing the pictures off the walls, to do a thorough job of wrecking the joint, but Jean Pierre, who supplies the tempering influence in the family, hushed her. "Anyhow," he asked, "how did so many people know I was coming back? It was supposed to be a military secret."

Maria jammed a hat down on her head. "Every time I signed an autograph book in these eight days I've been waiting for you, I told them. I couldn't help it. It was bursting inside of me."

Before they left the hotel, there was

the business of exchanging homecoming gifts.

Maria had bought her husband a handsome watch, and she was positive Jean Pierre had picked up some French perfume for her. It might even be he'd fetched along a couple of hats from the French capital or brought back a gown, something out of this world, something from France. She waited breathlessly while he dove into the battered duffle bag. He turned around triumphantly.

In the air he waved two very old, very spotty scarves made from parachute silk. "An American paratrooper gave them to me," he explained, "I thought they'd be a fine souvenir for you."

The Gypsy Wildcat tried to hold back her disappointment, then she let loose with a scream of rage that must have startled the autograph hunters ten floors below. Aumont listened in astonishment.

"Why didn't somebody tell me about this perfume business? Everyone on the boat had bottles of perfume, but it never occurred to me French perfume was any better than what you buy here in New York. Somebody should tell the French about their own country."

"And the hat?"

He slapped his hands hard against his sides. "On a military mission, do you think I can come down the gangplank with a couple of hat boxes under my arm? I would be a disgrace! Do you want me to be court martialed?"

Then he threw back his head and laughed, and after a while Maria joined in with him. Besides, she found she could twist the scarves about her head and make quite a fancy chapeau with them.

They slept on hat boxes on the train back to the Coast. And in Chicago, as usual, Maria lost one of her traveling bags. It's become such a bad habit with her that the insurance people are beginning to look sideways each time she walks up and smiles her way into a baggage insurance policy.

Nothing much happened on the train. Nothing except that time, at three in the morning, when the Super Chief was roaring through Missouri, Jean Pierre felt a long slim hand reaching through the welter of hat boxes and poking him.

"Jean Pierre!" It was Maria's voice, in a long, hissing whisper.

Aumont doesn't frighten easily, but this time he felt the short hairs on the back of his head lift up and do a can-can.

"What is it?"

"Someone is at the door of the compartment!"

### fame at dawn . . .

With the vision of a third Croix de Guerre in his head, Jean Pierre vaulted out of the berth, stumbled over a hat box and fell heavily against the door. When he opened it warily, he saw a line of GIs, the rear guard of the club car contingent. One of them thrust an autograph book in Aumont's face. "Do you mind? We're getting off at the next stop, and we thought maybe—"

Aumont didn't mind, but the GIs must have been puzzled at the strange hieroglyphics that came out as autographs. At three a.m. Maria refused to turn on the light, and she devised a signature that was something akin to Braille pin pricks.

After a quick visit to Hollywood and a party given by his great friend, Charles Boyer, Jean Pierre and Maria went on to the United Nations conference in San Francisco where Aumont was to arrange



an exhibit of French war documents. And it was in San Francisco, with the start of a new era in a new world, that the couple decided a baby was about the only thing missing from their lives.

They neglected to take the War Department in on their plans for a baby, however, so that Aumont, still on the payroll of the French Army, was ordered on a speaking tour in aid of the Canadian Victory Loan Drive—part of the lend-lease agreement.

In New York, at LaGuardia Field, he was talking to the ticket clerk. "You remember me, Lieutenant," the clerk said, "I was with you at Rodiconfani in Italy when you took over those tanks."

Lieutenant Aumont nodded, for it was at Rodiconfani he had earned his second Croix de Guerre. Hatred of the Nazis was more than just a pat line with him. It was tied in with death, and the screams of dying men, and a long memory. Then the departure of the Montreal plane was announced. He shouted goodbye, grabbed his bag and ran. Seconds later the clerk came running after him, waving a yellow slip in the air. "Lieutenant," he gasped, "look what just came over the ticker."

#### prayer for peace . . .

Jean Pierre read the words. "This morning the German High Command signed the surrender terms." The rest was blurred. He fastened his safety belt automatically, and rested his head against the cushion. A hand touched his shoulder and a voice inquired anxiously, "Are you sick, Lieutenant Aumont? Is there anything I can do?"

He opened his eyes and shook his head at the stewardess.

"No, I'm well, thank you."

"But you had your head thrown back, and your lips—"

"I was praying."

Two months later he was back in Hollywood with discharge papers in his pocket.

In the house in Beverly Hills there was Maria and her sisters, Consuelo, Adita and Lucita, and there was Jean Pierre. It was a small house, with only two bedrooms, and the knuckles of Jean Pierre's right hand were sore from tapping on doors to see if it was safe for the one man in the house to enter. And there was that baby on its way. They moved to a bigger house, with bedrooms to spare, a nursery, and a room Maria thought would do well for storing her hats.

Jean Pierre is enthusiastic about the house because he can drive home from the Universal studios in less than twenty minutes. And in the Los Angeles area, where every minute of the day is like New York's Broadway at five-fifteen each night, that is a blessing.

Under contract to M-G-M, he's been loaned first to RKO to make "Heartbeat" with Ginger Rogers, and currently to do "Fandango" with Yvonne DeCarlo and Brian Donlevy. At the studio there has been no problem of readjustment for the volatile Frenchman who cavorts before the camera like a bundle of steel springs tightly coiled. In the whip duel scene of "Fandango" with Phil Reed, he became too enthusiastic and touched Phil twice with the murderous bull whips, bringing a spurt of blood to Reed's cheek, and a howl from the director, the cameraman, and a mixed up moan-and-groan from the script reader, the publicity department, and thirty-two service men being escorted through the set.

"I had no trouble getting used to the routine about the studio," he says. "It was just like when I was in the Army—after five days I felt as though I'd been there all my life. I've been an actor for sixteen years, and acting is like swimming—it's hard to forget."

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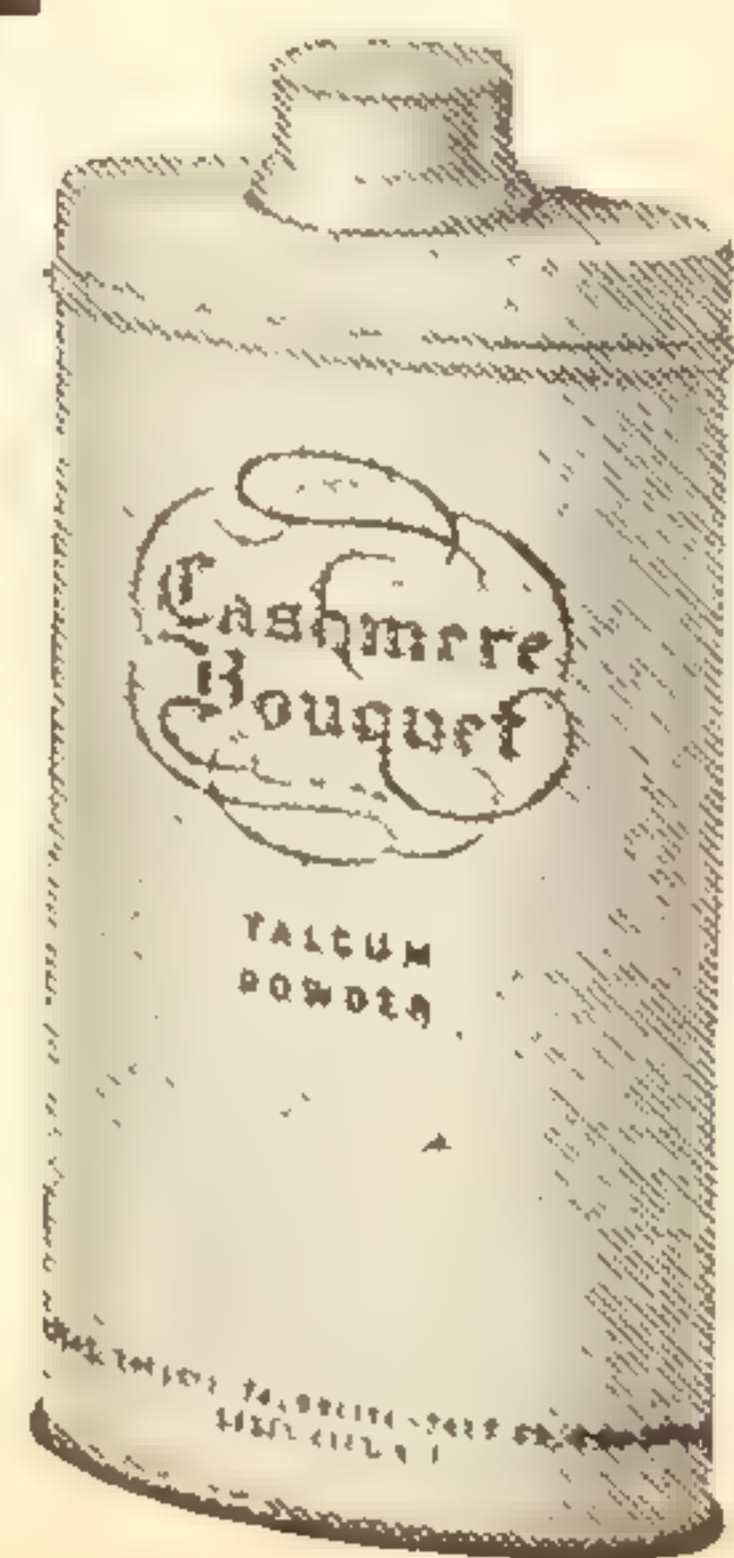
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Aumont was a problem child while he was growing up near Paris. He wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but one was hanging close to the edge of the bassinet when he first began to take notice of life. And he used the spoon and a lot of other things to knock the stuffings out of whatever got in his way for the next seventeen years. His father tried the old "manual of arms" method on him; but it had little effect on calming down the well springs in Jean Pierre's life.

**home is the hunter . . .**

He was a hell-cat from the start, and he devoted a good deal of his time to sinking his claws into anything within reach. In desperation his father sent him off to various schools where the birch rods were stacked higher than the books. As a result Jean Pierre says no child of his is ever going to be sent away to a school boasting of its rigid discipline. "Any time a child of mine needs correction, I'm the one who is going to lay it on. I won't hire any school teacher to do it for me."

This baby business in the Aumont home has drawn out the best in him. When he came home one evening after a long day on the set, still clad in the Russian sailor outfit he wears in "Fandango," and still daubed with grease paint, Maria seized him excitedly by the arm. "Come see what I've got in the nursery."

He went and gazed with a bit of perplexity at the wood and steel standing in the corner.

"You've located a baby bed. That's good." He turned to go.

"But, my darling, the spring! It's steel. Do you know I've looked for months for a baby's bed with a steel spring? They aren't making that kind any more."

Aumont patted the steel spring appreciatively, then turned away for it was late and he was hungry. Maria stopped him firmly.

"You're going to put the bed up, aren't you?"

"You mean, right now, before I have dinner?"

**mechanical genius . . .**

She nodded, her dark hair shaking. And Jean Pierre, because Maria had been sensible about her long months of pregnancy, not demanding strawberries from Nome, or dill pickles at two a.m., hunted up some tools and started wrestling with the array of wooden slats and steel springs. He wasn't quite sure how it happened, but soon Maria was at one end of the bed, her sister Consuelo at the other, with Adita and Lucita somewhere in between, all of them talking excitedly in Spanish. The butler dodged in and out of the massed array fetching pliers and washers, while once in a while the maid showed up in the middle. Jean Pierre climbed on a chair to get a look at the excitement while the women swarmed about with great energy and the baby's bed gradually began to take shape. When it was all finished, Maria looked around for her husband, took him by the arm, and announced to her sisters, "That's what I like about Jean Pierre—he's so handy with tools."

On the advice of the doctor, and with Jean Pierre keeping a critical eye on her, Maria continued working until late in November when she finished "Tangier," and went home to devote a full twenty-four hours a day to preparing for the baby. Besides, someone had to be at home to entertain all the members of the American Third Army who were continually calling for the "Lieutenant" and reminding him of the invitation he'd extended in odd corners of Europe to "drop around sometime to our place in Beverly Hills and meet the wife." Nowadays a steady stream of GIs do their

sightseeing around Hollywood and Los Angeles via the Aumont home. There's a telephone call, a screeching of taxi wheels, a cup of tea or a cocktail and a half hour of hostessing by the lovely Maria Montez. "There is one General and five privates of the Third Army I have not met," Maria says, "but then the war is not over a year. They'll be here eventually."

It was a happy home, the Aumont house, all during the time they waited for the coming of the baby. Maria, after a bad start, was in splendid health. She had no whims, no cravings, and her temper was calmer than before. Jean Pierre showed his appreciation in the tenderness of the kiss with which he greeted Maria each night on his return from the studio. Once Maria thought the Frenchman was being too calm. She made a motion with her hands and said, "I feel funny here, and here."

Jean Pierre stood above her, his hands extended, his lips parted in a broad grin.

"Don't baby yourself, my darling. You're strong and healthy."

Afterwards he walked with her to the foot of the long flight of steps leading upward and watched while she went out of sight. He turned into the den and stood in thoughtful silence before the crackling logs in the fireplace. He spun about and asked a question of Lucita Montez who was watching him. There was a catch in his voice.

"Do you think Maria is frightened?"

Lucita shook her head emphatically. "No."

There is always an end to waiting, and it came that February morning when Jean Pierre knelt by the bedside and saw cradled in Maria's arms his daughter, Maria Christina. It was another turn in the cards for the "Fighting Frenchman," another step upward on the ladder of good fortune he's been climbing.

He's a lucky guy!

## I SAW IT HAPPEN



I was fortunate enough to be given a furlough and happened to be on the same train as Duke Ellington. Although I had quite a collection of his recordings, I had never actually seen the Duke.

As we pulled into the station at Dayton, Ohio, the inevitable scramble began. Feeling extremely tired and wondering if I would be able to get a cab, I glanced about the platform. I noticed a man standing near me. A cab pulled up in front of him and his friends. I still didn't realize who he was. As the cab driver started to pick up some of the monogrammed luggage, the Duke spoke to me: "Won't you and your wife take this taxi? I always think servicemen come first." His lips parted in a flashing smile.

"Well! What do you think of that?" I said wonderingly to the pretty girl beside me.

"I think he must be a pretty regular guy," she replied.

Before my furlough was over, I had accepted the Duke's idea as my own. I now cannot only thank him for the taxi he proffered me, but the wife isn't bad, either. I wonder what he would think if he knew how he played cupid to a lonely serviceman?

Sgt. W. E. Keim  
Oklahoma City, Okla.





# On Mother's Day

**F**OR almost everyone of us  
there is someone somewhere  
whose heartbeat is our own heartbeat . . .  
someone who is forever all that is best  
and growing and great in life.  
For almost everyone of us  
there is someone somewhere  
who enfolds us . . . who holds us safe  
and sure . . . who never turns . . .  
is never gone from us.

Our mothers have given of themselves,  
and in return have asked no due . . .  
have made no imperative demand.  
But there is that we in turn can give . . .  
To the daily ways of life  
in a world once more at peace  
we can restore the kindliness, consideration  
and compassion for each other's needs,  
which we, in such great measure,  
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## HUSBANDS ARE WONDERFUL

(Continued from page 39)

crazy? I am."

Things were going to be perfect from now on. There wouldn't be that knowledge all the while they were together that in a week or a day or an hour he would be gone. There wouldn't be the long periods of waiting for a furlough, or those moments when it seemed she just had to talk to him and couldn't because he was at camp, and if you called camp it had to go through about six generals.

Jack slid a strong hand around her arm. "Don't look so serious, baby. I'm here, even if I'm an invalid. Give me a big smile, the way you did when I walked in the door the other day."

**we belong . . .**

"You and your surprises!" Shirley said indignantly. "Don't you know that's an awful thing to do to a girl? You should have wired me you were coming and I'd have been all dressed up in something fancy, not wearing that tired old sweater."

"I like that tired old sweater. I like you in anything, Mrs. Agar, but don't let it go to your head."

They laughed, the way they did at things that maybe wouldn't seem funny to anyone else. There was a closeness between them now, a feeling of permanence, of plans for the future. They weren't just honeymooners now, they were a young married couple with the usual problems. Problem number one was to find a place to live. Shirley had been on the phone all day to see if anyone knew of an apartment.

"That line gets a terrific laugh," she said, after hanging up on the nineteenth friend. "I should be in vaudeville."

"Relax," Jack advised. "We'll work out something."

Shirley leaned back against his shoulder with a comfortable little sigh. Husbands were a great institution. . . .

She had felt that way ever since the wedding. The wedding had been terribly exciting, so much so that neither she nor Jack could remember anything but bits and pieces of it. They had gone over it the next day, fitting it together like a jig-saw puzzle, from their separate remembrances.

"So I walked up the aisle toward you and you looked as if you wanted to run away," Shirley had said teasingly.

"Untrue. Or maybe I would have liked to run away if I could have taken you along."

"You did that eventually. Remember our wild ride to the hotel, with me holding that broken door shut on the car? I almost fell out every time we turned a corner."

They had given a sigh of relief when they finally got to the hotel where they had reservations. They walked into the lobby in what they hoped was a very nonchalant manner, as if they were quite used to walking into hotels together. Jack asked for their suite which had been reserved in the name of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Barnet, to avoid publicity. The clerk stared, surprise and dismay neatly blended.

"Why, I gave that suite to a major and his wife an hour ago. I thought they were the ones . . ." his voice trailed off.

Shirley reached instinctively for Jack's arm. It was midnight, and she knew what the hotel situation was these days. She felt a tiny wave of panic begin at her heels and start upwards.

However, Jack was talking easily to the clerk, straightening things out, finding another suite, which was, the clerk said, the real "bridal suite." Shirley looked at Jack admiringly. Husbands were wonderful!

Next day the calm and capable husband had to spend two hours in a garage getting the car door fixed. Then they started off for Santa Barbara. It was a heavenly ride up the coast. They didn't stop at a restaurant for lunch because they found a magnificent package of food which the Temple's housekeeper had packed among their luggage. They ate sliced chicken and wedding cake, all flavored with ambrosia and served on a pink cloud. When they got to Santa Barbara they decided to go to a night club for dinner—one where there was romantic Spanish music. Although, as it turned out, they didn't do a lot of dancing. It was much more fun to sit and talk, or just look at each other. It wasn't long, of course, before people started coming up to ask for autographs—a steady stream of them. That's when Shirley began to worry about the man at the next table. She had noticed him when they first came in. He was gray-haired and sort of distinguished looking, and obviously foreign. When the first autograph seeker came up to Shirley, the man stared for a moment, then looked politely away. As the crowd of fans multiplied, his amazement increased.

"What is wrong with him, Jack?" Shirley whispered.

"He's just admiring you because you're so pretty."

"He is not!" Shirley was emphatic. "He has something on his mind."

Sure enough, at that moment, the man came over, bowed formally, and said to Jack in English but with a definite accent. "I beg your pardon. But your wife she ees the head of this establishment, yes?"

Jack gaped in surprise. "Why no, sir."

"But she has to sign all the checks, it seems. Is she then the cashier?"

Shirley burst into delighted laughter while Jack explained "They want her to sign her name on those things because she's Shirley Temple. Only now," he added proudly, "she's Mrs. Agar."

The man bowed again, a gleam of enlightenment in his eyes. "Ah, the cinema. That explains everything." He thanked them and left the club, while Shirley and Jack laughed hysterically.

**call me pal . . .**

The first morning they were in Santa Barbara, Shirley went out for a walk. When she came back she found the maid in the room. She gave the woman a bright smile because the world was a wonderful place and she wanted everyone to be as happy as she was.

The maid stared at her curiously. "Are you Shirley Temple's sister?"

"No, I'm Shirley Temple. I don't have a sister."

"I heard you were here. Are you with your mother?" Just then there came from the bathroom the sound of a lusty male voice raised in song. The maid's mouth dropped open. It was too much for Shirley, who giggled irrepressibly.

"No, I'm not here with my mother. I'm here with a friend." Then, hastily, as the maid's mouth threatened to become completely unhinged, "My husband."

Those six days at Santa Barbara flew by so fast. It caught at her heart, the knowledge of how soon it would be over. Strange how easily you got used to having a husband around. How, quite suddenly, you couldn't imagine going back to your family and being a daughter instead of a wife. You did go back, of course, and did it cheerfully, as all the other girls did.

In those days Shirley and Jack thought



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it would be ages before he got out of the Army. There would be lots of time to fix up a place to live.

"There's that little house of mine next door to mother and dad, Jack," Shirley said thoughtfully, the day before he left. "It's tiny and it would have to be all changed around, but I think it would be swell for the two of us."

"I don't want to live in a house that belongs to you, honey. I'm going to support the Agar family and that includes getting a house."

"Why don't you buy that house from me?" Shirley suggested. "Then it will be yours, and you can boss me around in it all you want to!" Those dimples!

### soup to nuts . . .

That was, finally, the way they settled it. There was a certain amount of work to be done on the place. Shirley had built it six years before, as a place to have parties for the kids, and well, just because she had wanted a little place of her own even if she didn't really live in it. There was a bathroom and a kitchen, but the rest was all ballroom. Oh yes, and soda fountain. So Shirley got together with contractors and decorators and people like that, and found out it wouldn't cost so awfully much to turn the ballroom into a sort of studio, which could be a living room by day and a bedroom at night. The furniture would be French Provincial, and it was enormous fun to pick it out and think about draperies and chintzes in terms of what Jack would like.

"Chairs you can sit in, not just look at," he had insisted. "One big one we can sit in together, honey. You on my lap, and the budget book on your lap."

Because they're going to have a budget and stick to it. That's one thing Jack is very definite about. He comes from a wealthy family—his father was head of the Agar meat packing firm in Chicago, and it was after his death that the family moved to Los Angeles. But he knows the value of money, and he wants the house run systematically. Shirley agrees. She's a sensible gal, and she knows it's easier in the long run to do things the right way.

That's one reason she decided to learn to cook, while Jack was away. It started with an old joke between them. When she and Jack were first in love, he said solemnly, but with a glint of mischief in his eyes, "I'll never marry you, Shirley, till you have cooked me one complete dinner, soup to nuts. And good!"

Well, what with one thing and another, he changed his mind, and Shirley still couldn't boil an egg when they got married. When they walked into their bridal suite at the hotel that first night, Jack suddenly began to laugh.

"Look in there," he yelled.

"In there" was a beautiful, shiny kitchen, complete with pots and pans and gas stove. Shirley surveyed it with a lifted eyebrow. "Interesting," she said. "What is it?"

"That, my dear, is a kitchen, and tomorrow morning you're going to cook my breakfast in it."

Next morning he said, "Time for you to get my breakfast, like a good bride."

Shirley made a face at him. "What do you want to eat?"

"Orange juice, ham and eggs, English muffins dripping with butter, coffee. . ."

"I'll get your breakfast, my sweet." She smiled angelically, and lifted the phone.

"Room service? Please send up two orange juice, two ham and eggs. . ."

But after Jack went away, learning to cook became a very solid idea. She went to cooking school three times a week. In between, she practiced on the only mildly protesting Temple family. Shirley began strictly from scratch, not knowing a basting spoon from an egg beater. The

first lesson at school was on baking powder biscuits. Shirley did all right on those. She was pretty pleased with herself. She was, she decided, probably one of those natural born cooks you hear about. She strutted slightly, and wrote Jack a long letter about how simple cooking was. Nothing to it, really. The next lesson was on cake. Shirley, the expert, sifted the flour, mixed the sugar and butter, and then reached for an egg. She knew the teacher was watching her, and she was very nonchalant. She tapped the egg lightly on the side of the bowl, the way she had seen the cook do at home. Nothing happened. She tapped again. The egg remained intact.

"Oh, a tough egg, huh?" said Shirley to herself, and gave it a darn good crack. She spent the next ten minutes wiping egg off everything in the immediate vicinity. The cake when done, although it looked beautiful, tasted as though it had been made by a brick layer. Shirley wrote Jack that maybe there was more to this cooking business than met the eye. But by the time he got out of the Army, she was a champion. He had a birthday a few days after he got home. He and Shirley were staying at a hotel, but Shirley went over to cooking school and whipped up the fanciest birthday cake ever seen by mortal man. She brought it home proudly.

"Hey, that looks mighty pretty, but what does it taste like?" inquired her husband.

"Try it."

Jack took a large slice and started on it gravely. After the first bite he didn't say a word. Shirley sat on the edge of her chair and fumed. Maybe he didn't like it.

Then Jack grinned at her, and it was as if someone had lifted a weight off her heart. She had so *wanted* it to be right.

"Honey, I've never eaten better cake. Congratulations!"

"Why didn't you say something before, you big lug? Scaring me half to death."

"That was to pay you back for not cooking my breakfast the day after we were married."

### prophet with honor . . .

Jack loves to tease her, and she doesn't mind. She doesn't mind anything he does, and he feels the same way about her. He's so proud of her, he swells up like an inflated frog every time he introduces her to someone. Not because she's a picture star, but because she's so sweet and pretty and charming to everyone. When he was at camp in Utah, he brought three of his best buddies up to the room to see Shirley and they talked till two in the morning. The boys were a little shy for the first few minutes. After that, they felt as if they had known Shirley forever and it couldn't have been more fun. One boy was from the Bronx, one from Kansas, and one from Oklahoma. The lad from the Bronx, Joe, was in pretty much of a dither. His wife was going to have a baby soon and he was determined it should be a boy.

Shirley laughed at him. "Your wife's going to have a girl, Joe. I can see it in my crystal ball. You might just as well make up your mind to it."

Joe was outraged. "Don't say those things. I know she's going to have a boy."

A few weeks later, Shirley in Hollywood got a card. "Now see what you've done. It's a girl. Joe."

About three-quarters of Jack's friends are married. Since Shirley is so young, only a few of the girls she knows best are married yet. Shirley is all for getting the rest of them to the altar as soon as possible. Not only because she's divinely happy herself, but because she wants a young married set around her.

"The same sort of people Jack and I are," she explains. "Now that he's home, we'll want to go dancing sometimes, and



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And Make-up Pat is so easy to apply! Just smooth it on sparingly with a moistened sponge or cotton. While still moist, blend even with fingertips. Your complexion looks smooth... flawless... radiant!

have a crowd in for Sunday night supper and things like that. We won't ever play bridge. We just aren't the type."

One thing they are definitely going to have as soon as they get their house, and that's a collie dog.

Their hotel stay came to an end sooner than they had expected, though not due to the dog. Floating in the rose-colored fog of happy reunion, they had completely forgotten about the five day limit on transient guests. Jack was out with the car when Shirley got a call from the desk.

"Will you please have your luggage out of your room as soon as possible, Mrs. Agar? Lieutenant so-and-so and his wife are waiting to check in."

"Oh—uh—yes, of course," Shirley said, and hung up. Darn the lieutenant and his wife! Darn the five day limit! But she started packing feverishly. When Jack whirled into the hotel driveway he found a small, lost-looking figure on the steps, completely surrounded by luggage.

"Poor baby," he said when he heard the explanation. "And you had to pack all by yourself."

"Packing is a wife's job anyway," Shirley told him. "I didn't mind. And practically everyone in the country is being thrown out of hotels these days. We're just like everyone else."

That, of course, is the endearing thing about the Agars. They're just like everyone else—only nicer.

## "ADVENTURE"

(STORY)

(Continued from page 47)

now," Harry said. "It was your idea, wasn't it?"

"I'm thinking better of it," Mudgin said.

The girl with the horn rim glasses turned.

She was really prettier than the glasses might lead you to expect; there was something—or rather the hint of something—in her eyes and in the turn of her mouth that made you look again even after you saw the glasses.

"Yes?" she said.

"I got a sailor with me wants a little information," Harry said.

She turned to Mudgin.

"Go ahead, Mudgin," Harry said.

"I hate to be bothering you, Miss," Mudgin said apologetically.

"That's what I'm here for."

"It's—personal," Mudgin said, "and I'm not sure a library is the place to find what it is I'm looking for..."

"What is it you're looking for?"

"My soul," Mudgin said.

His face was serious, almost grimly serious and the girl didn't laugh after her first startled look. She looked quickly at Harry and then back to Mudgin again.

"He says he lost it on Powell Street in the fog. Just popped out and was gone. Like that. Right, Mudgin?" nudged Harry.

"That's how it was, Harry," Mudgin said: he turned to the girl again. "You see, Miss, I made some promises. We was torpedoed last time out—"

The girl looked swiftly at Harry.

"It happens," Harry said grimly, "even in the Merchant Marine. You've heard of the Merchant Marine, haven't you?"

"Yes," the girl said. "I've heard."

"And it was Harry who saved us," Mudgin said. "Harry and Him—"

"I'll skip any billing in the credit," Harry said. "I just went for the ride."

"So I promised the Lord four things if we was saved. And we was. But I didn't keep the promises. So I lost my soul. And I was wondering, Miss, if there's any—"



thing in the Library could help—"

"We can try," the girl said gently.

So they did—looking through the thick stacks of books but in all the endless lines of volume after volume there seemed to be nothing that a man who lost his soul on Powell Street might read with use.

"It's not your fault, Miss," Mudgin said. "It being a special case and these being times when men don't seem to think it worth writing anything about a poor, wandering thing like a man's soul. But you didn't laugh at me. And for that you have my deepest thanks. I'll not forget that. So I'll be going along now, Miss, and I'll be remembering you—"

He looked inexpressibly lonely, pathetically small against the high proud arch of the stone columns of the room. And Harry watched him, his face tight, and then he turned back to the girl.

"So that's the best you can do for a man," he said, "with all your books."

"It's a type of psycho-neurosis," she said.

"Psycho-neurosis!" Harry cried. "You have names for everything, don't you? It's a great racket, isn't it? How long did it take you to learn all the names?"

"Are you interested in taking a few courses?"

"You couldn't teach me, anything, sister. I know everything you know plus a couple of things you never even dreamed of. Don't go high and mighty on me, sister!"

He was very close to her and his hand touched her shoulder and pushed her back against the wall.

"What do you think you're doing?" the girl said.

"Teaching you a few things," Harry said. "Get out of this dump, sister, before you go as dead as all those books you got lined up, like stiffs in the morgue."

She swung away from him suddenly, sharply, and in a quick involuntary gesture she snapped her glasses off and he could see the flashing glint of her eyes.

"You're big and you're wise and you know all the tricks, don't you?" she said angrily. "Only you don't even know enough to know how stupid you really are. What did you expect to find here—the answers to everything? Go on back to your bars and beer, that's all you're good for. You'll find a bar just down the block a bit—"

"That's where I'm heading," Harry said.

He turned—and almost crashed into the girl who was coming at a clattering walk straight to the desk.

"Hello," the girl said.

"Hello," Harry said.

"I was talking to Emily," the girl said.

"I know Emily," Harry said. "Emily's the little brain dynamo. Who're you?"

"Helen."

"You're a sight for sore eyes, Helen. I didn't think there was anything living in the joint except termites. Ever get hungry, Helen?"

"Sometimes."

"Hungry now?"

"A little."

"Let's go see what we can do about it."

"I was having dinner with Emily."

Harry grinned.

"Well, well!" he said. "Hiya, Emily!"

"No," Emily said.

"Aw, Em," Helen said. "Why?"

"I'm a sailor," Harry said. "Em doesn't like sailors."

"That's not true," Emily said sharply.

Harry shrugged.

"Aw, let him eat with us, Em," Helen said again.

Emily's mouth was a thin line: "All right," she said, "I always feed starving cats, dogs and sailors. . . ."

It was because of a chicken, that they found themselves—Emily and Harry—driving down a wild road that led through

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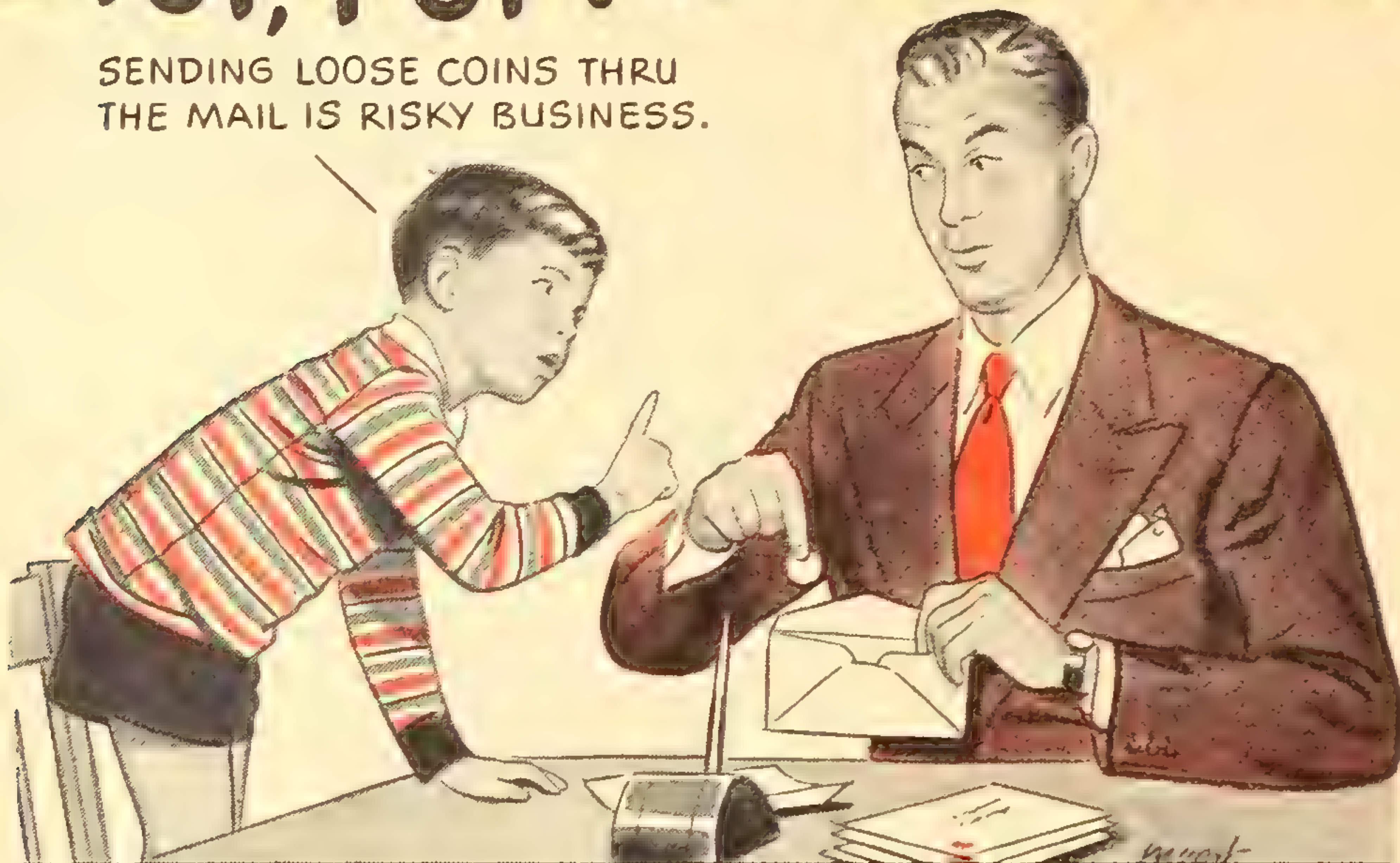
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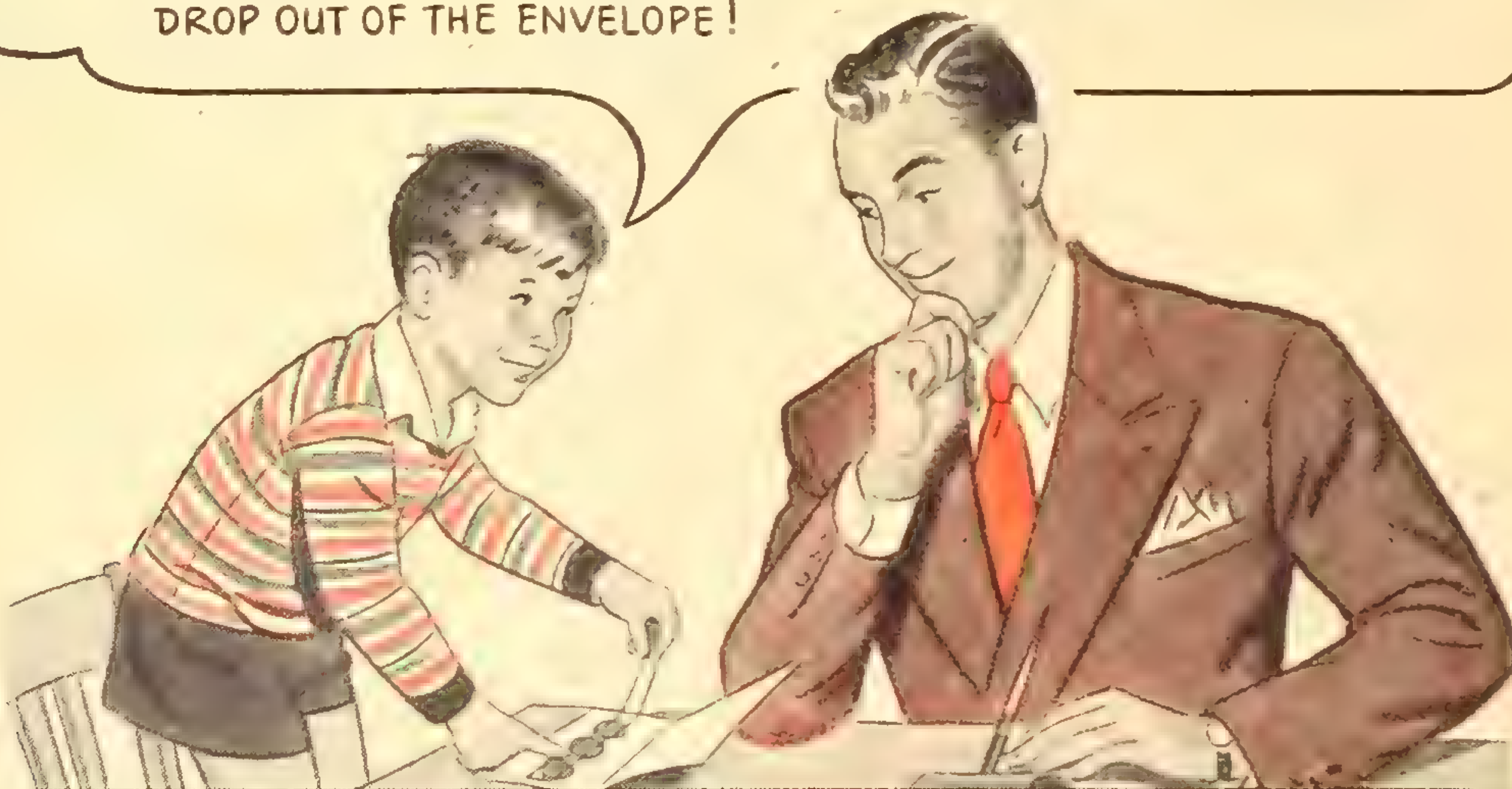


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the night to Reno. Because of a chicken,  
and an old farmhouse that Emily owned,  
and a night in San Francisco when Emily  
crowned him with a plate.

There was that afternoon when he and  
Emily went down the road to buy some  
groceries one Sunday out at the farm and  
there wasn't anything but cheese. And on  
the way back, they saw this chicken; the  
sweetest, juiciest chicken this side of the  
Mississippi. And somehow they both had  
the same idea and they were crouching  
in the tall corn, staring very fixedly at  
Farmer Ludlow's prize pullet. They made  
a grab for it and they heard Ludlow yell  
and then they were running, the two of  
them and the chicken, running and laugh-  
ing, until they were able to duck down a  
side lane and Ludlow didn't see them.

And, somehow, then, they were kiss-  
ing. . . .

Everything was hazy then, right through  
the wild ride to Reno down the moon-  
swept roads. Emily always remembered  
how he looked with the wind whipping  
through his hair and the way he turned  
to her and laughed. And somewhere, just  
above Reno she told him a poem she al-  
ways loved and he didn't laugh and she  
loved him for that. So it was the most  
natural thing in the world for them to  
stop when they saw the sign, with Reno  
glittering just beyond the next turn:

### JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

They were married there and the Justice  
was a funny old codger just like the ones  
you always see in the movies, only he was  
the real thing and not an actor and when  
he tied the knot, he did it by all the laws  
of the State of Nevada and maybe by the  
laws of the United States of America and  
the nine Justices of The Supreme Court,  
too. It was the sweetest wedding you  
could imagine and she was still thinking  
about it later in the hotel room.

"Darling," she said.

"Yeah. . . ."

"What are you going to give me for my  
wedding?"

"I'll marry you for a present," he said.

"How's that?"

"Wonderful. Harry. . . ."

"Yeah?"

"Why did you marry me?"

"Isn't that what you wanted?"

"Sure," she said. "Is it what you  
wanted?"

He turned to her then from the window  
and looked at her slowly while she sat  
perched on the rickety bed with the silly  
little flower hat she wore falling into her  
eyes. He came toward her.

"I never do anything I don't want to do,"  
he said.

Back in Frisco they came to the apart-  
ment and Helen was there. Helen opened  
the door and the first thing she did was  
to start to shut it until Harry put his foot  
in the door and shouldered it open.

"You ran out on me," Helen said. "Pals!"

"Wait a minute—" Emily said.

"You big heel!" Helen said to Harry.

"We're married," Emily said.

"You big lug!" Helen said. "What!"

"We're married," Emily said.

So it was all roses again. Helen insisted  
on a party. Harry sent down for some  
wine. Helen was weeping on Emily's  
shoulder like a long lost sister, making  
her tell the whole story. Laughing in  
between, and crying a little.

"That's the end of the team of Emmy  
and Helen," Helen said. "When do you  
want me to move, kids?"

"But it's only for a couple of days,"  
Harry said apologetically.

There was a long tight pause. Harry  
looked from Emily to Helen and then back  
at Emily again.

"What's the pitch?" he said sharply.

"A couple of days," Emily said slowly.



"I'm shipping out," Harry said. "You knew that, didn't you? I'm a sailor—"

"I thought—"

"Wait a minute," Harry said. "Let's get it straight. You thought I'd quit my ship because I'm married? Give up the one thing that means anything to me, to putter around a garden on shore? Me? Stuck on land for the rest of my life—"

"No, Harry," Emily almost whispered, "I wouldn't want you to do anything you didn't want to do—"

"That's settled," Harry said, grinning. "What do you say we go out and celebrate?"

So the ride was over. She realized it dully later when they were alone. She could hear Harry in the other room, humming in that queer, off-key voice of his. She couldn't blame Harry. He was what he was. He never pretended to be anything else. Whose fault was it if she thought a marriage license and a wedding band would suddenly change him like the pumpkin after it was struck by the magic wand?

She walked slowly toward the door of the other room. Play it light, she kept telling herself; play it with a laugh. So when she came to the door she almost believed it herself. He looked up at her, grinning, and she grinned right back.

"Sailor," she said, "the big shore leave's over. It's been nice knowing you and you're a great guy. We got married fast. Let's do the rest of it fast. I want a divorce, Harry. . . ."

The Pacific Belle was rolling down to Chile. She took the great Pacific swells, wallowing and rising like a waddling duck on the water.

On deck Harry Patterson stood at the rail looking down at the oily swells sweeping past the dark, rust-covered hull. At his side Mudgin shivered a little and looked up at the sky.

"They never know what they want. . . ." Harry said.

"I take it you're talkin' of women," Mudgin said.

"Yeah."

"She's too good for you, Harry."

Harry swung around sharply: "Too good for me? On again, off again. What did she think it was?"

"What did you think it was, Harry?"

"I married her," Harry said harshly.

"And what did it mean to you? What were you willin' to give up? What single thing were you willin' to do for her?"

"She knew what I was."

"Sure," Mudgin said. "Which is why I'm sayin' she was too good for you. She walked out on ye, and that was the smartest thing she could've done. For you'd have broken her heart—"

"Shut up!" Harry said.

"Why? Are ye afraid of the truth?"

"I said shut up! You're talking to the Bos'n."

Mudgin said slowly: "I'll shut up for the bos'n, if it's an order—" He started to turn slowly: "But there's no power in the world can keep me from tellin' my friend what's in my mind."

"Get off the deck!" Harry said.

He went. Mudgin went. And that was the last time they spoke together until the night off the small Chilean port when Mudgin missed his footing in the dark and they saw his body teeter across the open cargo hold and hold for a minute against the sky and then fall away into blackness. They brought him back up on deck but even then they knew it was too late. They stretched him out gently under the Chilean sky and they saw a strange thing then. Out of the star-filled sky, a single star came whipping down in a shower of light. And on deck, Mudgin's eyes widened and his face grew suddenly eager and his hand reached upward almost as if he were catching the star.



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Dismayed by skin that's dry?

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# April Showers

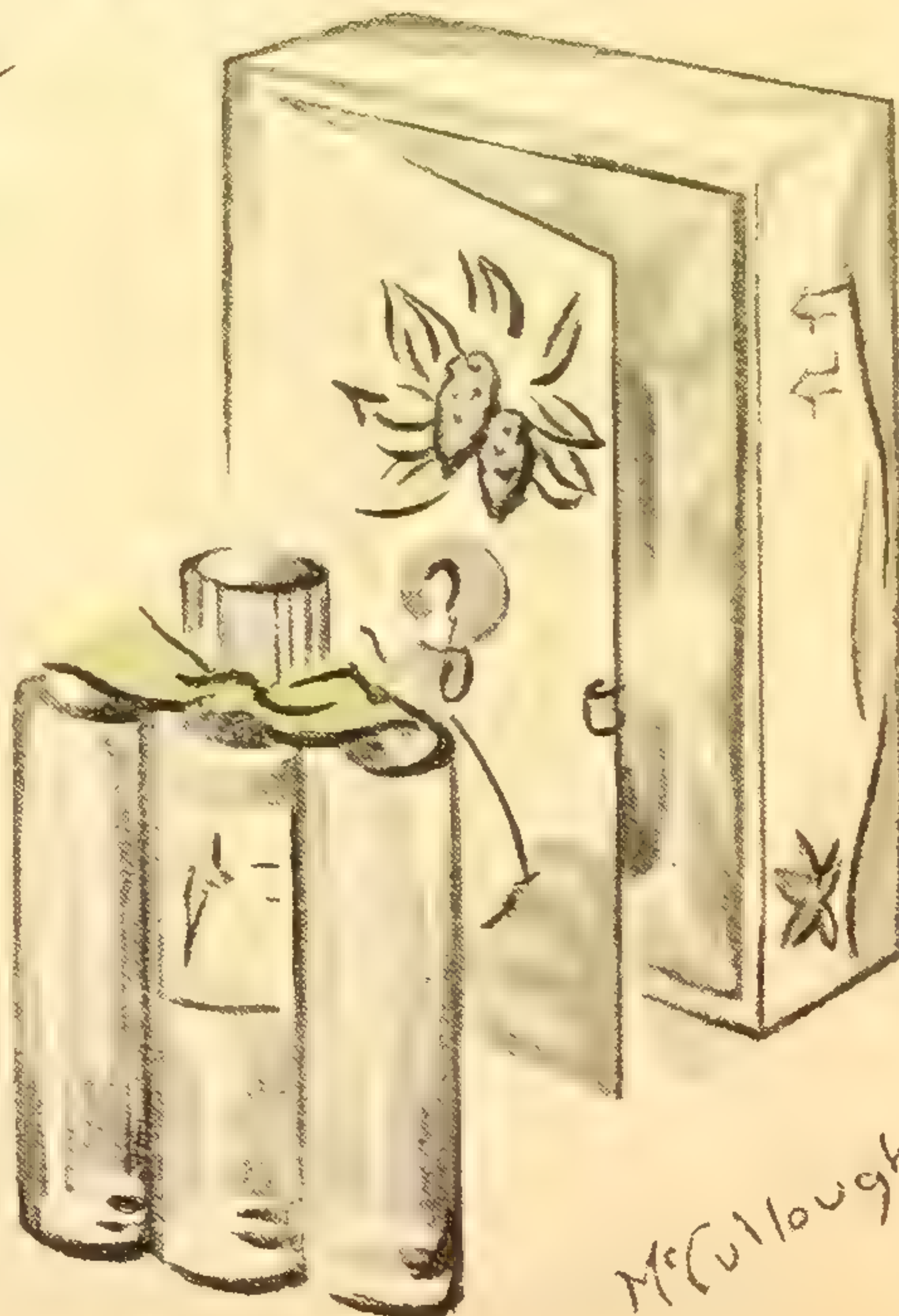


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April Showers... a perfume made to match your on-top-of-the-world moods... of equal parts romance and laughter, with just a whisper of mystery. Enchanting fragrance for enchanted hours!

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(Plus tax)



Maybe he did . . . for out on the deck they heard his voice, weak but very clear: "Harry . . . Harry . . . tell Miss Emily . . . He gave me back my soul. . . ."

They buried him at sea and Harry Patterson stood over the small canvas covered body and for the last time he spoke to Mudgin: "His name was William T. Mudgin . . . and anything wrong he might have done in his life he was truly sorry for . . . I don't know where he is now but wherever it is he'll be a good hand at whatever job he's assigned to . . . that's all I got to say . . . Amen. . . ."

So it was San Francisco again and even before the Pacific Belle docked, Harry knew what he wanted to do. The street was still the same and he went up the dark familiar stairs until he got to the door he had remembered across the endless miles of the Pacific. He knocked on the door and then shouldered it open with a mighty heave.

Helen squealed: "Well, for the love of—"

"Hiya, pal," Harry said; his eyes swung to the other room. "Em—"

"She's not there," Helen said.

"Where is she? I tried the library. The said she was home."

"No," Helen said.

"Where is she?"

"You wouldn't care."

"Cut it out, Helen."

"Married two days and divorced the next. A lot you cared!"

"She wanted the divorce."

"She wanted it!" Helen said bitterly. "You weren't as blind as all that. She was crazy about you. But that's not enough for Harry Patterson, is it? Harry wants all the fun and none of the tie. Well, she gave it to you that way, didn't she? Leave her alone now. Let her have her baby and—"

"What?" Harry said slowly. "Say that again."

She swung toward him: "What did you think I said? You heard it. She's having a baby."

He grabbed her shoulder and whirled her to the door and into a cab.

The doctor said, working on the tiny, the incredibly tiny, bit of humanity that was a baby: "Normal . . . normal . . . normal. Everything normal. And the baby won't breathe. You tell me what Oxygen."

Harry stood in the corner of the room and then he started forward, his hand hanging awkwardly by his side, so terribly useless now.

"Doc," he muttered. "What are the chances . . . ?"

"Shut up," the doctor said savagely. "We have sixty seconds. Adrenalin—"

"Doc, is there anything I can do?"

"You can pray."

"I am praying."

He couldn't take it, standing there watching the last flicker of life sputter and begin to die. He leaned forward terribly, tensely, and he forgot the doctor and the hospital room and all he remembered was his love for Emily and how desperately he wanted the child to live. "Breathe!" he said. "Breathe!"

And whatever the answer was—adrenalin or his own deep and profound desire for life or maybe God Himself—they heard the first thin gasp of life, the sound of breath like the thin crackle of straw. The doctor moved swiftly and caught the child and the thin gasp turned to cry and a wail and a loud and loving noise. Harry Patterson stared down at the small bundle of squirming life that was his child. He stared down for what seemed an eon of time. And then slowly he rose and looked up.

And he turned to the door that led to Emily. . . .



## "ADVENTURE"

(PRODUCTION)

(Continued from page 47)

turtleneck sweater. "Isn't this where I came in, Vic?" he asked the director . . . Greer Garson was handed a modern wardrobe for the first time in three years. One scene required her to wear a sweater, and although Greer was more than pleased with the idea, Fleming wasn't quite sure. The director finally decided to change her costume to a dress. "What's the matter, Vic?" she said. "Afraid I'll make Gable look flat-chested?" So Garson wears a sweater in "Adventure" . . . On Gable's return, the studio went into a flurry of plans to redecorate his dressing room. "What for?" said Clark. "I'm happy with it the way it was" . . . Garson disagreed with Fleming on the scene where she was to pelt Gable with her hat. Fleming wanted to shoot her throwing it, break up the scene and show Gable getting the bonnet right in the face. "Let me try it just once," said Greer, and proceeded with a bull's-eye at twenty paces . . . While working on the set, Audrey Totter received an addition to her collection of elephants—this one from an Army Colonel who had lifted it from Hitler's desk where it was used as a paperweight. Audrey named the new Pachyderm "Stinky" . . . Another hat-throwing scene lost a few of the famous Garson hairs. The scene was to show Greer at the docks, waving goodbye to Gable, and director Fleming suggested that Garson really let go with her emotions, tear off her hat and toss it in the air. The star complied, but forgot that the hat was securely pinned to her hair. She let go with her emotions to the extent that a handful of the red-gold locks was torn from her head. Fleming saved the hair, had it put into a small gold locket, and gave it to Richard Ney as a remembrance of his wife's ability to take direction . . . During the shooting, Fleming celebrated 35 years in pictures. He started as a cameraman and has been away from the industry only once, when he accompanied President Wilson to photograph the Peace Conference of World War I. The set was one of the most crowded in Metro's history—everybody wanted to welcome Clark Gable back to the fold. The producer finally had to post a guard at the door with strict orders to keep out strangers. All went well until Sgt. Ted Lansing insisted that he had to see Gable. The GI broke through, ran up to Gable and handed him an envelope. Inside was a check for \$144.50—Gable's mustering-out pay. Sgt. Lansing, still a little breathless, told the star, "I just wanted to be the guy who made Clark Gable a civilian."

### I SAW IT HAPPEN



Bing Crosby was on a bond tour here some months ago, and I went to see him. As Mr. Crosby came to the mike after a pause between songs, he held a small girl in his arms. "This child is lost," he said.

"Whoever owns her better claim her, or I'll take her home. I sure could use a girl in my family!"

Shirley Burton  
Seattle, Washington

## Antonia Drexel Earle

High-spirited, and strikingly attractive with heavy-fringed gray eyes and jet black hair, Mrs. Lawrence W. Earle is very popular in Philadelphia's young social crowd. To help keep her fair, fine-textured skin looking its loveliest, Mrs. Earle has a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream 3 or 4 times a week. "It's my favorite beauty pick-me-up," she says. "I can see the results right away!"



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FOR ITS GOURMET DISHES,  
DESERVES A PLACE  
IN OUR SERIES DESCRIBING  
FAVORITE HOLLYWOOD  
FOOD-AND-FUN HEADQUARTERS!

By Nancy Wood

## CHEZ LA RUE



■ We'll bet that when the management of La Rue, in April, 1944, had to go over to Ciro's and say, "Please, may we borrow some of your knives and forks—we're opening a restaurant. Oh, yes, and throw in some matches, too, while you're at it" nobody thought it would become the popular, star-scattered meeting-and-eating place it is less than two years later! In spite of the war shortages which made it difficult to equip a new restaurant, it has flourished to a point where there isn't a Hollywood Big Name who hasn't grazed here. (By "grazed" we mean, people usually eat like horses because the food, mostly French and continental-in-general, is very, very good.)

Cornel Wilde, John Hodiak, Bob Walker,

Van Johnson, Dick Powell, June Allyson, Clark Gable, Jane Wyman, Ronnie Reagan and everybody else you like go there time and again, causing considerable wear and tear on the help who have to cope with these healthy young appetites. Lana Turner, no matter who is escorting her, orders Pompano Almondine, a delectable fish of Florida waters served with a garnish of shredded almonds. The Bogarts favor pheasant tricked out with a mysterious French sauce. Alfred Hitchcock, normally a very wide man, looks more and more like Alfred Hitchcock after each succeeding meal of Bitock de Volaille, which is a glamorized chickenburger. Ninety per cent of the patrons love Baba au Rhum Flambe. Chicken Cacciatore, Eggs Benedict and

Deviled Crab Louisiana are among the most popular specialties.

The La Rue is on Sunset Boulevard in the heart of the famous "strip," has the only sidewalk cafe in town and is owned by Billy Wilkerson, man-about-town and publisher of the Hollywood Reporter. The bar is strikingly decorated—black woodwork, deep red leather seats and stools and black wallpaper flourishing big green and white flowers. The main dining room is done in cream and soft green and has doors opening out on a porch flanked by masses of flowers. In the center of the dining room is a huge buffet spread with a confusion of rich and wonderful foods. We have chosen some of these La Rue specialties and adjusted them slightly for



your use. Let's see you try them and pretend you're dining with Van Johnson!

### CHICKEN SAUTE A LA CACCIATORE

3 disjointed 1½ pound broiling chickens  
Salt and pepper  
¼ cup oil or butter  
2 finely chopped onions  
3 cloves garlic, finely minced  
½ cup dry white wine  
1 No. 2½ (3½ cups) canned tomatoes  
½ pound fresh mushrooms, sliced  
2 or 3 bay leaves  
¼ teaspoon sage  
1 No. 2 (2½ cups) canned peas  
Cut chicken into serving size pieces. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Heat fat in heavy frying pan and sauté chicken until brown. Add onion and garlic, finely minced, and fry to golden brown. Add all remaining ingredients except peas. If there isn't enough liquid to cover chicken, add chicken broth (dissolve 1 bouillon cube in 1 cup hot water). Cover pan closely and turn heat down to simmering. Simmer 45 minutes or until tender. Add peas during last 15 minutes of cooking. If sauce seems thin during last 15 minutes, remove cover from pan to permit evaporation. Good with spaghetti. Serves 6.

### POMPANO SAUTE ALMONDINE

6 fillets of pompano\*  
Salt, pepper, flour  
Olive oil to cover bottom of pan  
Lemon juice  
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce  
¼ cup almonds  
Wash fillets and pat dry gently with a towel. Sprinkle salt, pepper and flour on both sides of fillets. Fry in olive oil over moderate heat about 5 minutes to a side, until golden brown. Place on hot platter and sprinkle with a few drops of lemon juice and Worcestershire sauce. Garnish with blanched almonds which have been sliced and browned in butter. To blanch almonds, pour boiling water over shelled almonds and let stand 5 minutes. Drain. Cover with cold water; slip off skins.

\*Pompano is the champagne of fish and hard to find in the average market. Use fillets of sole or flounder.

### CHOCOLATE SOUFFLE

squares unsweetened chocolate  
¾ cups cream or evaporated milk  
eggs, separated  
cup sugar  
teaspoon vanilla  
Add chocolate to 1 cup cream or evaporated milk in top of double boiler and heat. When chocolate is melted, beat with rotary egg beater until blended. Cool. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored. Add sugar gradually and beat in. Add remaining ¾ cup cream or evaporated milk and vanilla and blend. Combine with cooled chocolate mixture. Beat egg whites until stiff, but not dry and fold into chocolate mixture. If you're doing this whole job with one egg beater, be sure you wash it thoroughly before beating egg whites—the slightest bit of egg yolk will prevent whites from fluffing up properly. Turn into greased casserole. Place in larger pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350°) 50 to 60 minutes or until firm. Serve with cream or a sauce. Serves 6 to 8.



## IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

Ah, Spring! When birds are a-twitter . . . when the sap begins to run again (*no offense, Junior*) . . . and a fellow pops out of his cold weather covering like a butterfly from a cocoon!

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## THE ANDREWS GANG

(Continued from page 53)

to break the news gently. He decided that this was one of those juvenile tragedies for which there is no soft pedal. "Sorry, David, but I don't think we should keep that suit," he said. "It isn't quite right in the shoulders, and those pleated trousers don't do a thing for you."

David looked stricken. "But the material is so good," he pointed out. "You don't get material like this nowadays. Don't you think that a few alterations..."

Dana wanted to say yes. He wanted to indulge David, but he knew it would be foolish—the suit was wrong. It was expensive, too, and Dana is sensible about cash—he always wants to buy the best, and is willing to pay a reasonable price, but he can't see the sense in extravagance. "You'll outgrow that suit in two months," he pointed out. "The sleeves are just right now; but they'll be too short before you can get the value from the suit."

David bit his lower lip and tried to be nonchalant about it, but his disappointment was overwhelming. Sadly, he removed the beloved suit, restored it to its tissue paper, and closed the box. "But it's so much like that suit of yours—the one I like best," he said, rubbing away a furtive tear with the back of his hand.

chip off the old block...

At which point Dana had an inspiration. "I'll make a deal with you," he announced. "If you'll cut down on sweets and lose ten pounds around your middle, I'll have a suit tailored for you. Probably my tailor still has some of this same material, and we'll duplicate my grey pinstripe. Okay?"

"Gosh," gasped David. "Oh, swell. That would *really* be super." Studying his dad's physique, he added, "Guess I could stand to lose a little. I'd sure like to have shoulders like yours."

Dana, one of the best-dressed men in town in a well-bred and entirely unobtrusive way, has a build that any man might envy. His shoulders attest to his years of good hard work; something about his easy, swinging walk and his big hands assure you that his coat hangs as it should, not because of over-much padding, but because the tough muscles are there.

So David is on a diet. It isn't easy. His grandmother, knowing a small boy's love of sweets, occasionally slips him a dime or so for candy bars to be purchased at school; lately, David has been saving the cash and depositing it in a small iron bank. He also gets an allowance from his father, but that weekly sum is deposited in a bank account in David's name, and whenever the total reaches \$18.75, it is invested in a bond. In this way, David's university career is assured.

What that career will be, no one can guess. One week, Dana thought he had a radio specialist on his hands; the next week, all indications pointed to the presence of another actor in the family.

The radio suggestion happened this way: Dana was set for a radio guest spot, so he took David along to the station with him. He parked David in the sponsor's booth, then went downstairs for rehearsal. After rehearsal, he stopped in the control room to say, looking at the knobs, panels, and lights on the instrument board, "My older boy, David, is upstairs. He'd really get a kick out of seeing you men operate those dials."

"Bring him down. Glad to have him," said the technicians.

So Dana, grinning, went up the steps two at a time, stuck his head in the sponsor's booth to ask David, "Have any in-



erest in seeing how this business operates?  
like to see the control booth?"

Is a cat happy in a fish market?

David looked as if he had just been  
lected King For A Day.

Because David is a well-behaved lad,  
he technicians liked him at once. He  
wanted to know whether that board con-  
trolled other broadcasting rooms, or just  
that one. He wanted to know whether  
it was remixed at a main board, or sent  
over the air direct from their instruments.

In short, he was sincere and intelligent,  
he listened and learned, and made a fine  
impression. When Dana finished his broad-  
cast and stopped to collect David, one of  
the technicians said to Andrews père, "Nice  
boy you have there. Smart and well-man-  
nered. He's a credit to you."

This will explain what happened to those  
top four buttons on Dana's vest.

When Dana was in New London, Con-  
necticut, making "Crash Dive" several  
years ago, he made friends with several  
members of the Naval personnel. When  
two of these men passed through Los  
Angeles recently, they telephoned Dana,  
then came out to the house for dinner.  
Dana had told David something about them  
before they arrived, explaining that one  
was a radar expert.

am . . .

During the course of the evening, David  
was summoned to the telephone by a call  
from one of his boy friends. His voice  
carefully modulated, he told his friend  
about condensers, and circuits, about  
amperes and volts and what to do about  
each and such a generator.

The radar man, tuning in on this con-  
versation, turned wide eyes and lifted  
eyebrows toward Dana. "The kid's right,"  
he murmured in a guarded voice. "By  
holly, the kid knows his stuff."

There was about ten minutes of this  
dialogue. Dana, trying to keep a straight  
face, was positive that the bewildered  
man on the other end of the wire was  
saying, "What's bitten you, bud? What  
do you mean 'condensers'? I'm having  
trouble with my arithmetic and you give  
me all this doubletalk!"

When David had completed his conver-  
sation, he hung up with dignity and with-  
drew from the room.

Said the radar man, "There's a kid who's  
really a technician. Looks to me like  
you've got a fine junior radar man there."  
"Or a fine actor," said Dana. "I'll let  
you know later."

It's astonishing how many people are  
unable to distinguish the roles an actor  
plays from his actual personality. Even  
Dana's mother teased him after a radio  
show in which he portrayed a professor.  
When you were in school you didn't care  
much for your school teachers," she  
hinted out, "yet you played a school  
teacher!"

"Sure. It was a good part and I en-  
joyed it," said Dana.

"Ha-ha, you've been a school teacher,"  
said Mrs. Andrews.

Dana let it go, but he wasn't much sur-  
prised when he received a fan letter from  
a harassed high school student asking him  
if there were some easy way in which to  
remember historical dates.

David suffers from no such misappre-  
hension. His father is one person; Dana  
Andrews, the actor, is another. David sees  
most of his dad's pictures and discusses  
them with Dana afterward. He liked  
"Kate Fair" and "Laura" very much; he  
didn't care for "Fallen Angel" because he  
felt that it was too somber and didn't show  
Dana to advantage.

David was just past eight when Kathy,  
younger sister, was born, and his en-  
thusiasm was immediate. She was a little  
bright-eyed, curly-topped, and her



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minute fist always clutched David's forefinger. Whenever David neared her crib, Miss Kathy would kick the blankets and coo while David chuckled under his breath. Because she was a little girl, his attitude was loving and tolerant—in no way did she threaten his domain.

However, when Stephen was born, David had to rearrange his values. Here was another boy in the family, and an exceptionally cute one. By that time, David was almost eleven, devoted to his parents.

Dana, sensing his older son's emotional confusion, spent as much time as possible with David while Stephen was extremely small. Then, having reassured David somewhat, he said one day, "Let's go up and take a look at that brother of yours."

#### pride of possession . . .

In the nursery, Dana picked up the infant and was rewarded by a toothless grin that David found rather funny. "Here, this is the way you hold him," Dana explained, giving detailed instructions, then putting the youngster in David's arms.

The baby, sensing David's uncertainty, let out a howl. "You'd better take him," said David. "I don't think he likes me."

"It isn't that," Dana explained. "You must let him know by the way you hold him that you're going to take good care of him—and you might say a few comforting words."

David tried it, and of course it worked. "It's going to be up to you to keep an eye on him," Dana said. "I'm pretty busy, and I'm not going to be around the house as much as I'd like, so I'll appreciate it if you'll take a hand. Between us I think we might be able to make a football player out of him. What do you think?"

Thus given proprietary rights, David began to take a new interest in Stephen. Currently, they are buddies even if Stephen isn't very steady on his pins, being a spraddle-stepped walker of fourteen months.

Kathy, who will soon be four, is one of the few persons in the world who can stop her pop cold. Along in January, 1946, when California had an inexplicable burst of summer, Kathy was sitting on the back steps, watching Dana tinkering with one of the cars.

Because she had been quiet for an unnatural length of time, Dana straightened from the engine and peered over the raised hood at his daughter. Her chin was sunken in the palms of her hands, and her elbows were propped up by her knees.

Becoming aware of her father's querying glance, Miss Andrews said, "Before Christmas you told me that if I was a bad little girl and didn't obey all the rules, Santa Claus wouldn't come to our house."

"Yes?" said Dana, his guard up.

Kathy shot him a level glance. "Well, I was and he did," she said.

Dana lowered his head and concentrated on the motor. Later, when he discussed the remark with Mary she said, "That Kathy has inherited a lot of your analytical power. We're never going to be able to bribe her—she sees through flim-flam."

Kathy early developed a habit of answering in a series of grunts. "For 'yes' she likes to say 'uh-huh' and for 'no' she says 'mmmm-mmmm.'" She has been corrected repeatedly. When asked if she would like sugar on her cereal, she will say, "mmmm-mmmm, I mean no, thank you."

When she forgets the explanatory clause, Dana or Mary will say indulgently, "We don't say 'mmmm-mmmm,' darling. We say 'No, thank you.'"

However, a persistent habit is contagious; both Dana and Mary—when they were away from the children—developed a kidding habit of repeating Kathy's sound effects. One day at table, Dana absently

said 'Mmmmm-mmmm' to Mary when she asked how things had gone on the "Can you Passage" set that day.

Kathy rested a tender but admonitory hand on her father's sleeve. With patient sweetness, she said, "We don't say 'mmmm-mmmm,' darling. We say, 'No, thank you.'"

Sometimes Kathy's parallel regard for the truth and her eagerness to avoid offending get her into trouble.

She was dallying with her plate one night, so Dana, thinking that a little suggestion might prove valuable, said, "Isn't this wonderful stew? Look at all the delicious fresh vegetables. I like carrots. And celery. And turnips. And little cooked onions. Not very many little girls can eat such good beef stew."

Kathy gave every evidence of being stone deaf. She made no answer, nor did she turn her head. Nor did she cast an interested glance at her stew.

Reprimanded Dana, "When you are spoken to, Kathy, you are supposed to answer pleasantly and promptly."

Miss Kathy continued to regard her plate with the remote air of a professor contemplating the spheres.

"If you can't be a nice little girl, and speak when you're spoken to," ruled Dana completely baffled by his daughter, "you must leave the table."

Kathy slid out of her chair and started toward the door, her step laggard, her head bowed. Just before she reached the door she looked back over her shoulder and said, "I'm sorry I'm bad. The stew isn't good, but I didn't want to say so."

She was invited back to the table for fruit, milk, and other foods.

When Dana and Mary were leaving for New York, they asked the two older children what gifts they preferred. David asked for a sweater and fleece-lined gloves. "But you don't need fleece-lined gloves in California!" laughed Dana.

David shrugged. "I know that. But you're buying them in New York, and boys wear fleece-lined gloves in the snow . . . so I want a pair."

"I want red clothes," announced Kathy. "Lots of red clothes."

#### the old familiar . . .

Dana was able to bring back several nice sweaters for David, but he couldn't find the fleece-lined gloves although devoted two precious days to the task hunting them down. For Kathy, he and Mary bought a pair of red slacks, gill-skirt, a red skirt, a red sweater, and a red jacket. It is currently a major undertaking to persuade her to wear anything else.

Not one of the children gives any evidence of having inherited Dana's usually beautiful singing voice. He has tried to teach each of the children to carry a tune, but the two older children do not appear to have the conception of melody necessary. Kathy, who loves to have her father read stories at bedtime, frequently crosses everyone up by saying, "Sing me." What she means is, "Read to me."

"Which story?" Dana usually asks, since Kathy knows most of her books by heart. At present, even though the holidays are well past, her favorite is still "The Night Before Christmas."

"But you know that one. Why do we have one you don't know?" queried Dana. Kathy insisted that she didn't know it, so Dana said, "'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house, not a beastie was stirring, not . . ."

Kathy interrupted in horror. "Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse," she said. Then, patting her father's cheek, she summed up the attitude of Dana Andrews' children toward the head of the household; "Even when you don't get it right," beamed Kathy, "you're cute!"



## THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

(Continued from page 45)

time; occasionally it brings him to the floor in a prone position . . . and simply furious over the fact.

His favorite toy is the dismantled handle and crossbar of what was once a miniature wooden carpet sweeper. In its current stripped-down condition, it is a far superior plaything; now it can be a horse, a floor-scraper, a window washer, a gun, or a dog-sighter. This last use is accomplished by pointing the shaft toward the dog, peering through the dining-room French doors, then squinting down the barrel. Jonny hasn't learned to say "Bang" after this process, since he knows nothing of guns yet, but his actions have convinced Gregory that Jonny was, in some previous reincarnation, a twenty-four notch Dan'l Boone.

Simply because Jonny doesn't yet imitate fireworks, don't get the impression that he isn't a glib character. He says "Mommy" (usually at the top of his lungs when something has gone wrong), "Dada," "Wauf-Wauf" (a synonym for "dog"), and "No."

### playful kidlet . . .

He plays "Peek," usually when his mother has shielded the young man with a bib, placed him in his highchair, and suggested that dinner has been served. Having reached the clear conclusion that most dinner parties for members of the young, unmarried set have flirtation as their prime ingredient, he gets into the swing of things by coquetting with his mother.

When she fails to respond, Jonny is likely to thrust both hands deep into his cereal and knead it like bread. He is

learning manners gradually, despite his natural conviction that anything edible should make a fine hand lotion or skin tonic.

Having been excessively active all day, Jonny really hits his stride at about the time Gregory comes home from the studio. He calls "Hi" through the lattice of his crib whenever he hears someone walking along the hallway outside his nursery; into that single syllable the non-sleepy gentleman manages to inject a note of welcome, reassurance that he isn't asleep, and invitation for a cribside visit. If Gregory, admonished by Mother, tacitly refuses the invitation, Jonny settles down to a session of conversation with himself, interspersed with snatches of song. And so, eventually, to meet the sandman.

Greta, smiling over her son's sound effects, said to Greg, "He certainly inherited that characteristic from his daddy."

Gregory talks to himself, always in moments of stress or contemplation or indecision. When riding to and from the studio, he may be seen to be carrying on protracted monologues. After the "Valley of Decision" broadcast, done on the Lux Radio Theater, he hopped into his car and started home in solemn discourse. "That one scene," he told himself acidly, "really threw me. Why didn't I do it some other way. And that line . . . what a way to read a line! I didn't fluff it in rehearsal. . . ."

After several minutes and/or blocks of this sort of thing, Gregory became aware of muffled sounds from the back seat. Drawing to the curb and peering into the depths, he found three bobby soxers.

He signed their autograph books, ushered them out of the car, then drove on, saying to himself, "Now they know how an actor acts when he thinks he's alone."

And now to accentuate Item 2 of the Coming Events on Jonny Peck's calendar. He is about to annex a boy friend, a playmate of the advanced age of three. Johnny Baker by name. The Pecks and the Kenny Bakers are neighbors.

### checks and balances . . .

Gregory had looked over the Baker children and had been taken particularly by Johnny, a tall, roly-poly three-year-old with the round blue eyes and curly yellow hair of a Christmas card cherub. His manners were perfect, his charm irresistible.

Said Gregory to Greta, "I've found a nice playmate for Jon. That young Johnny Baker is a sweet, well-behaved little boy. He's about a year older than Jon, but that won't make much difference." He added, chuckling, "Jonny will probably drive him crazy."

"They'll be good for one another," said Greta. "A lively high-strung person always needs a placid, steady partner." Whereupon Gregory and Greta smiled into each other's eyes, knowing that their marriage is kept in balance by the personality contribution made by each. Their mutual admiration is a fine thing to see, and it has given rise to some charming episodes.

Just before Valentine's Day, Greta took a heavy cold and was unable to leave the house. Some weeks before she had made a sentimental purchase, but now she found herself unable to make proper arrange-

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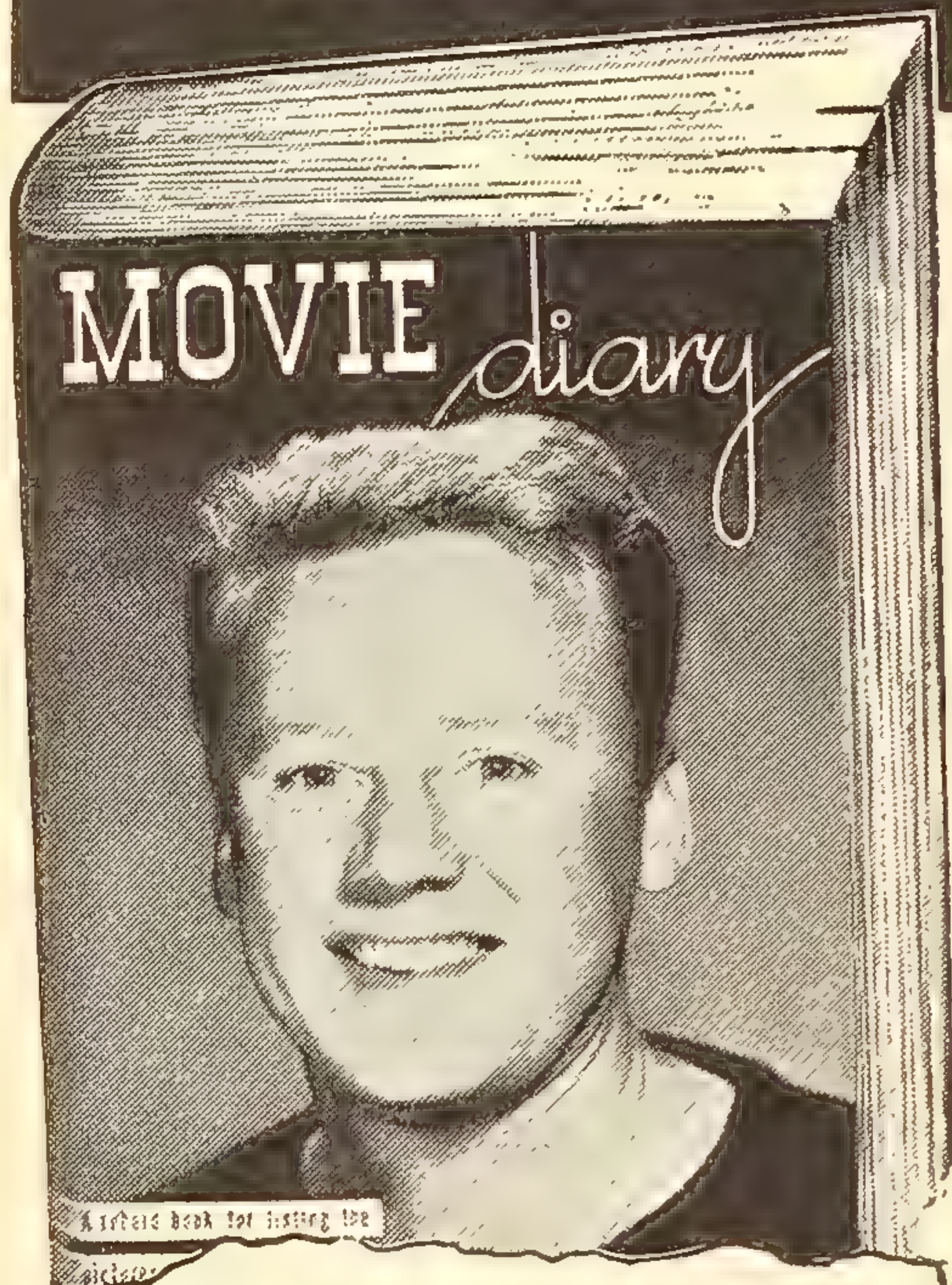
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ments. As Gregory was leaving the house on February 13th, Greta asked, "Will you be passing a mailbox?"

"Sure thing," said Greg.

"I've put an envelope in your coat pocket, so don't forget to mail it," his wife said.

When Gregory passed the Hollywood Post Office on his way to an appointment, he remembered the letter to be mailed. Parking, he scooted across the street, and was just about to drop the letter without paying any attention to it when husbandly curiosity overcame his preoccupation. Turning the letter over, he read the address: "Mr. Gregory Peck . . . Hollywood 46, California."

He knew then. He was mailing his own valentine.

### teenster worship . . .

Promptly, thus reminded of the sentimental holiday, he hurried to the stationery store, made a purchase, and mailed a second envelope, this one addressed to "Mrs. Gregory Peck."

Incidentally, Greta hasn't yet recovered from the intense delight of her Christmas and birthday (January 25th) gifts. The first was a flexible gold bracelet, made woven chain style, and closed with a diamond buckle-clasp. And the second was a ring, exactly matching it.

There are dozens of stories about the devotion of Gregory and Greta, but the most delightful story about the tenderness lavished on Mr. Peck involves one of his fans.

This girl, aged thirteen, is the daughter of friends of Greg and Greta. For the first time in her life, she has been allowed to attend movies in the evening on non-school nights if accompanied by girl friends and a proper chaperone to do the driving to and from the theater. We'll say that her name is Pat, and that Pat is simply bowled over by the pictures she has been seeing. From Saturday afternoon westerns to "Spellbound" is a breathless change.

After having seen Greg's latest picture, Pat wandered, starry-eyed, into her home one evening. There were guests in the living room with her parents, so she waited in to speak to them. "I'm not quite myself," she sighed. "I just saw Gregory Peck in pictures for the first time. He's wonderful. I don't see how I'm ever to endure waiting until 'The Yearling' and 'Duel In The Sun' are released!"

Her father, keeping a straight face, said, "Don't believe I've seen Mr. Peck in pictures. Describe him, darling."

Pat did. She mentioned his large frame, his great shoulders and swinging stride. She praised his deep, dark eyes, and his prominent cheek bones. She described his strong jaw line, and his shock of dark hair, one lock always trying to fall forward over his forehead.

Pat's father dug down into his repertoire for the finest compliment he could pay Pat's idol. "He sounds a little like Lincoln to me," he admitted.

Pat thought it over. "Well, yes, a little," she admitted. "But Gregory Peck has MUCH more character!"

That broke Greg up when he heard it. Modestly he said, "About the only likeness between a man as great as Lincoln and a man like me is that, since I finished my last picture, I've been out splitting lumber."

Having felled some dead timber on his property, Greg made his own cordwood. That was one way in which he could spend his vacation and develop some muscles. Another was to go riding. Every day he has managed to get in an hour or two on the brisk back of a horse.

He has done a little carpentering, too. He and Greta decided that the loft above the garage would make a good combination guest room and hobby lobby. He secured a plumber to install a small bath, then he and Greta papered the walls, painted

the woodwork and set linoleum on the floors.

That done, Greg and Greta set up easels on one side of the room, and on the other they placed a table. On the table they placed two books, a luscious red apple, and a carelessly draped kerchief.

It had seemed to the Pecks that, wherever they went, someone was talking about how much fun it was to paint. A director friend, swearing that he had no talent, exhibited canvases so good that Greg accused him of having a ghost painter.

The director laughed. "A guy may never be Van Gogh," he said, "but for personal satisfaction, for pure relaxation, there isn't anything in the world to beat daubing a canvas with color. You should try it."

After the third or fourth evening of this kind of propaganda, Greg and Greta were driving home when he said, "I guess it would be crazy, but . . ."

"That's what I've been thinking," agreed Greta, finding it unnecessary to listen to the vocal end of the statement since she and Greg constantly read one another's minds.

The next afternoon they had a field day in an art supply store. They bought every possible color of oil paint, a fistful of brushes, and several canvases of different sizes. They even considered buying Jon a beret, since Greg wouldn't be caught unconscious under one, but some gesture toward artishness seemed to be indicated.

The next morning the two amateur Rembrandts set to work. Filling in the background was fun and easy. "Are you relaxing?" Greg asked Greta.

"I'm too excited," answered Mrs. Peck.

"Me, too," admitted her husband. After that there was a long silence while each concentrated on sketching the books, the scarf, and the apple.

Finally Greta said with exasperation, "My books are warped."

By that time, Greg was standing with arms akimbo, and eyebrows ferocious. A baleful eye on the forbidden fruit, he growled, "I just can't figure out what it is that makes an apple look like an apple."

### things to come . . .

In addition to yearning to paint, Greg has another ambition: He would like to return to New York to do a play. Whenever a motion picture person comes back from New York after having worked in the theater, Greg buttonholes the actor and asks for details.

He has a theory that the presence of a living audience revitalizes and re-energizes an actor. After all, the camera can be very kind. If an actor isn't on his toes, a scene can be retaken until it is perfect. But, on the stage, the thing has to click from the beginning, straight through to final curtain.

But to get back to Stephanie . . . The other day Gregory came home with a miniature stuffed elephant for Jon and a beruffled, beribboned doll . . . for Stephanie.

Grinned Father Peck, "If she turns out to be Stephen, he'll never forgive me."

Stephanie or Stephen, the newcomer is a lucky baby to be dropped by the stork on the doorstep of the Gregory Pecks.

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**W**E ALL KNOW people who seem perpetually “down in the dumps”—who look pale and unattractive—whose enthusiasm appears at low ebb.

Yes, and very often their listless, let-down condition results from a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency. Medical studies have indicated that thousands of men—as many as 68% of women—have this deficiency... have a Borderline Anemia!

It's your blood that releases energy to every organ, muscle, fibre. A deficiency in your blood—in which the red cells are too small or not rich and red

enough—can sap your stamina and pep. Borderline Anemia means a lower efficiency of the red cells, the cells so essential to looking well and feeling fit. Borderline Anemia can cause lack of color, reduced energy.

**Build up your vigor  
by building up your blood**

Continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may, of course, be brought about by other conditions, so you should consult your physician regularly. But when you have a Borderline Anemia, when you envy others

their vitality and glowing good looks, take Ironized Yeast. Just remember this — when all you need is stronger, healthier red blood cells — Ironized Yeast will help you build up your blood and your energy. Ask your druggist for *genuine* Ironized Yeast Tablets.

IMPROVED CONCENTRATED FORMULA

# Ironized Yeast

**TABLETS**



**\* BORDERLINE ANEMIA**  
—a ferro-nutritional deficiency  
of the blood—can cause

**TIREDNESS • LISTLESSNESS • PALLOR**



**Energy-Building Blood.** This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.



**Borderline Anemia.** Thousands have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, irregular. Blood like this can't generate the energy you need to feel and look your best.



## SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 22)

Eastern theater tour, and several other mouth-watering prospects. Odd character that she is, she'd rather stay in her Hollywood home and be happy with her husband and two-and-a-half-year-old daughter. Her manager, Carlos Gastel, is still trying to find ways to persuade her that she's throwing away her career. Much of Peggy's singing success has come since she went West. In New York she was just the lonesome little singer in Benny Goodman's band, sharing a small apartment with another girl singer, Jane Leslie (who later became Mrs. L. Feather) and ignored or scorned by many music critics. Well, I'd certainly like to see her in movies. She'd be great.

ONE-ZY, TWO-ZY—Hildegard (Decca), Eileen Barton (Mercury), Eddie Cantor (Pan-American)—Here's an example of how a song can be pushed into the freak-hit class overnight. Jack Benny and Rochester hammed around with the old nursery rhyme lyrics on the Benny broadcast one night, and the next day the whole country was humming it. Eileen Barton makes her debut with it as a Mercury recording artist—that's another of the 563,497 new recording companies formed in the past few months. But bigger than most.

SHOO-FLY PIE AND APPLE PAN DOWDY—Dinah Shore (Columbia), Stan Kenton (Capitol)—These are recommended in spite of the song, rather than because of it. The lyrics and music both remind me of seventeen other things of this kind. Dinah, who'd been with Victor records ever since her early pre-movie days on the Basin

Street broadcasts in 1940, caused a big flurry in the music business when she switched to Columbia recently. On this record she has the musical assistance of Sonny Burke, whom you may remember as leader of a fine band of his own a few years back. For this session Sonny gathered together some of the best men available in Hollywood; as a result you hear some alto sax work by Willie Smith (from Harry James' band) and trumpet by Mannie Klein on the other side, which is "Here I Go Again." The Kenton portion of "Pie" has a June Christy vocal, and she does everything possible in the circumstances.

### BEST HOT JAZZ

BLUE AT DAWN—Timmie Rosenkrantz (Continental)—Timmie is an old friend of mine and a unique personality. He's a Danish baron, a member of one of Copenhagen's oldest families, and son of a famous novelist. Timmie came over here first in 1935 and from then on could be found in or around the Savoy Ballroom, digging the best in jazz. Since then he's edited a jazz magazine, worked as assistant to WNEW's All Night Record Man, worked behind the counter in a record store and done a few dozen other jobs, all the way to professional partnering in a Broadway dance hall. Last fall, preparing to return to Copenhagen, he gathered this bunch of his favorite musicians together for a late night farewell session. The results are superb; credit to pianist Jimmy Jones, who wrote the music; to Red Norvo, Harry Carney, Charlie Ventura and several other

fine soloists.

EVENSONG—Artie Shaw (Victor)—This 12-inch opus and the coupling, "Suite No. 8," are both curiosities, dating from the time when Artie had a big band with a full string section plus Hot Lips Page on trumpet. They were recorded in 1942, when Paul Jordan of Chicago was writing original music and arrangements for Artie. When Victor finally released these two sides a few weeks ago, they came out just a week after it was announced that Artie had signed to record for Musicraft.

EDDIE LANG—JOE VENUTI (Brunswick)—This collector's collection features the late Eddie Lang, a great guitarist who was a partner of Bing Crosby in the old Paul Whiteman band. Eddie was also seen and heard in Bing's early movies, such as "The Big Broadcast of 1932," in which he accompanied the Crosby vocal of "Please." Eddie's other lifetime musical associate was hot fiddler Joe Venuti, and the four sides in this album—"Farewell Blues," "After You've Gone," "Beale Street Blues" and "Someday Sweetheart"—have stood the test of time pretty well. Jack Teagarden sings on two sides, and there's some clarinet work by a 22-year-old kid named Benny Goodman.

ALWAYS—Kai Winding (Savoy)—There's an odd story about this record. Kai Winding is a young trombonist, formerly with Benny Goodman's band, now with Stan Kenton. He got five of his pals together and made some records. At the end of the session, after the trumpet man had had to leave, the rest of the boys threw another item together in a hurry—

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a simple arrangement of Irving Berlin's "Always"—and recorded it. Instead of being too ragged for release, as Kai expected, the opposite happened; this was the hit of the session and a delightful little record. Other side's an original entitled "Grab Your Axe, Max." Meaning? Don't ask me.

#### BEST FROM THE MOVIES

**DO YOU LOVE ME?**—Johnny Desmond (Victor)—Another potential hit, the movie title song as sung by ex-Sgt. Desmond, who, they tell me, is the first singing star to have fan clubs overseas. The European youngsters, remembering Johnny's appearances with the Glenn Miller band and his BBC broadcasts, have been forming clubs in several countries. Hope they can catch his Teen Timers and Philip Morris broadcasts on short wave.

**WITHOUT YOU** (Tres Palabras) from "Make Mine Music"—Andy Russell (Capitol)—This is the song Andy does in his heard-but-not-seen stint for the Disney picture. He is seen, however, in the movie from which the other side comes—"If I Had A Wishing Ring" from "Breakfast in Hollywood." I was up to the Disney offices in Radio City recently to hear some of the sound tracks from "Make Mine Music," and if the Benny Goodman sequence is any criterion, you can make mine music too—the same kind of music.

**DO YOU LOVE ME?**—I Didn't Mean A Word I Said—Jo Stafford (Capitol) **DO YOU LOVE ME?**—Johnny Desmond (Victor) **DINNING SISTERS** (Capitol)

**ROAD TO UTOPIA**—Personality—Pearl Bailey (Columbia)

**WAKE UP AND DREAM**—I Wish I Could Tell You—Benny Goodman—(Columbia)

#### RECORDS OF THE MONTH Selected by Leonard Feather

##### BEST POPULAR

**COAX ME A LITTLE BIT**—Dinah Shore (Columbia)

**HERE I GO AGAIN**—Dinah Shore (Columbia)

**I DON'T KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT YOU**—Peggy Lee (Capitol)

**ONE-ZY, TWO-ZY**—Hildegard (Decca), Eileen Barton (Mercury), Eddie Cantor (Pan-American)

**PATIENCE AND FORTITUDE**—Benny Carter (De Luxe), Count Basie (Columbia), Ray McKinley (Majestic), Hal McIntyre (Cosmo), Andrews Sisters (Decca)

**SHOO-FLY PIE AND APPLE PAN DOWDY**—Stan Kenton (Capitol), Dinah Shore (Columbia)

**SHOWBOAT ALBUM**—Tommy Dorsey (Victor)

**SINATRA ALBUM**—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)

**WE'LL GATHER LILACS**—Bing Crosby (Decca), Tommy Dorsey (Victor)

**YOU ARE TOO BEAUTIFUL**—Dick Haymes (Decca)

##### BEST HOT JAZZ

**DON BYAS**—Candy (Savoy)

**ELLA FITZGERALD—LOUIS ARMSTRONG**—Frim Fram Sauce (Decca)

**ERROL GARNER**—Bouncing With Me (Mercury)

**WOODY HERMAN**—Wildroot (Columbia)

**EDDIE LANG—JOE VENUTI**—All-Star Album (Brunswick)

**HOT LIPS PAGE**—Sunset Blues (Continental)

**TIMMIE ROSENKRANTZ**—Blue At Dawn (Continental)

**ARTIE SHAW**—Evensong (Victor)

**SLAM STEWART**—On the Upside Looking Down (Continental)

**KAI WINDING**—Always (Savoy)

##### BEST FROM THE MOVIES

**BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD**—It Is Better To Be By Yourself—King Cole Trio—(Capitol)

**CENTENNIAL SUMMER**—If I Had A Wishing Ring—Andy Russell (Capitol)—All Through The Day—Margaret Whiting (Capitol)—In Love in Vain

**CINDERELLA JONES**—When The One You Love Simply Won't Love Back—Tommy Tucker—(Columbia)

**DOLL FACE**—Here Comes Heaven Again—Georgie Auld (Musicraft), Kate Smith (Columbia)



"...that night I knew you loved me"

Was ever a girl so *lucky*, so *happy*!

But sometimes . . . almost before you know it . . . Happiness slips away —if you let Loveliness go!

Better start right now to guard *your* precious Loveliness . . . the touch of those *soft, smooth hands* he loves!

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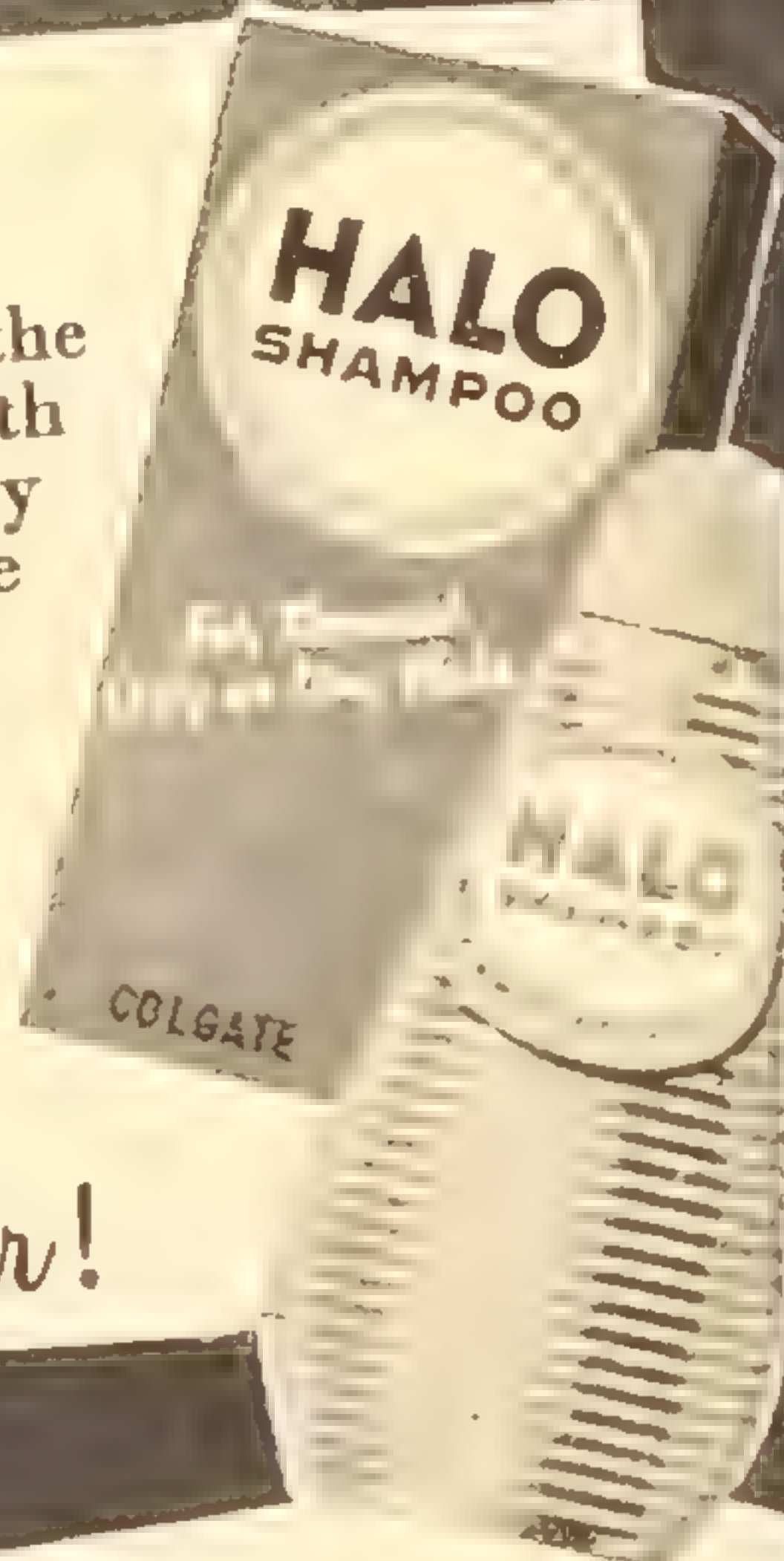
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## ESTHER WILLIAMS

(Continued from page 43)

Williams has carried a cheerful courage through every test and she's sailed through with flying colors even when the false prophet sold her short. Barely out of her teens, she starred in "Bathing Beauty" and the verdict was, "a one-picture kid." When M-G-M placed Esther on its list of twenty future stars, even smarties at her own studio shook their heads. "The only bad guess on that list is Esther Williams," they said, "take her out of the water and what have you got?"

Esther stayed in the water for a second triumph, staging a marine ballet in "Ziegfeld Follies" such as Hollywood had never seen before. Then she stepped out and walked right into the face of predicted disaster, learning to act and proving it in "Thrill of a Romance," "Easy to Wed," and finally, daring fast comedy with Bill Powell in "The Hoodlum Saint." She never got a bad review, yet everything she tried was brand new and dangerous. When she came up for "Fiesta," she took on another dare. How could a girl who'd never danced or been South of the Rio Grande master a matador's intricate rhythm in the bull ring which the tricky part demanded?

**i can do it! . . .**

"Do you think you can do it?" they asked Esther at M-G-M, with furrowed brows. "Are you afraid?"

"What do you mean, 'afraid'?" Esther laughed. "Of course I can do it!" So she took up the dare again and what has come back from Mexico on film is the best answer to that and the final proof that Esther Jane Williams is in Hollywood to stay.

Esther's formidable faith is the direct heritage of her All-American ancestors. On both sides of her family they were here before the Revolution, her father's side stemming from Rhode Island Welsh with Virginia Scotch-Irish infusions, and her mother's from the Dutch and English of Pennsylvania. They were all hardy, pioneering people.

Bula Williams had had her own share of pioneer mothering before Esther came along. Her four children, Maurine, Stanton, June and David, counted birthplaces along the trail west, Dodge City, and Salt Lake City, Utah, where they moved next, and where an event strangely prophetic for her yet unborn daughter was to start them on the last lap to California.

It was in Salt Lake that Marjorie Rambeau came through with a road company of the play, "The Eyes of Youth." Lou painted the lobby displays for the show and his seven-year-old boy, Stanton, caught Rambeau's eye. She cast him in a child's part. When the company traveled on to San Francisco, she had discovered a boy born to act and no kid in the Bay City could fill his place. Marjorie Rambeau raised "such a clamor," as Bula Williams recalls, with telegrams and letters that she finally got on the Union Pacific with Stanton and her seven-weeks old baby, David, and traveled to join the show. They played around California and then came a contract to make it a picture, starring Clara Kimball Young. That meant moving south for quite a spell. So Lou Williams packed up and brought the rest of the family west to join Bula and the boys. He bought a piece of land on the outskirts of Los Angeles, and set about building a house with his own hands.

Just one big room was finished when Bula Williams came back from traveling all over California with Stanton, then



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playing young Henry Hudson in Frank Keenan's "Rip Van Winkle." That was in July, and on a scorching August eighth in the big room Lou had built, Bula's fifth baby, and their first "native daughter," opened her bright eyes and smiled. The Williamses still live in the house, and the big room where the baby daughter was born is their living room today.

From the start, Baby Esther was the pet, the happiness child, the little ray of sunshine for the whole Williams family. She signified the end of their family trek west to Mrs. Williams. This child she would not worry about but would enjoy. Right before Esther was born, she sighed, "This one is for laughs."

**bright-faced moppet . . .**

Even her dad laughed when he first peeked at his infant daughter. "You know, Bula," he drawled, "they say every fourth child born in California's a Japanese. But you've upset the count. She's our fifth."

He was joking about Baby Esther's slightly slanting eyes, which opened wider every day and sparkled brighter above her button nose. They were hazel eyes, matching her brown hair. She was a husky mite, off which measles, mumps and whooping cough bounced. She got bumped by a passing automobile once and even that didn't hurt. She seemed to catch on right away to the good-natured, happy mood of her arrival. She never cried. Her little square face beneath the bangs and bob that soon surmounted it was always wreathed in smiles. Her first day in kindergarten, the teacher met Mrs. Williams on the street. "Esther sits right in front of me," she said, "and you know, when I look down into that shining little face I get downright ashamed at myself for being so cranky!"

In a way, Esther Williams was an experiment for her mother. A practicing expert in parent training and psychology today, back then Bula Williams was interested in modern progressive child training and education. She was and still is an active PTA worker. She had her ideas about molding youngsters' characters and minds. With the child of her maturity she had the time and the perspective—after four others—to stop and explain and reason things out. And she had a perfect pupil. To this day, Esther Williams will say, "As Mother always said . . ." or "Mother always believed this and that . . ." or "Mother taught me early . . ."

One of the things Bula Williams taught her baby first, was the faith the Williams family always had in abundance. From the start Esther looked upon the Divinity as her particular Friend and Benevolent Watchguard. They'd explained hesitantly about God to Esther when she was barely able to talk. One day, at three, she surprised the family by speaking up at the table.

"Is God everywhere?" she asked right out of nowhere.

"Yes, Esther," said her mother. Her father nodded.

"Who takes care of me?" pressed Esther, "God?"

They said yes—that was right.

She gave a small sigh and smiled brightly. "Then," stated Esther, "I'm not going to be afraid of anything—big dogs or anything!" And she went back to her mashed potatoes. And from then on she hasn't been, either—big dogs, or anything.

Her brother David was Esther's best pal, sidekick, running mate and her favorite of the family. Only two years older, just enough to be copped by Esther, named for the other half of the David-and-Esther Bible story, even-dispositioned and looking like Esther, David was her ideal. He was a husky, happy kid, like herself, and he raced with his neighbor-

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hood chums all over the wide spaces around their house on Orchard Street, with Esther desperately trying and usually managing to keep up. It was David's influence that made her grow into adolescence a confirmed tomboy, which caused Esther blushes and embarrassments later on when she began to see boys as something besides sparring mates.

**hero worship . . .**

When she was only a moppet, Esther's older brother, Stanton, joined the Boy Scouts. Stanton was never as close to Esther as David. He was the brother with a more remote personality. He died suddenly at sixteen, but at this time Stanton had achieved boydom's first knighthood and Esther was impressed. That night at the dinner table, when her plate was passed for meat (always scarce and carefully divided at the Williams table) she piped, "Give me a little piece and give Stanton a great big piece. He's a Boy Scout—he needs a big piece."

So Esther's major respect fastened early to the male side of the house—although her femininity was always cropping through to make life confusing. She was freckled-faced, weed-scratched and stone bruised, her clothes were usually a muddy disgrace and her fingernails busted. But she liked dolls, too.

Her dad built her a doll house when she was five years old. It was a gorgeous affair, complete with tiny furniture that he carved and china dishes. She put her paper dolls in it and treasured it devoutly. One Fourth of July, David and the boys decided to demolish this citadel of femininity, put firecrackers under it and blew it galley west, singeing the paper dolls to cinders and smashing the toy dishes. Esther was outraged, smacked David over the noggin with a lamp and ran into the house crying to her mama. She sobbed that boys were devils and she hated them all.

Her mother quieted her. "First of all," she said, "you can't be a tattletale, no matter what happens. And then, Esther, you know these boys that you can't stand right now?—well—one of these days you'll be wanting them to take you to dances and be nice to you. So don't you think you'd better learn to charm them instead of making them mad?"

Young as she was, that made sense to Esther. She went to work, on it—and in three days, the doll house was completely rebuilt and refurbished—courtesy of charmed brother David and pals!

Esther still treasures the relics of her childhood, because her family memories are such happy ones and because most of her playthings were family creations. She still has her doll, Margaret Ann, for instance, which was Esther's perennial Christmas present all through her girlhood. A visiting aunt gave her Margaret Ann when she was two years old and Esther took the doll right to her heart. After a couple of years the aunt returned on another visit, during which Margaret Ann had been dragged around the floor, left out in the rain a few times and otherwise suffered the strenuous life as a little girl's best friend. She noted the sad state of her gift and also how Esther cherished it. "A girl who loves dolls as much as that," stated auntie, "deserves one of the best." So she took Esther downtown and told her to pick out any doll she wanted, and never mind the price. Esther picked out one, a giant one, of course, with a pink, fluffy dress, roly eyes and a ma-ma voice. Then she promptly set it in a corner of the room and paid it no further attention. She returned to Margaret Ann.

**young faithful . . .**

For years, Margaret Ann was her Christmas present, and the center of a little game



Esther and her folks would play. Sometime around Thanksgiving, her father would pick up the battered treasure and give it an appraising look. "I think it's about time," he'd say, "that Margaret Ann went to the hospital. She doesn't look at all well, do you think?"

"No," Esther would agree gravely, "she looks real sick."

So Margaret Ann would vanish from the Williams household for some weeks, while Lou stayed up nights after work out in the shed repainting her from top to bottom, while Mrs. Williams or elder sister Maurine stitched a new dress and fixings. Then on Christmas Day there would be Margaret Ann, bright new and beautiful, for Esther's gift. And each year—although she knew exactly what the present would be—it would always thrill and delight her to get her beloved Margaret Ann back.

The Williams family and kids got a far greater kick out of their Christmases and birthdays, Hallowe'ens, Easters and Valentine's Days than most—and for the paradoxical reason that they never had any money to celebrate or buy fancy presents with. Because every gift was home made, the whole household shared in the fun. Typical was the kids' twice-a-year birthday savings plan. The object was to collect money to buy Mama and Dad Williams birthday gifts. It lasted all year and was a real labor of love. A chart hung in the kitchen with every Williams kid's name on it. Their turns at household chores were checked off as performed. If Esther washed all the dishes for a week, for instance, she got credit on the chart and ten cents for the week's work. That went into the birthday bank. If David mowed the grass a month he got his ten cents and credit, too, and so on. The dimes were supplied, of course, by Lou Williams, but nobody could say they weren't earned.

Looking back today, Esther Williams remembers, "We never had much, but somehow it always seemed like enough." Certainly she couldn't have had a happier childhood if her parents had been millionaires. But there were some things Esther didn't know; problems her parents didn't bother little girls' heads with. There was the time during the depression when they lived off of almost nothing one winter.

#### math tangles . . .

The shows were going broke then every week and even though Esther's dad painted his lobby displays—try and get paid for them. Around 1931 that was, and Esther was seven. To her it was a treat to have beans almost every meal. She liked beans (and still does, even after that experience), but the reason she got them then was because that's all there was. With her last grocery money that lean winter, Mrs. Williams bought a 100-pound sack of beans and that was the basic diet of the Williamses, helped out with milk and what cabbage, turnips, and other vegetables were left lying around on the truck farms near their house. They had the milk only because their milkman wouldn't stop it. Mrs. Williams told him one day that they were out of money. "I can't pay you," she said, "I think we'd better stop the milk."

"Nothing doing," he said, "with all those kids! You pay when you can." It was almost a year when she could and then her bill was \$150.

Esther started her education at Manchester, the grammar school in the neighborhood which was already being dotted with houses on all sides of the pioneer Williamses. She was a smart little apple from the start, with a weakness in arithmetic, but that didn't keep Esther out of the "opportunity class," where the teachers put bright kids to skip grades. Esther skipped several, though sometimes she had to go back again to catch up on a knotty

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math problem, like fractions. What she really enjoyed most, though, were the school festivals, plays and special events.

Her first was an "operetta" that Manchester staged when she was in first grade. It was around May Day and had something to do with flowers, Esther remembers, and she was "a rose." A little schoolmate named Edna May Durbin sang and kept singing from that time on to become Deanna Durbin of Hollywood. Esther drew a dance and it almost threw her. In fact, she had such a time mastering the twinkletoe routine that the teacher finally sighed and said she guessed she'd have to put Esther Williams out of the show.

She rushed home to mother, as usual, in tragic moments. "Mother," wailed Esther, "can't you do something?" Mother could. She went over to see the teacher, learned Esther's little dance herself, came back and patiently put Esther through the motions. At that Esther just made it.

After that milestone in her artistic career had rolled around, something happened in Esther's neighborhood which was to snatch her mind clear away from frilly dresses, speeches, and about everything else, including lessons. Esther was nine years old when the Manchester Playground and Pool opened. She always regarded it as her particular pool. Her mother had worked and promoted to bring it there and Esther officially opened it. It became, in time, her home away from home.

Her older sister, Maurine, had taught Esther to swim, as she'd taught all the Williams kids. Maurine loved the ocean and being older and almost like a second mother in the Williams house, she herded her brothers and sisters down to Santa Monica or Hermosa Beach every time she could get away from school. She'd hold Esther out on one arm and David on the other in the lazy surf and let them paddle away. Before she was three years old, Esther could churn around by herself. She had no fear of anything, and the buffeting waves only made her shriek with glee. But she had never swum in fresh water.

**free time fish . . .**

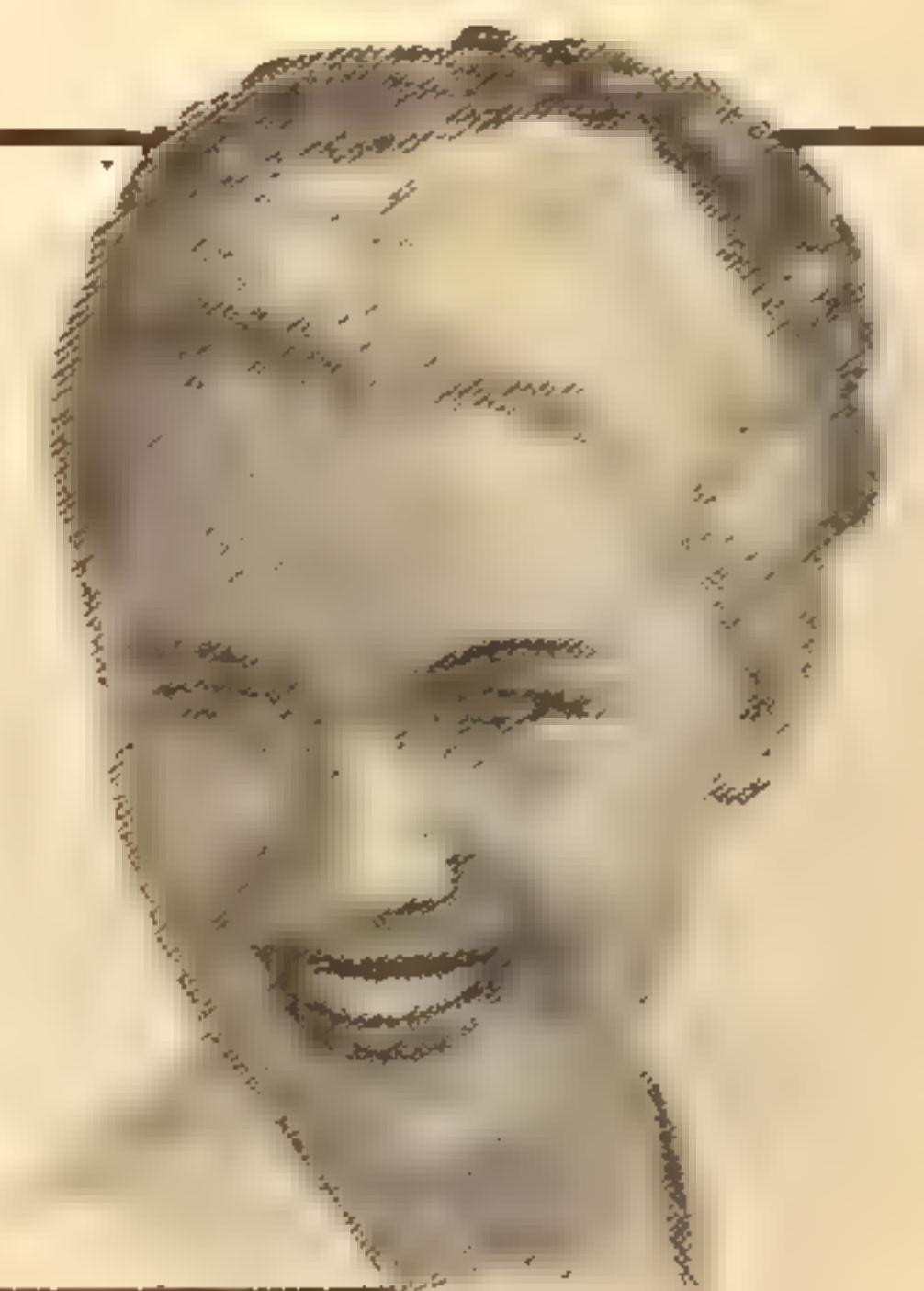
So there was some suspense among the Williams clan when the Manchester pool opened and Esther was picked as the first kid to swim across it. But Esther belly-flopped in without a quiver and splashed across the deep end. From that minute on she was a gone goose, or duck is a better word. As long as the pool stayed open, Esther Williams seldom missed a day. It opened in May, before summer vacation, and Esther could hardly wait for three o'clock. She'd dash down the stairs with the bell and fly over to the pool. She'd run there in her noon hours and summers she haunted the place, counting towels to earn her way in—a hundred towels a free swim. Even in summer the time she liked best at the pool was during the noon hour. That was when the lifeguards and instructors went into the water—and to Esther Williams, they were the only ones worth swimming with.

Esther went over to stay with her grandmother in Alhambra one school week-end. She hauled her school books along. It was a scorching hot fall day. Esther undressed and climbed into the bathtub, filled it and began to read her lessons. She was at this unique home study period when grandma came in and saw her. The old lady was shocked.

"Why," she exclaimed. "You're not a little girl—you're a fish! That's what—a fish!" She sent Esther home.

And in some ways, grandma was right. Esther got into the habit of slinging on anything handy to go to school in, and then dropping it on the floor when she took it off. Her sister, June, who shared her bedroom, was the first to protest. June

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was tidy and neat and Esther kept the room messed up like a magpie's nest. So they had some fights and June called her sister "sloppy."

"I'm not sloppy," fired back Esther. "I take a shower every night and swim all day. I'm cleaner than you are!"

That was true enough: Esther was well-washed, always. But she couldn't be bothered about her hair or her skin or how a dress looked. Freckled and sunburned, bleach-streaked and nose peeled—and by now, too, Esther was all arms and legs, shooting up like a skinny weed. She grew six inches in one year at Junior High. Out of the water she looked awkward and though her face was pretty enough, the boys didn't look her way. She was no dainty doll dish, by any standards.

About the only concession to daintiness, in fact, that Esther made during that tom-boy, water-baby phase was at her graduation from Junior High, and that was almost an accident.

All the girls were going to wear white dresses for graduation and Esther, being the honor speaker, simply had to have one. But she knew she couldn't afford it. She had a long talk with her mother. As usual, it boiled down to family ethics.

**beauty in spirit . . .**

"If you get the dress," her mother told her, "you'll enjoy it—just you, but the money it costs will take food away from seven people. Do you think that's right?"

"No!" said Esther, honestly. She resolved to give up the dress. But at the last minute, Mrs. Williams found enough white material at a remnant sale to buy for almost nothing. Esther went on at the graduation in a dress pieced together out of scraps—eight pieces made up the top alone—but so artfully pieced that no one noticed it. She got a thrill when people told her, "Esther, you were so beautiful!" and it was a rare thrill but soon forgotten. After the ceremony her mother gave her a quizzical look. "You know, Esther," she said, "you could be pretty, if you'd half try." And Esther just grinned dreamily again—her mind on something else.

It took more than a mother's counsel—as it usually does—to snap Esther Williams out of her Sloppy Joe days. In fact, it took a succession of pretty rude jolts. One was a weekend in the mountains at Lake Arrowhead. A gang of Junior High guys and gals went for an outing. They swam, boated on the lake, hiked among the pines and danced at the tavern. Outdoors, Esther Williams had a swell time. But when it came to dancing and romancing—well—not a boy asked Esther to dance. That got her a little worried. Then one night she went to a party and they played kissing games. About the homeliest boy in school took her and she grabbed him, because she knew no other boy would ask her. Well—they played "Wink," where you sit around in chairs and boys wink and unless the girls scam out of their chairs pretty fast they get kissed. Esther played with a handicap, because she's been near-sighted all her life, and she couldn't see the winks. So she got kissed black and blue—and always by the same homely date—nobody else winked at her. Finally, Esther remembers, even the drip got tired and quit kissing her. But she began to wonder vaguely what was wrong.

So, as usual, she went right to Mrs. Williams. "Mother," she asked, "what's the matter with the way I look?"

Mrs. Williams suspected what was up. "Well, Esther," she told her. "Nothing's wrong with your looks. You're pretty and you'll be prettier when you fill in. But you just throw your clothes on and you don't fix your hair or keep your nails nice. Your skin's always burned black. You're just not neat and dainty like boys think



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girls ought to be."

"I see," said Esther pensively and as usual, she came right to the point. "Well, can we do anything about it?"

**change of heart . . .**

"A lot," promised Mrs. Williams. "Let's go," said Esther grimly. "I'm going to show 'em." The transformation was really startling—and her mother was surprised. Almost overnight, Esther mended her ways. She perked up in her dressing, tidied up her best beauty features, fixed this here and that there. She stopped being a tomboy pal with the boys and let her hard-to-get feminine side develop. She turned on the charm, let her smile go and—well, there really wasn't much to it!

Esther even snagged herself a boy friend. It was Jimmy, the boy who lived with the Williamses and had always been Esther's and David's pal. Mrs. Williams had taken Jimmy in years ago when his mother died and as far as Jimmy was concerned Esther was his girl. And now with all the other girls having beaux, Esther decided Jimmy filled the bill. He turned out to be a pretty tyrannical boy friend and drew a circle around her which kept the others off, so that later on Esther had to read him the riot act. But in spite of jealous Jimmy, she managed to encounter some thrills that made her teen age heart pound in a new, exciting way. She'll never forget her first formal dance and the big blond dreamboat, Frank Reynolds.

Jimmy took her to that Junior Prom at Washington High. He was a junior then and a school big shot, and Esther was only a miserable freshman, so it was quite an event in her life. She didn't have a new formal dress, of course, Esther never had a new one—little Miss Secondhand Rose herself, she was—but her sister June had been a bridesmaid not long before and the hand-me-down was a peach chiffon party number that to Esther looked like the most gorgeous creation ever put together. Jimmy came through with gardenias, and off they tripped.

She had seen Frank, of course, swimming around the pool and she thought he was about the handsomest thing on wheels. He was lolling by the doorway, just inside the hall, where all the cuties could get a treat. And as Esther passed by, in her new peach chiffon, with all the fixin's, he gave a low whistle and said, he actually did, meaning HER.

"Pretty neat little dish!"

It was practically the same thing as Clark Gable saying it, only more so. Frank was Esther's secret dream man and when she heard that, she colored like a tomato and her heart started galloping like Man O'War. She did her best to cover up nonchalantly. In fact, she even, in what was supposed to be icy indifference, murmured, "Who's that?" to Jimmy.

And Jimmy just growled, "You keep your eyes offa him, you hear?"

But Jimmy was a school politician with big interests, so he circulated around at the dance campaigning for student body president (which he later won, all right) and Esther found herself alone and right behind her THE VOICE actually saying, "Hello, Little Girl—like to dance?"

**in love at last . . .**

It was unbelievable, but true. There was the Great Man himself when she whirled around. She was too excited to do anything but gasp. But that didn't upset Frank. "I guess you would, all right," he said, taking her in his arms. Esther's afraid he had to push her around the floor sort of like a dead weight, she was so weak with it all. But that night she woke her mother up when she came home and rhapsodized, "Mother—I'm in love!"

Esther survived, of course, but the boys



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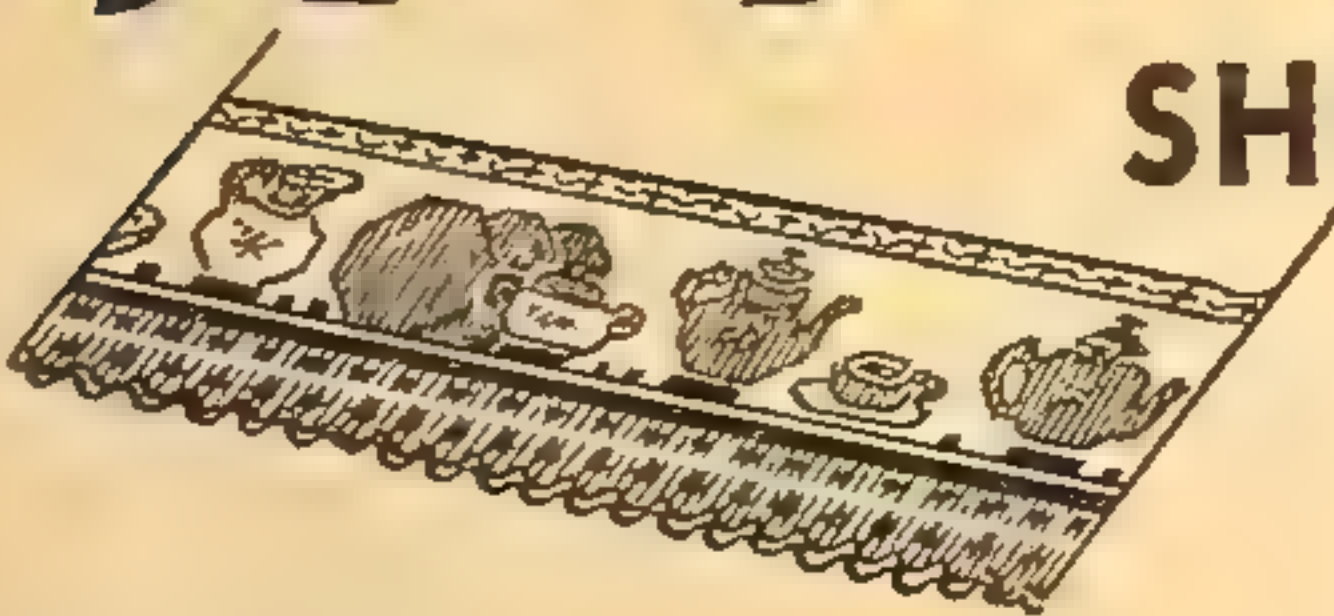
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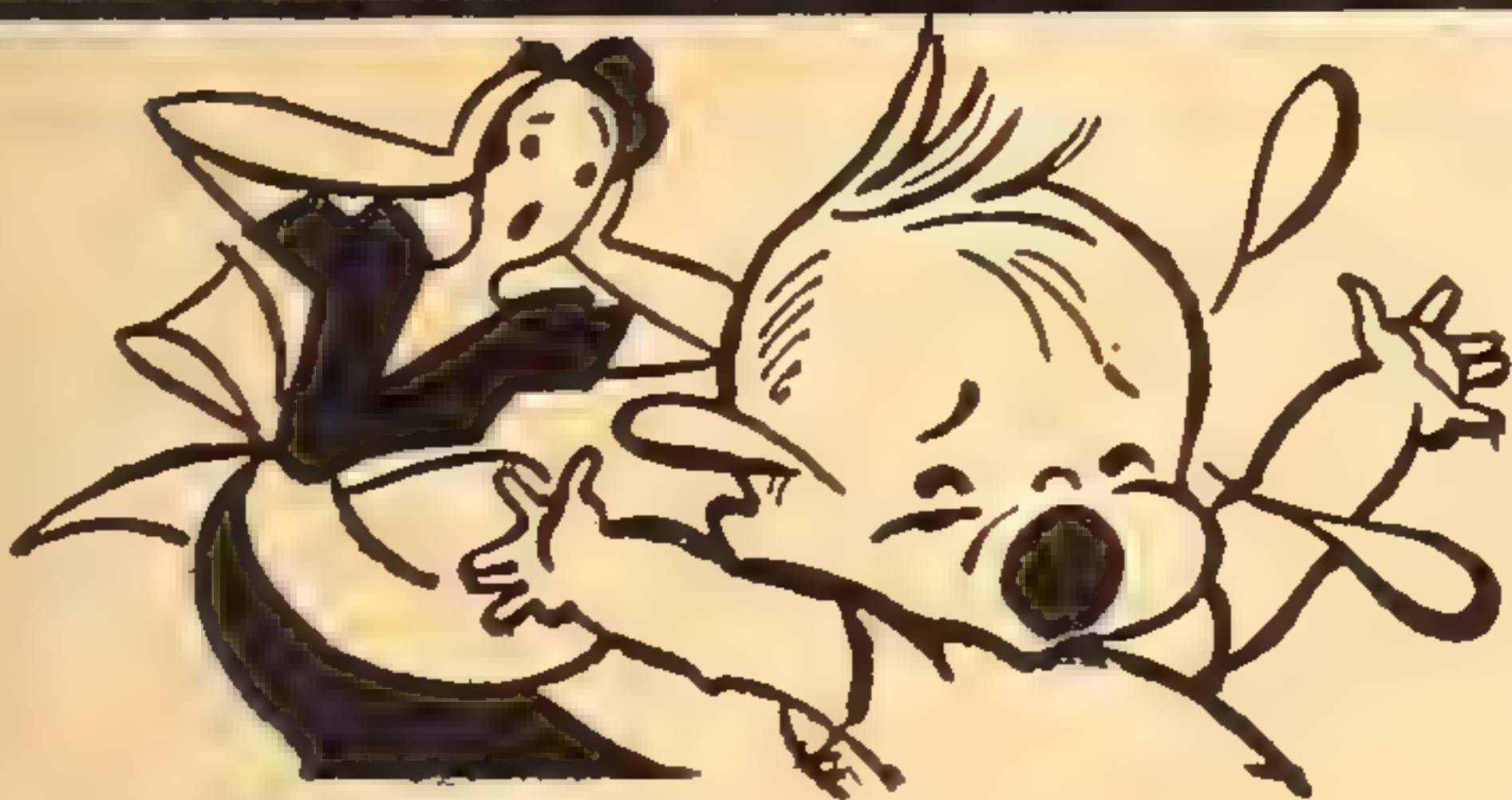
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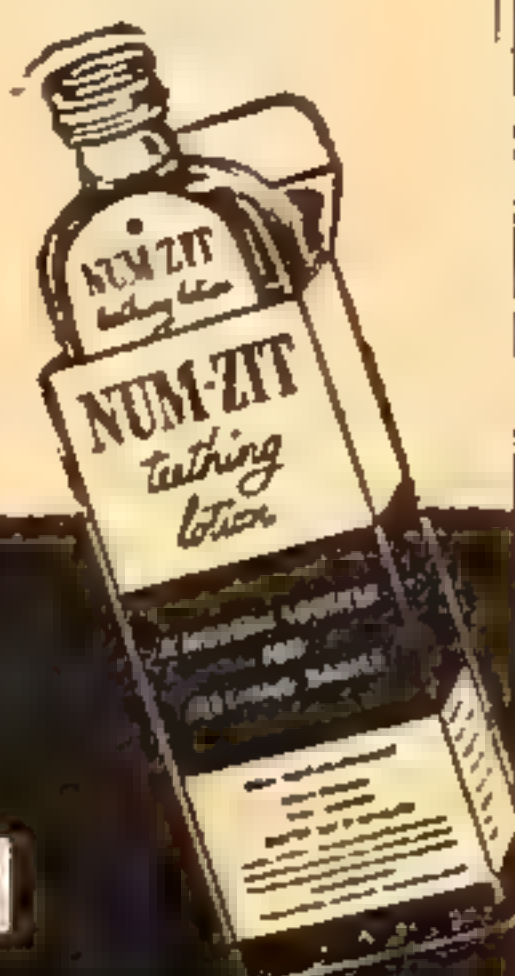
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did take good, long looks from then on out. It was pretty tough to get past Jimmy's proprietary guard, but it was arranged a good many times and the main thing was that Esther Williams became what every girl at that age craves to be—a Popular Girl. Before she graduated, it was, in fact, Esther Williams who was the big shot at Washington High—and the ex-girl friend was happy to be her friend again.

Besides the basketball, softball and swimming teams, which she made in a breeze, Esther Williams was a "Tri-Y" a Lady of the "Knights and Ladies," (both strictly upper crust) president of the Girls' Athletic Association, member of the Girls' League, Self-Government president, Vice-president of the school and ten or twelve other things.

Besides all these cut ups and busy-bee activities, Esther also had a study or two to pass. As usual, math threw her. When she felt a hard test coming on, Esther would use her new charm on the profs.

"You know," Esther'd suggest the day before an exam, "school work isn't everything. There's such things as personality development, activities, I mean."

"You mean," they'd smile, "you think you might flunk the course."

The algebra teacher told Mrs. Williams once, "If I was grading Esther on personality she'd get an A-plus. But unfortunately the course is algebra."

big time . . .

What Esther Williams had in mind, however, when she made those hints, wasn't her school activities. She took those in stride. But what was eating into her time and energies seriously was her first love which she had never abandoned for a minute, charm girl or no. That was swimming. And by the time she was 15, Esther Williams was no longer just a punk kid swimming around the Manchester pool. She was one of the best girl swimmers in town. Bill Fredrickson, a professional swimmer friend, had told her early, "You're good enough to make a big athletic club team, Esther," and Esther had scoffed, "Don't be silly."

"I mean it," insisted Bill. "Stick to practice and you'll make it."

Well, there was nothing to sticking to practice for Esther. She loved the water. But she didn't think Bill knew what he was talking about. After the Metropolitan meet, it happened.

The Met was the big city meet, where all the playground kids competed at the Olympic Stadium over by U.S.C. Esther copped the girls' 50-meter. While she dried herself, a woman came up and introduced herself. She was Aileen Allen, a former Olympic champion, now women's coach at the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

She said right off, "I think you have excellent possibilities of being a championship swimmer. Would you like to come to the LAAC pool and swim sometime?"

"Thank you," said Esther, "I might."

She didn't get around to it for quite a while, what with all her social and school activities. She didn't think they had her in mind for anything, that the LAAC lady was just being nice. That wasn't exactly it. Big athletic clubs are always on the lookout for new talent. The LAAC has probably "discovered" more young swim and dive champions than any other. Mickey and Johnny Riley, Buster Crabbe, Ruth Jump, Marjorie Gestring—Olympic champs—the Hopkins Twins—dozens of them. The Club has more cups on the walls than a coffee joint. But while it's great for the club to recruit promising kids, it's also swell for the kids. They get training, competition, publicity, fame. One day, after some weeks had passed, Aileen Allen called Esther's house. "How'd you like to try for the LAAC team?" she asked.

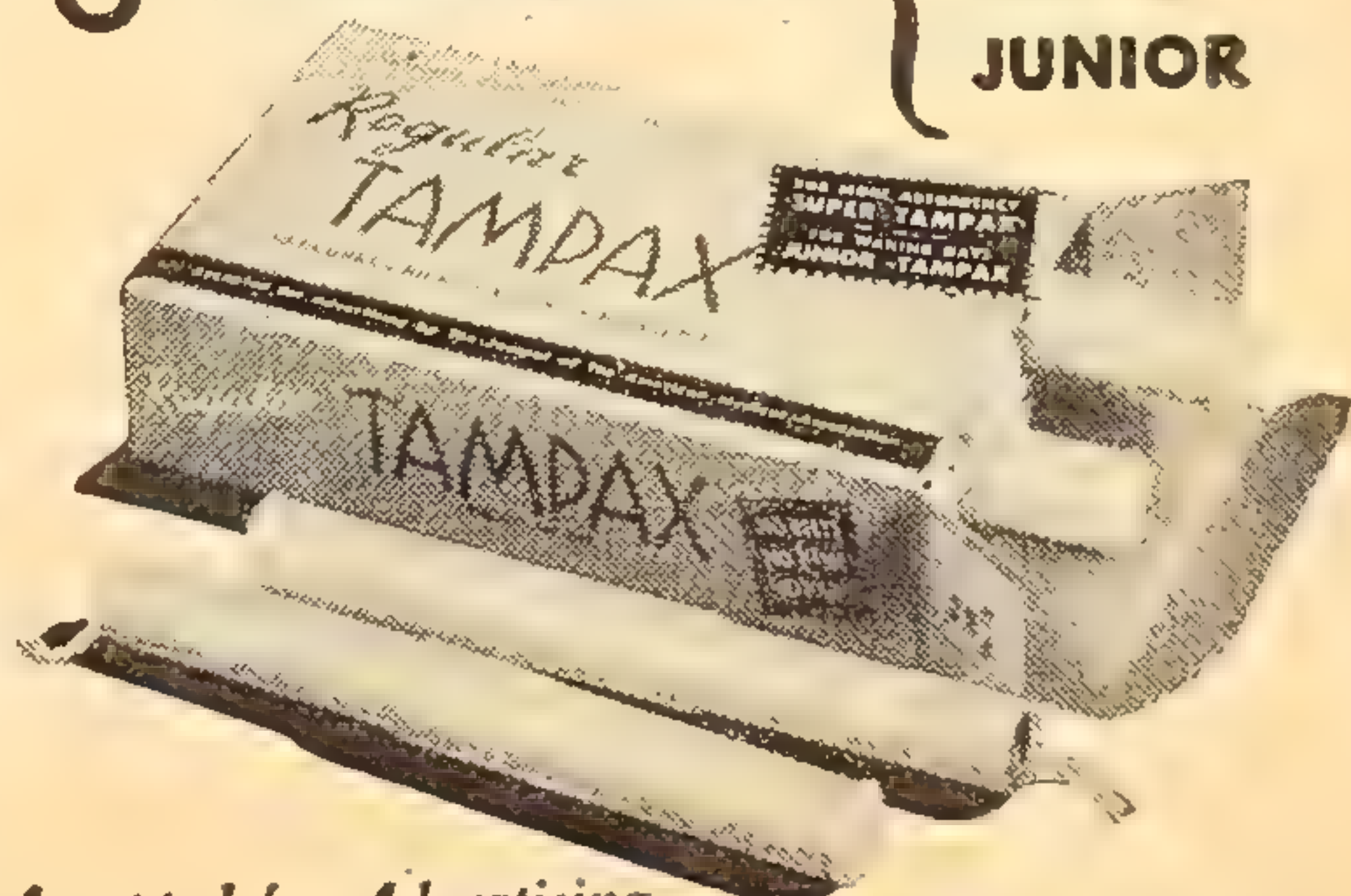


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Esther was cautious; the Williams' were still running close to the budget. "Does it cost anything?" she asked. "Do you have to buy new suits or anything?"

Aileen Allen smiled. "I can assure you," she said, "the chance is something most young girls would give a lot to have."

So Esther went up to the club—and she won, among all the other girls invited to try. That started Esther Williams' big time swimming career. She began swimming with the team in 1937. Her first big meet was one staged by a Los Angeles newspaper, with merchandise prizes for every event. All the best swimmers in southern California competed and Esther came in second in the free style sprint. She won a set of luggage, which she still packs around. They wanted her to enter the Nationals that year but Esther didn't think she was good enough and her coach agreed. All that winter and the next summer, too, she trained.

That wasn't as simple or easy to do as it is to write. But to Esther, it was worth it to get really good—and that she did. A year after she started training she won the 100-meter sprint at the Junior Indoor Nationals in Los Angeles. About every Sunday she swam on the LAAC team against other pool teams around town—the Ambassador Hotel squad, the Beverly Hills, Santa Barbara, Palm Springs, and Coronado outfits. She usually won. But she could lose, too. And when she did, usually by an eyelash, she was burnt up with herself for not putting out the extra ounce of effort that would have turned the trick. That happened to her three times at her first big time meet—the Senior Nationals at the Coral Casino in Santa Barbara, in the summer of 1938.

There she was "touched out," beaten by a scant stroke, by her teammate, Virginia Hopkins, who was Esther's racing Nemesis whenever they tangled. But in the 880 breast stroke relay, although the LAAC girls' team came in second, Esther busted the world's record in her lap. And at the Santa Barbara Meet something happened which added a new angle, more prophetic for a Hollywood future than any notes in the win column.

There Esther was officially voted the "most perfect mermaid," judged on her style, her figure, height, and her beauty. After that sports writers began to call her "the Aquabelle" "Venus of them All" and "Sweet Williams" and whenever she put on a swim suit in public a news camera clicked. Esther Williams was what sports picture grabbers prayed for—a beautiful girl athlete.

When Esther started swimming at LAAC, Aileen Allen had told her, "It will take you four years at least to be a national champion, but I think you can make it." And Esther had replied:

"Oh, I'll have to do it quicker than that. The Olympics are in 1940."

Her coach had laughed. "You'd better not worry about the Olympics. You'll never do it that soon."

"Well, I will," stated Esther. And even her coach didn't know what a determined girl of stout faith this Williams could be even though she had several strikes against her; her senior year and the hardest studies, her double dozen activities, her budding social life, her weekend races and exhibitions, her minor meets, her love troubles. But she graduated, and with honors.

Graduation night Esther celebrated by going to her first Hollywood night club. She and Bobbie McConnell, her best girl chum, double dated at Earl Carroll's. Esther's boy friend smoked a cigarette right out in public and they ordered a split of champagne for four people, which gave them each about a sip and a swallow—all very wicked and gala!



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But that was the only slight slip-up in Esther Williams' two year plan, now on the home stretch. The Nationals at Des Moines were in July. She had trained keenly all year. But right away she enrolled at Los Angeles City College to make up some credits she'd need for her liberal arts course at USC, where Esther planned to go to college in the fall.

But some other things had happened, too. Talent scouts from two Hollywood studios, Warner Brothers and Twentieth Century-Fox, had looked up Esther Williams at the little house on Orchard Street. They talked about tests, contracts and a career in the movies, feeling her out, and Esther was vaguely disturbed. Her life had always been so normal, so happy, so simple and down to earth, and now Glamor with a big "G" was hot on her trail.

Before she packed for the train to go to the Nationals in Des Moines, she had a talk with her best friend and advisor.

"Mother," said Esther, frowning anxiously, "I've trained for this meet. I know I can win. But I know that if I do it will be the beginning of a lot of new things. I don't know whether I want that to happen. Maybe it would be best to skip it right now and let my life go on like it is. I like it the way it is—and I'm afraid. . . ."

Her mother nodded. "I understand," she said. "I know just how you feel. But Esther, if you don't swim this race after all your work you'll never forgive yourself. Because you'll never know what might have happened and you'll regret your decision all your life.

"You go ahead and win the race," she counseled. "And fight it out later."

#### home for the brave . . .

And so, that sweltering night in Des Moines before the meet, Esther tossed and turned in her stuffy hotel room. She couldn't sleep so she got up and wrote a letter home. She was still very mixed up or she would never have penned such a dismal note. She wrote that she had watched and timed all the other girls and they were far too good for her. She said she didn't have a chance.

But before Mrs. Williams ever received that letter, she got two wires.

One came July 28 and it said, "Dearest Mummy: How would you like to meet the new 100-meter free style champ—me! Pardon the collect wire. Your loving daughter, Esther."

And the other came two days later. "Dear Family: We have cleaned up on everything so I'm coming home. Won medley relay and broke world's record by nine seconds. Excuse collect wire again. Very happy. Love, Esther."

Esther was telling the truth. She was very happy—she'd never been happier. But she told the truth too, before she left home to plunge into the championship swim and big league fame. That win was indeed the beginning of a lot of new things for Esther Jane Williams.

(Esther Williams' life story will be concluded in the June issue of MODERN SCREEN.)

#### DANCING IN THE DARK?

Even if you're not in a hurry, Arthur Murray's your best bet when it comes to smoothing out the kinks in your dancing feet. That's why we bowed low and said, "Mr. Murray, may we have this chart?" We're talking about BE A BETTER DANCER, of course—free on request. See Super Coupon, page 24.

# NEW E-Z-DO "HOLLYWOOD CROWN"

*Plastic Coated—inside and out*



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**BETTER LOOKING!**  
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Need an extra closet? See colorful new E-Z-DO "Hollywood Crown" triple size wardrobe. Wood-framed. Plastic-coated inside and out—wipes clean with a damp cloth. 66 x 42 x 22 in., about \$12.98 (slightly higher in Western states).  
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CLOSETS—  
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And . . . when you think of storage chests, think of E-Z-DO! When you need a shoe cabinet, or decorative chest, think of E-Z-DO! And for closet accessories, garment bags, hat boxes, blanket chests, lingerie cabinets, boudoir hampers or other home

accessories—E-Z-DO is the name to remember! For E-Z-DO originated the complete family of "Hollywood" space-savers for every room, every home, every storage need. Look for famous E-Z-DO products in leading stores throughout the U. S. A.

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Bristles!**



One glance may kill romance—if your skin is dark, dull or needlessly blemished! That's why thousands of girls and women trust to Nadinola Cream, the clinically-proved 4-way treatment cream. Quickly, gently, Nadinola helps to loosen and remove ugly blackheads—to clear up externally caused pimples—to fade freckles—to lighten, brighten and freshen your skin to creamier loveliness. See for yourself what Nadinola can do in *days*—what wonders it works in *weeks*! Full treatment-size jar of Nadinola Cream just 55c, with money-back guarantee; trial jar, 10c. Also—

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Address.....

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## DARLING DAUGHTER

(Continued from page 51)

over the telephone later, and you'll enjoy your dinner infinitely more if you aren't exhausted."

"I don't know anyone—not anyone—who has to rest for ninety minutes," Peggy has announced bitterly on occasion.

"And I know very few girls who are as lucky in their work as you are," is Mrs. Garner's haymaker. That usually settles the discussion, and Peggy lies down. Sometimes she uses this time to write in her diary. It isn't exactly a diary, really, it is more of a journal; she doesn't write down her innermost thoughts, but she does like to keep track of the major events in her life, like the day she met Tyrone Power, and the noon hour when she and Barbara Whiting picketed producer George Seton because Betty Grable and June Haver were glamor girls, yet Whiting and Garner couldn't be slick chicks.

In addition to the family difference of opinion about afternoon rest periods, there is a difficulty over clothes. Mrs. Garner simply can't endure sloppy joe sweaters—but she has allowed Peggy to acquire a wardrobe of twenty-eight. Neither does she approve of blue denims and plaid shirts with the tails hanging out, but when Peggy goes up to the home of her best girl friend, on Saturday, she manages to take along, and wear, her rough clothes.

There is also some dispute over the fact that Peggy would, if her mother would allow it, dispense with bobby sox and slide into her saddle oxfords barefooted. She loves the cool feel of the leather lining on her feet; she likes the swish of the local breeze about her ankles. Most of the time, however, Mrs. Garner makes her daughter stand inspection and refuses to give an okay until the feet are socked.

### sartorial sulks . . .

There are always under consideration in the Garner household (1) l'affaire evening gown, and (2) l'affaire pea jacket. When Peggy was scheduled to attend the premiere of "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn" she said, "Now, Mother, may I have my first formal?"

Mrs. Garner shook her head. "No, darling, not until you're sixteen. You have many, many years in your life during which you will be obliged to wear a long evening gown. Take these last opportunities to wear a short party dress."

"I don't see it that way," said her daughter. "Who cares about a short party dress, anyhow?" But there the matter stood. Someone in the studio, thinking that this difference of opinion was news, notified Louella Parsons. In the mixup over the telephone, the story was not reported with exactitude. When, on the Sunday night before the premiere, Miss Parsons went on the air, she gave this version: "Peggy Ann Garner has won her point. Mrs. Garner has finally consented to allow Peggy to wear a long evening gown to the premiere."

Mrs. Garner and Peggy, listening to the broadcast, exchanged quick glances. Peggy threw her arms around her mother's neck and kissed her rapturously. "Oh, thank you!" she squealed. "What a lovely way to break the news to me!"

In such a case, what could a mother do? Particularly when the studio, in a burst of benevolence, presented Peggy with the exquisite white dress she had worn in "Junior Miss."

Several months later, when Mrs. Garner was purchasing some clothing for Peggy to wear on a bond tour, our "Junior Miss"



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spotted a formal with a spreading black taffeta skirt and a pale pink bodice. "That's for me," she jubilated.

"Black is too old for you," ruled Mrs. Garner. "Only a woman over twenty-five can do justice to the sophistication of black." Peggy resorted to wiles; she said she thought the style of the dress—which, admittedly, was in the junior section—cancelled out the sophistication of the color. The salesgirl sided with Peggy. Eventually the buyer was summoned. The buyer is a woman with exquisite taste, so Mrs. Garner agreed to abide by her decision. The woman glanced from the dress to Peggy's eloquent face, then she said, "To be quite candid, Mrs. Garner, I don't feel that the dress is too old for Peggy. The style, plus Peggy's ability to carry the mode becomingly, makes it entirely suitable to her."

Peggy intends to remember this good Samaritan in her will.

#### peacock in a pea jacket . . .

Of all her coats, Peggy's prime favorite is the pea jacket sent her by a friend of her father. Admitted, it is too big for her; admitted, it swirls around her hips like a hoopskirt around a flagpole; admitted, if she and her mother get in the car when Peggy is wearing her jacket, it is impossible to crowd a third person into the seat. Still, Peggy loves that jacket. Whenever she emerges from her room, wearing it, her mother shakes her head and sighs.

By all means, don't get the impression from all this recounting of their differences of opinion that Mrs. Garner and Peggy aren't devoted to one another, because they are. Actually, they are much more like sisters than like mother and daughter. Peggy shares in her mother's goings and doings, and Mrs. Garner is always a conspirator in her daughter's projects. One day a friend of Peggy's asked her, "Is this a secret from your mother?" in reference to a plan under discussion.

Peggy looked painfully aghast. "I don't have any secrets from my mother," she explained in much the same tone of voice one would use to say, "The sun arises in the east."

Much of their raillery is simply good-natured kidding. Not long ago Mrs. Garner, looking over Peggy's vast collection of recordings, announced, "This is outrageous. You have three and four recordings of every number. I'm going to put my foot down. You aren't going to buy another record for three months, and you are to sort your albums and give away every duplicate you own."

"I don't have any REAL duplicates," asserted Peggy. "If I have two discs of the same number, it's because someone has given me a recording made by an orchestra other than the one I have."

"They're still duplicates and it's foolish to clutter up the house with them," ruled Mrs. Garner.

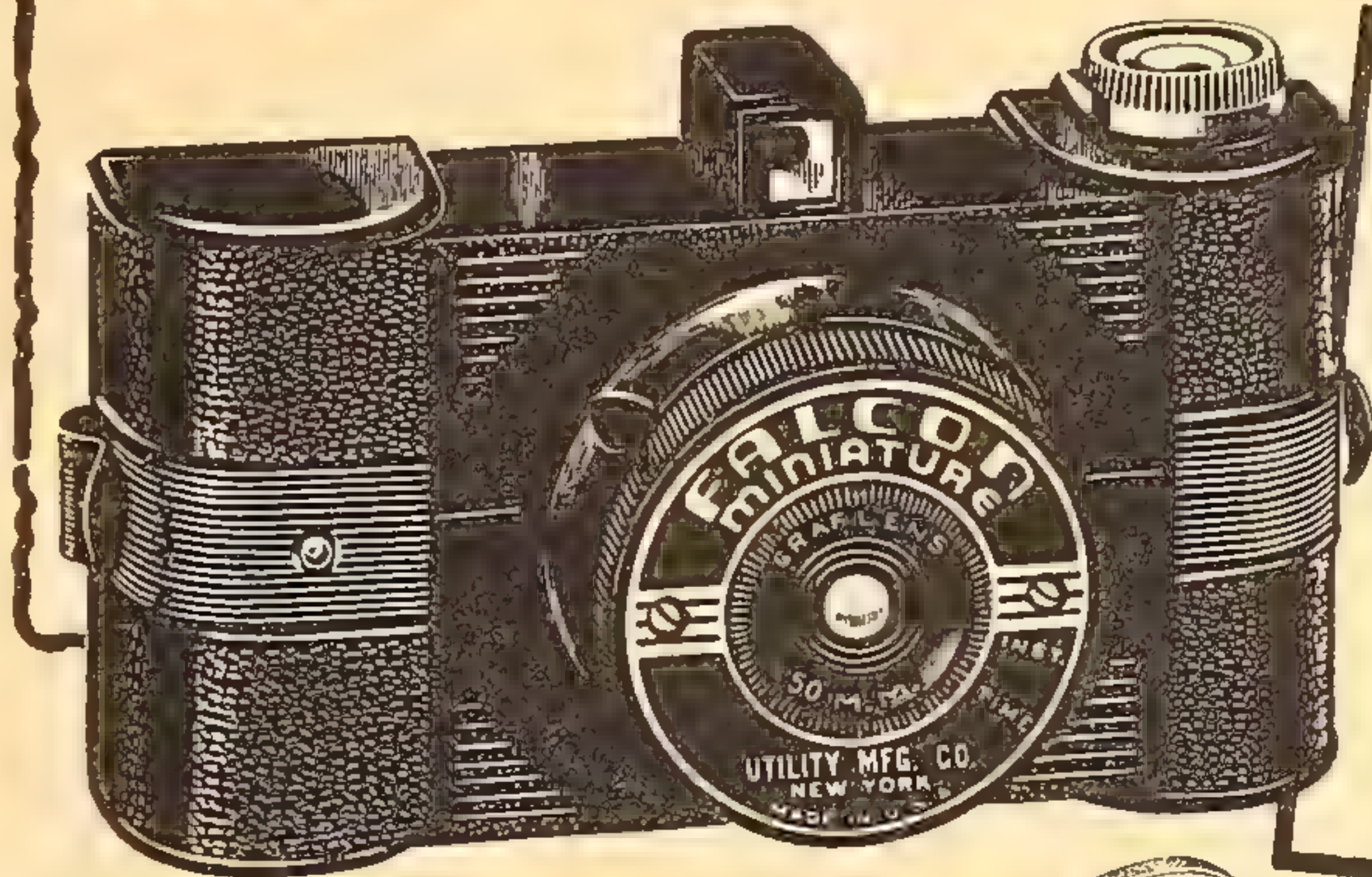
"Okay," said Peggy. "Tell you what I'll do. I'll give away my extras if you'll give away all but one of your recordings of 'Symphony.'"

"But those extras were given to me by friends, and besides, each band has a different style . . ." Mrs. Garner started to say, then she caught sight of the slyly triumphant twinkle in her daughter's eyes.

"Oh, well," she capitulated, "you can keep them if you'll just be neat about it."

When Peggy is convinced that she has annoyed her mother, it worries her deeply. Just before Christmas, Peggy went away one morning, leaving three of her dresser drawers gaping; she had also discarded her bedroom slippers in the middle of the floor, and several pairs of loafers and saddle oxfords were tossed here and there

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**LADIES!** Wear this lovely ring set with your very own Simulated Birthstone. Genuine 24k. Gold Plated Shank in smart, new, beautiful design is adjustable—will fit any size finger. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. **ACT NOW!** Know the thrill and satisfaction of owning your very own simulated Birthstone.

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Just name and month you were born. Pay postman only 98¢ plus Tax and postage for 1 ring or \$1.69 plus Tax for 2 rings.  
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This clever preparation removes rough, dead cuticle without scissors, and helps keep nails more flexible, easy to shape. Manicare brings out their natural beauty. It is a cuticle oil and a stain remover, all in one.

Keep nails nice. Avoid hangnails or brittleness. Use Manicare!

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because Peggy had changed her mind about what she was going to wear that morning.

Neatness and tidiness are two of Mrs. Garner's maxims of living; she cannot endure sloppiness or slipshod carelessness. So, when Peggy came home from school that afternoon, Mrs. Garner marched her daughter into the bedroom and launched upon a lecture. She was really annoyed, and she meant every critical word she said.

"As punishment," she announced, "you are to have no telephone calls for three days. If you aren't responsible enough to keep your room in order, you must be treated like a young child and forbidden the telephone."

Peggy felt shattered. She put the drawers in order and closed them. She picked up the draped clothing and shoes and restored them to their proper places in the closet. She even went through the closet, rearranging garments. It was bad enough to be forbidden the telephone, but the worst sensation of all was the feeling that she and her mother were estranged.

Tucked away in a bottom dresser drawer was the prime surprise Peggy had planned for her mother's Christmas: A pair of black satin mules. Peggy had saved the purchase price from her allowance, so the gift was sure to be a great event.

### mules with a kick . . .

Deciding that now was the time to make the presentation, Peggy tip-toed out to her mother and dropped the package into her lap. "Something for you," she said.

Thinking that it might be some sort of teasing trick, Mrs. Garner stripped off the wrappings and lifted the lid. Then she began to cry. Peggy cried, too, and everything was all right.

Since that day Peggy hasn't left her room in disorder and rushed off to school.

Mrs. Garner is a little better at keeping secrets or saving gifts until Christmas than Peggy is. Just before Christmas, 1944, Peggy and her mother were in Chicago on a personal appearance tour. Because it was colder than they had anticipated, Mrs. Garner and Peggy went shopping and found a terrific white lambskin coat at Lanz'. Peggy nearly swooned at sight of it. "Buy it for me," she pleaded.

"No, honey, I don't think we should invest in it now; later on, when we get back to Los Angeles, we'll select something for you," Mrs. Garner placated.

Peggy never questions her mother's judgment when Mrs. Garner makes a decision, but she was monumentally disappointed. She thought, "I'll never again like a coat as much as I like this one."

Christmas morning she spotted the huge box under the tree and turned to her mother, "Why, you darling conspirator," she said. And she added, "You can wear it any time you want." That made both of them laugh, which was a good way to pinch back the happy tears.

This year, Peggy fell in love with a ring she and her father and mother saw in a jeweler's window. "There," announced Peggy, "there is exactly the kind of ring I've always wanted. You know how I've described my idea of a whizzy setting to you, Mother? Well, if I had designed that ring myself, it couldn't be more perfect, even to the sapphire setting."

"They are probably asking some fabulous price for it," Mrs. Garner said absently. At that time the Garners were saving every penny to buy a home.

Peggy nodded agreement; she wanted a home even more than she wanted the ring. Christmas morning she looked around suspiciously for a small, eloquent box, but there was none. Instead there was a parcel about the size of a shoebox. Peggy, breathing a resigned sigh, opened the box, then an interior box, then an-

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Buy it from your druggist today.

## DR. HAND'S

TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums



other, and another . . . and about forty boxes later she came upon the blue velvet nest of the ring she had seen in the window.

Actually, it had been hers even at that time. Mrs. Garner had made notes of Peggy's description of her idea of a dream ring, and had induced a jeweler to create the design.

In addition to her swoony ring, Peggy is the jingling owner of four charm bracelets, two silver, and two gold. One of the gold bracelets is now complete; it was sent to Peggy by a Naval friend of the family and consists of a helm, a tiny compass that really works, and several other unique miniatures.

Peggy's allowance of two dollars a week makes it impossible for her to accumulate charms very fast; most of the cash she can save goes out in gifts to her friends.

By the time you read this, Peggy and her mother will be living in the new home they have rented. Peggy has the privilege of planning her own bedroom and the den. The den is to be the spot in which she can entertain her friends, whereas Mrs. Garner is to have the exclusive use of the living room for *her* friends.

**junior home beautiful . . .**

Peggy hasn't completed plans for the den; she will have her radio-phonograph in there, of course; she wants the walls to be lined with bookcases—for quiet hours of reading—and the floors to be waxed for dancing—for hectic moments of fun.

About her bedroom she is glib; she knows exactly how it is to be. On the floor there is to be a wall-to-wall white shag rug. The curtains are to be white starched French organdie with six-inch ruffles bound in red; the dressing table is to have a flounced white organdie petticoat, also bound in red. The wardrobe is to have a triple-wing, full-length mirror, and the dressing room is to have separate compartments for suits, coats, dresses, and long formals.

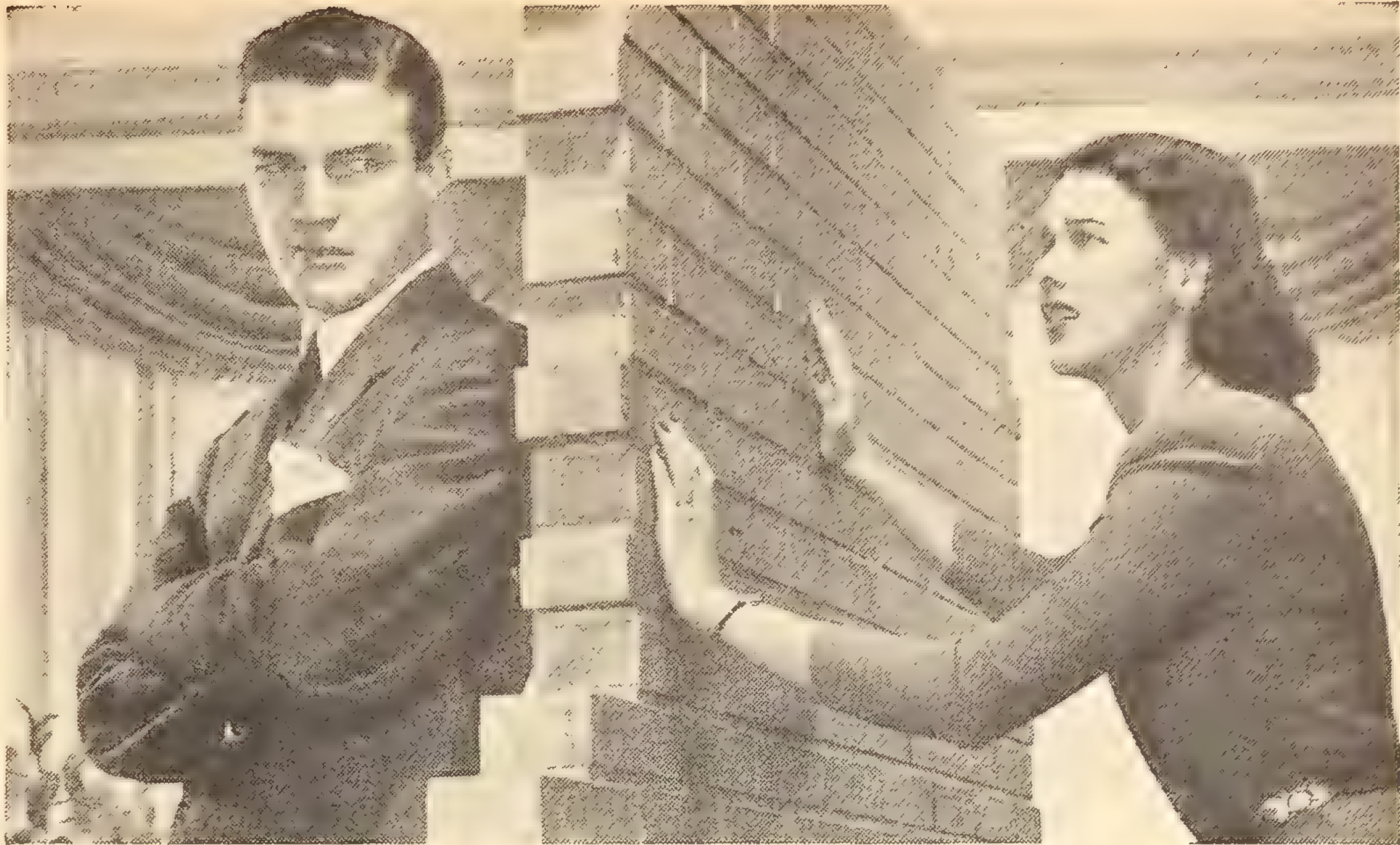
There will also be an equestrienne corner in which Peggy will hang her riding breeches, jackets, sweaters, and set her riding boots. At present, Peggy is riding almost every day; her horse is a magnificent five-gaited animal. She would like to learn to take the jumps next, but her studio would probably froth at the mouth. Mrs. Garner isn't keen about the ambition, either; she feels that riding on the flat is enough accomplishment for a girl who has practically no need at all for a broken arm.

In addition to her riding, Peggy has another trick that delights—among dozens of admirers—a brisk gentleman named Bill Burton. Bill is Dick Haymes' and Barbara Whiting's agent, and he is one of the most popular ten percenters in Hollywood. Every time he sees Peggy he says, "Come on, Baby, give me that down-under look, j.g."

Peggy, who has spent considerable time practicing it, lowers her head, allows her shock of softly-curved hair to fall forward, then raises her eyes in a convulsing imitation of Lauren Bacall doing a "To Have or Have Not." It is strictly a gag, of course; Peggy would no more try it, deadpan, on her friends than she would wear a teething ring to a premiere.

Planning for two years ahead is a rugged assignment these days, but Peggy is doing a jet-propelled job of it. For one thing, she is to be allowed her first official date. On this first official date she is to be allowed to go with a boy approved by her family, but she must go to a private party—if it is an evening date—and she must go along with another couple.

When she is sixteen she will also be allowed to learn to drive a car, and when she is a smooth driver, Peggy will be allowed to own her own jalopy. She has



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My doctor set me straight. He said never to risk marriage happiness by being careless about feminine hygiene, even once. And he advised me to use "Lysol" brand disinfectant for *douching*—always.



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all the mental specifications for this vehicle solidly set in mind. It is to be a convertible coupe, natch; it is to have a radio that will pick up everything but gold from the streets; the upholstery is to be red leather, and the body must be azure blue. White sidewall tires, double fog lights in front, a spot light on the left, and a horn strictly from Dixie will complete the ensemble.

So, as things stand, Peggy has only one genuinely serious problem. She wants desperate to attend public high school for at least a year, then she wants to go to a co-educational university. She talks the idea over—and up—to her mother on every occasion. Mrs. Garner thinks that, if studio commitments make it possible, Peggy should spend one high school year away from the Fox lot, in a private girls' school, then attend an eastern woman's university for two years, THEN transfer to a co-educational institution.

Mrs. Garner attended Sweetbriar, an exclusive college for women, situated in Vermont. She has already spoken to the president of the college about Peggy. But Peggy prefers the idea of joining a sorority and of being in classes with boys.

What do you think about it? Peggy would like to know.

## M. S. THROWS A PARTY

(Continued from page 31)

afternoon, Peggy took the train from Summit, N. J., to New York, to share the gloom with us; and she came into the MODERN SCREEN office looking like something out of a Russian tragedy. In due time Al and Henry heard the news, and the three of them sat slumped in their chairs like chief mourners at a wake. It wasn't until Peggy had left (to drown her sorrows in a Schrafft's special) that the solution to it all hit Al and Henry. Why not still have a party? They could hire a hall, have Joe Marsala's orchestra provide the music, invite all the stars in town and Peggy could be the guest of honor! In the space of a few seconds the idea had achieved colossal proportions.

One of the gals who was eavesdropping from the next room yelled in, "Whee—it's a production!" and someone else said:

"You'll practically need a master of ceremonies."

Henry snapped his fingers and Al picked up the phone, and that's how Ed Sullivan got involved. Ed, as you know, is the Broadway and Hollywood reporter. He calls the stars by their first names, is a buddy of Louis Prima's and can get a beer on the house in any nightery in town. He's really a fabulous guy with a finger in every pie, from the Harvest Moon dance contest to the Golden Gloves boxing bouts. MODERN SCREEN had just signed him on as a radio columnist, and having him on the staff was sort of like having Louis B. Mayer in the family.

"Ed," Al said, when he got him on the telephone, "will you em-cee a party for us?" Ed said yes, and after that things really began rolling.

The guest list grew until it included not only people like Gene Kelly, Hurd Hatfield and Danny Kaye, but also 500 members of fan clubs all the way from Baltimore to Montreal! The "hall" the boys had thought of hiring became, at Ed's suggestion, the Zanzibar—jumpingest joint in town. The staff at MODERN SCREEN kept strictly non-union hours, working on into the night on the invitations, arranging the seating, planning the refreshments. And all the time there was that little undercurrent: "Wait till Peggy hears about it!"

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"Gee," Mickey said, "don't you wish we could see her face when she gets the invitation?"

"Yeah," said Al, and Billy Weinberger (that's our smoothie-puss art man) said, "Why not? We could send a photographer out to Summit the day after you mail the invitation and have him snap her when she opens it."

Which is exactly what we did.

The boys had her street number, of course, but as it turned out they didn't really need it. Because smack in front of "319" was this nice friendly springer spaniel with a huge placard around his neck saying, "Member of the Dane Clark Fan Club," and he was a dead giveaway. Later on—after the mail man had come and gone, and Peggy had been photographed holding her invitation and looking like a sweepstakes winner—it developed that the dog, name of Limey, is the only canine member of the Dane Clark Fan Club. For that matter, as far as we can discover, he's the only one belonging to any fan club whatever. He attends local meetings, pays his dues, and otherwise occupies his time lording it over his non-member friends and strolling downtown to see if the latest Dane Clark movie has hit town.

The boys didn't linger very long because Peggy had to get on the phone quick like a bunny and flash the good news all over Summit, and anyway, they were anxious to get back to the office to see how the pictures had turned out. Those were the very first ones in our picture story, and frankly, we kind of like 'em. Turn back to page 30 again and take another look for yourself. Then we'll let our very peachy photographer take the story from there.

**JEAN KINKEAD**

No one can tell a story like you, Jean. I wouldn't dare change a word of it. But, Jean, darling, let's face it . . . you're the darndest little exaggerater this side of Bob Burns. True enough, the life of the Zanzibar party did begin with pretty Peggy Fields. But she wasn't guest of honor. That proud distinction went to the five hundred fan clubbers who crowded the Zanzibar right to the eaves!

The moral of this little piece I'm tacking on to Jean's story, friends, is that any fan who has the time owes it to herself to join a fan club. This Zanzibar Ball of ours is kid stuff alongside of Fan Club Party Number 2! For instance, what would you think of our tossing next year's event in New York's world-famous Madison Square Garden? Nothing definite yet, but it gives you an idea of the kind of dreams we dream. Through our parties, through fan clubs, our readers meet stars! Which is just one of many fan club services your friendly magazine offers to its vast family of readers.

\* \* \*

So, whether you're 14 or 44, why don't you mail out the coupon below to Fan Club Director Shirley Frohlich and find out more about fan clubs and the MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Association?

*Shirley Frohlich*

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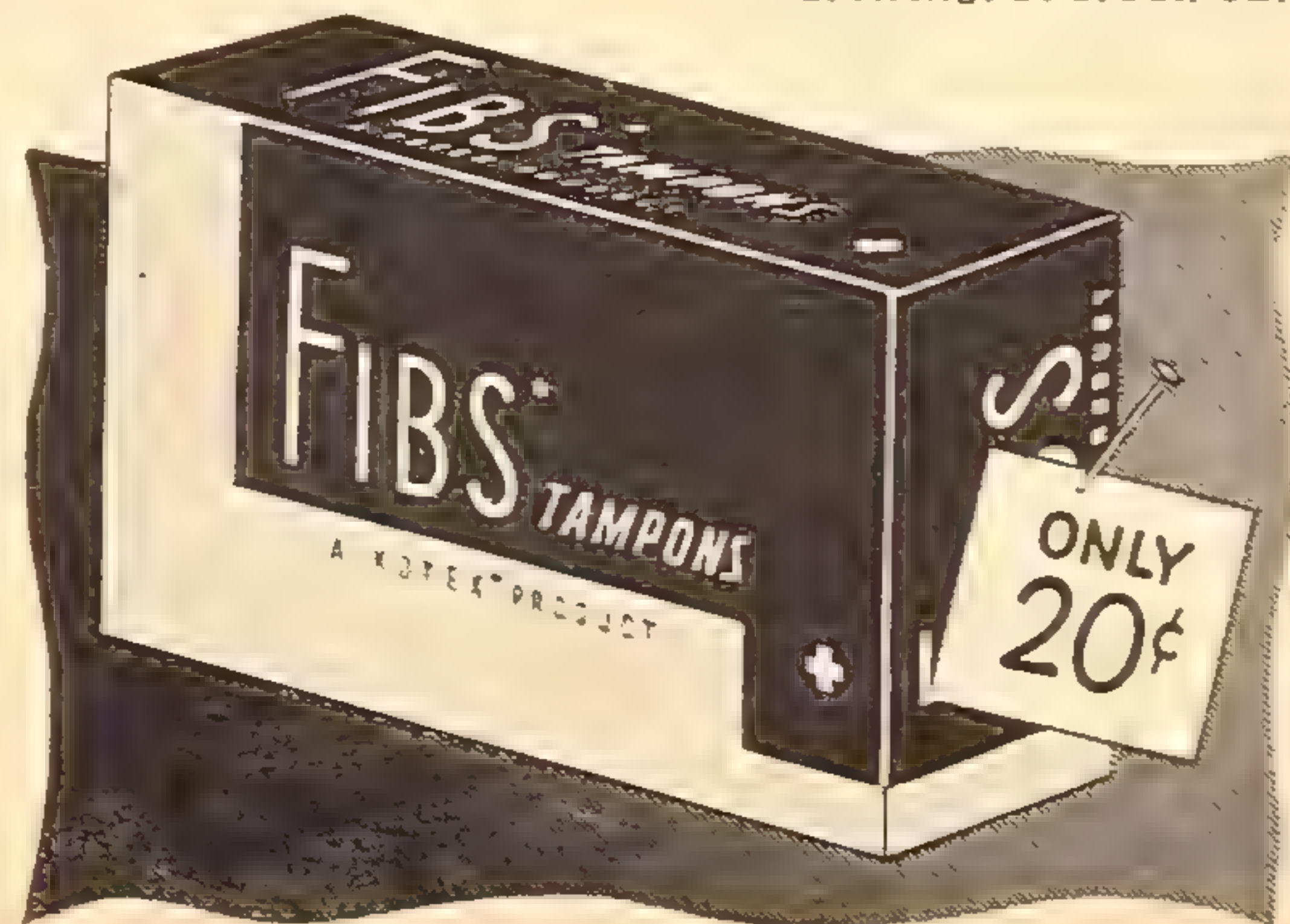
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## WATCH LIZABETH SCOTT!

(Continued from page 55)

"What have you got against women? They turn into Hollywood stars, don't they? Hopper's unfair to females!"

Ah me—'tis ever thus when you put on a long black robe and set up shop in the judging racket. The thing to do is murder the ump, as any Dodgers fan knows. Okay, I can take it, but the true word is that I try to be fair. And the true word this month is—Hubba-hubba!

That's what Lizabeth Scott is—the Hubba-Hubba Girl. She's a lot of other things, too, if you believe her press agents. Now, don't get me wrong; some of my best friends are press agents. But when they officially plaster up a pretty lady—and a very swell young actress—with torrid titles like "The Threat"—"The Voice of Allure"—"The Tall, Tawny and Terrific"—and "The Hubba-Hubba Girl!"—well! But at that, I guess they know their stuff. Because I'll admit those words got me. I simply had to find out what Lizabeth Scott was like underneath the adjectives.

### ball of fire . . .

Of course, I'd watched Lizabeth through "You Came Along," and marvelled how a green girl in her first picture could switch from light comedy to heavy drama and make them both click. It's not easy, either, to snitch a picture right away from a couple of smooth actors like Bob Cummings and Don DeFore. I noted that Bob complained afterwards he hoped he'd never have to make another movie with such a larcenous leading lady as Lizabeth. You don't often run into an unknown girl being starred in her first film, either, especially by a top producer like Hal Wallis. And when Scotty did it again in "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers," acting right along with Barbara Stanwyck and Van Heflin, she proved she was no flash.

So I knew the Lizabeth Scott Hollywood star trail was hot as Harry James' trumpet, but as for Lizabeth herself—well that Hubba-Hubba Girl stuff fooled me. I slipped into my brown gown with the zop top, with the hip flip, with the lace waist. In short, I made myself up to vibrate right along with a 1946 trick chick. Then I called up Lizabeth and invited myself over for tea.

"Hurry on over, Miss Hopper," urged Lizabeth in that caramel contralto, "I'm getting evicted tomorrow!" She explained the housing shortage was snapping at her heels. She'd been living on five-day plans at hotels, in friends' spare bedrooms and practically everything else.

Well, I beat the landlord to the punch—and I got the surprise of my life. Hubba-hubba or no, Lizabeth Scott in the flesh is no mere sexy siren, pin-up parrot or frilly filly with more curves than brains. Truth is, Lizabeth is a hard-working, well-trained career girl. But along with her talent and brains, Scotty's got something else—she's got a face and figure that dreams are made of and a personality like a ball of fire.

The face is about picture perfect, I'd say, chiseled nicely and with the clean cameo features cameramen crave. Her skin's like honey and the thick taffy hair matches, tumbling in a long curving do that just fits the gal. Her eyes are big and blue and the lashes and eyebrows inky black. She's got a wide mouth just made for a smile and she knows how to laugh with her eyes, too. Quite a dish, Scotty. Facts and figures? Five-foot-five, in her nylons, fighting weight, 118, stripped, and don't think anything is here when it ought to be there. You can tell she's part Russian—half, in

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fact, because her mother was born there—and right off I caught a hint of Olga Baclanova in her face and beautiful Vilma Banky, too, the Hungarian blond dream of the Silents. But that's digging pretty far back in my Hollywood Souvenirs. The modern critics tab Scotty half Dietrich and half Bacall. I think maybe she's just Lizabeth Scott, which is enough. And if it isn't—well, there's the voice.

It's low and deep and comes from way down inside somewhere and it's absolutely hypnotic. A "whisky" voice without the hangover, because there's no huskiness at all. Lizabeth thinks she might have got it trying to be an opera singer when she was nine years old and yodeling at the top of her lungs. Certainly it's not from cocktails, because she doesn't drink.

Other day she tripped past the cashier's booth in a Beverly Hills restaurant to use the pay phone (she carries tons of nickels—naturally there are no phones in her fly-by-night hangouts) and as she tripped back to her booth she heard the cashier whispering to a waitress, "I tell you—I'm certain I've seen that voice in the movies!"

**battle cry . . .**

That's about what you do—you see Lizabeth's voice. It's part of her personality and that personality is something that does things to most everyone it bangs up against, even by remote control. You aren't neutral about Scott; you love her or loathe her—but whatever you do, it's a cinch your blood pressure rises.

When Lizabeth played "You Came Along" over the air at the Lux Theater, she got mixed up in the melee that swarmed over her co-star on the show, Van Johnson. If you're a Van fan, you know the war cry now is, "I love you, Van!" So to kid America's boy friend, Lizabeth—who has a wicked sense of humor—breathed ardently, right out in public, "Oh, I just l-o-o-o-ve you, Van!" Van got a kick out of that, so after the show he sent her some posies with a card, "I l-o-o-o-ve you, too!"

Well, it was all a gay gag but it landed right in print in a column and pretty soon Lizabeth got a sizzling letter like this from a fighting-mad maid in New Jersey: "Miss Scott—Say, I just read that you and Van Johnson are sort of getting together and—listen you—stay away from my Van, do you hear? I've had enough of you Hollywood wolverines going on the make for Van. I suffered through Sonja Henie and I learned if I'll suffer through you. If this isn't true, then I apologize. But if it is—you lay off or I'll fix you!"

See what I mean? That's what Lizabeth Scott does to people, gets them all hot and bothered. There's no set of toilers more bothered with watching movie stars than theater projectionists. They have to dish out glamor day in and night out and most Hollywood cuties are just a big yawn in their lives. Well, the impact of Scott in her first picture snapped them right to attention. They got together, 20,000 of them, and officially named Scotty "Miss Sit-Up-In-Your-Seat" or something.

So maybe I'd better apologize to those press agents. Maybe the gal is "The Threat" after all. If so, it's something she just can't help. The very first tag she collected, as a mere moppet, was a prediction of things to come. Scotty's kiddie nickname was—"The Showoff."

That's what the kids called Lizabeth back in Scranton, Pennsylvania, her home town, where she started making her presence felt at an early age. Maybe the thwarted artistic chromosomes from her mother ganged up on her, because Papa Scott was a nice, normal real estate man with four offspring to worry about, Lizabeth being the oldest. But her Maw had

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longed to be an opera diva, and so, as I said, did Elizabeth, when she was still in pigtails. In fact she had a Plan.

It was very romantic and rather touching. Deanna Durbin started it all. Scotty saw Deanna in her early singing epics and got a terrible frustration complex. She was thirteen then—Scotty, not Deanna—and she decided she was a failure. Nothing had been accomplished whatever and she was frittering her life away. The plan was to immediately become a super Deanna Durbin, achieve fame and glory and then die at 21, preferably via a lovely wasting-away-with-consumption, à la Camille. Elizabeth used to sit in her room and sigh soulfully at the bitter-sweet picture. It was so sad, so beautiful.

Of course, the prospect at that time of Miss Elizabeth Scott's contracting t.b. was about as rosy as starting a banana farm at the North Pole. She was a rugged little tomboy, ripping up the block playing cops and robbers, churning the local swimming pools into foam and cheerfully batting baseballs through windows.

But she did become artistic and refined all of a sudden and ambitions sprouted like mushrooms. First came voice teachers, then elocution teachers, dancing teachers, piano teachers, on top of all her scholastic chores at Marywood, the convent that was doing its best to make an educated young lady out of our hoyden friend. Looking back, Elizabeth wonders how all the teachers stood her. In the voice department, she insisted on being a coloratura soprano and giving out with Galli-Curci trills when it was obvious she was designed by nature to handle "Old Black Joe" or "Asleep in the Deep."

ah, art...

None of these growing girl endeavors lasted too long, because Elizabeth (she dropped the "E" later on when thirteen became her lucky number, so Elizabeth Scott would add up—thirteen letters, count 'em—thirteen) was always flying off on new ambitious tangents. She heard Dorothy Thompson on the radio and decided to be a dashing lady journalist. She started reading Emerson (still her favorite author) and plunged into the literary life, scribbling essays and poems like mad.

It was a flop that exposed her to the drama. One summer vacation, after high school graduation, Elizabeth plugged for a counselor's job at a girl's camp, but she missed at the last minute and faced the awful prospect of an idle three months before college. A stock company in woodsy Lake Ariel, Pennsylvania, not far from Scranton, seemed the best outdoors bet, so Daddy Scott coughed up the necessary \$50 tuition and Elizabeth got out of town. Even though about all she did was carry trays onstage as a maid, shift scenery and sell tickets, the whole idea intrigued her no end. It was the best time of her young life so far and she trooped back to Scranton in the fall and broke the news to Mama and Dad. "I've got to go to New York and study acting," she said. "Immediately."

"You," they came back, "are going on to college."

"No," said Elizabeth, meaning it. So Elizabeth whisked up to Manhattan, all of seventeen-years-old, to drama school, with a cozy check from home to bolster her dreams.

Her choice was the Alviene School, instead of the glamorous American Academy of Dramatic Arts, because, as Elizabeth will cheerfully confess, "I simply had to be a big piece of cake in a small dish."

Scotty checked into the Ferguson Residential Hall, full of dramatic students like herself, and if you saw the movie, "Stage Door," years ago, you have a fair picture of the life Scotty led. Young stage-

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struck females are pretty fierce, as a class (I know—I was one once), making faces, striking attitudes and generally hamming up the joint, but Elizabeth out-fierced them. For instance, when her diction teacher tried to pull her deep voice up high, she set her on Shakespeare and said, "Bring your tones up in your head, your head, my deah"—and Elizabeth got so lah-de-dah and high-toned Shakespearian in her daily diction that all her girl friends stopped speaking to her! Another time, she took in Katharine Hepburn's Broadway show, "The Philadelphia Story," which was full of pretty frank words and phrases. What friends she had left around the Ferguson retreat fled in horror, as Liza started slinging Katie's earthy cracks around.

It was all acting, of course, "I'm a natural-born ham anyway," Elizabeth will confess. But besides that she did a year of drama school study plays—Maugham, Barrie, the Brontes, etc.—and then traveled down to the Barter Theater in Abingdon, Virginia, where Greg Peck earlier had learned his cues and exits. Passing back through Scranton, a year older and wiser, Elizabeth tangled once more with that family on-to-college campaign and this time she couldn't bluff Mama. "The check is ten dollars a week, and that's all, if you defy our wishes," said the Scotts. But they suspected that's exactly what Scotty would do—and she did.

#### cross country clotheshorse . . .

She got a room for six dollars a week and ate off the other four, and I won't go into the gruesome details of that old tramp, tramp, tramp up and down Broadway. The wise-guy agents soothed her with "too young," "too Russian looking," "too tall," too this and too that. But they didn't give her any jobs. The first time she got a toe-hold on a salary check was in—of all things—"Hellzapoppin'."

Lizabeth chased that one down on a Broadway tip and found sixty other girls there ahead of her. She weathered the weeding out until it was a standoff between her and a dark-haired lovely. She came back every day for five days reading lines and parading around and the suspense was terrific. Her lines weren't anything very arty. Just, "Hello, boys, what's going on here?" as Liza remembers, but saying them over and over and being on exhibition daily like a colt at auction got her goat and finally she exploded, "I don't give a darn about the job (which was a lie)—but who gets it—me or the brunette girl?" They said, "Okay, you do—go get your wardrobe fitting."

That launched Lizabeth into show business, touring the country, being mostly a pretty stooge for an Olsen and Johnson blackout, sliding around in slinky gowns and working gags in the audiences of that crazy, crackpot show. But she ate—and she got acquainted with show business minus the glamor gilt, which I maintain is a healthy experience for any Hollywood-bound lady. She rubbed elbows with rough and ready vaudevillians, played 64 one-night stands in a row, climbed on creaky trains at dawn, slept in funny theatrical hotels and rubbed off the arty edges and learned to protect herself in the clinches—all for \$50 a week.

But at that she had just \$120 saved up when her contract dumped her back in New York, a year later, which guaranteed her three months rent in a converted maids' room at the Hotel des Artistes, at \$35 a month. So Lizabeth hit the pavements again and found herself another job, this time in a stock company at the Palm Garden Theater, not such a much.

So instead of using the unelegant Palm Garden Theater, she just tossed off her engagement as "I'm playing drama a block from the Theater Guild." That sounded



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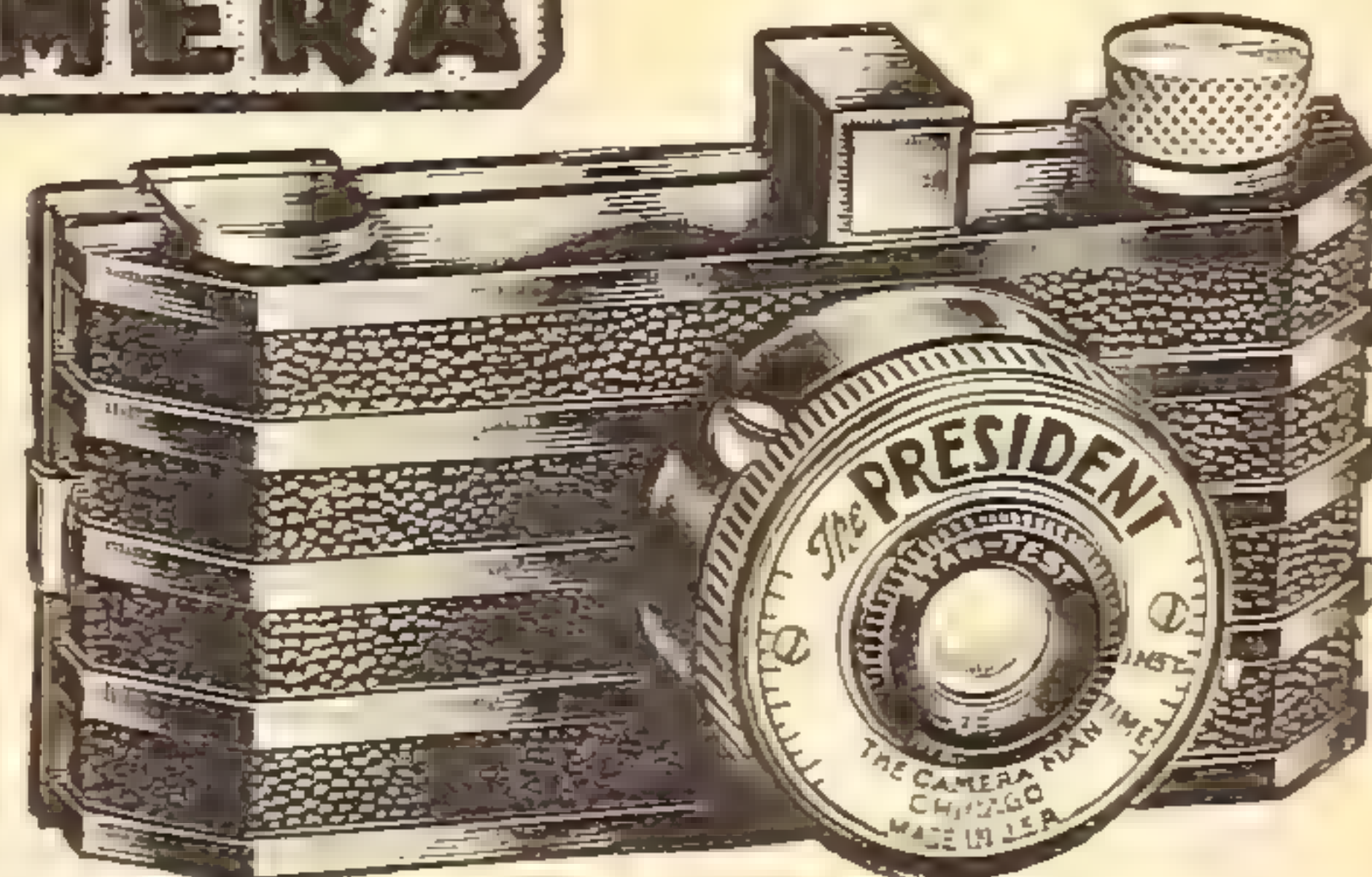


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better. She got \$20 a week for doing things like "Rain" and "Personal Appearance," and all the time Elizabeth kept one eye on Broadway. And when "Skin of Our Teeth" started cooking she was Johnny on the spot in the producer's office, hitting him for a job. She expected the answer, "No, nothing for you," but she pulled that "Theater Guild" address again and the amused producer said "Well, maybe I'll drop in some night and catch your play." He wasn't fooling, either, because one night after "Personal Appearance" he showed up and almost made Elizabeth swoon by offering her the job of understudy to Tallulah Bankhead!

It was sort of a stunt at the start to have a twenty-year-old girl understudying Tallu. But Bankhead was regarded as practically indestructible and needing an understudy like a hole in her head, which was about the size of things the way it turned out. Elizabeth stewed and simmered and heaved and sighed for seven long months until she was a case for a psychiatrist. And all that time Tallulah never even worked up a hangnail. But Liza waited and watched and studied and rehearsed and Tallu noted approvingly.

#### the show goes on . . .

It was three weeks later that Elizabeth Scott got a chance to prove herself. She'd quit the show with Tallulah, and was getting her nerves back in shape from the frustrations and disappointments. So she was home and in her robe at a quarter to eight when the telephone rang.

"Can you come down to the theater right away?" panted a wild stage manager. "Miriam Hopkins is sick and can't go on. You know the part better than anyone in town. Hurry, hurry, hurry!"

So Elizabeth hurried. It was a case of Fate daring her to do it. But in forty-five minutes she was making up and the curtain went up a little late, but it went up. The manager was right; nobody in town knew the Bankhead part better than Elizabeth Scott. She could practically spell it backwards. So she waltzed right through it without fluffing a line—and one of the audience who applauded her loudest was a fellow, Joe Russell, a press agent who knew Hal Wallis, the Warner Brothers' production boss, who was in town. That's how he became Mister Coincidence, starting all the things that followed.

Because one afternoon this press agent met Hal Wallis at a cocktail party and raved about Elizabeth Scott as an actress and a Hollywood picture prospect. Sold, Hal sent a wire to Scotty's address suggesting an interview. But before the Western Union boy made it, Scotty and her date had made some plans. It was the eve of her twenty-first birthday and she was very low. Here she was, twenty-one, with no fame or fortune—and not even a trace of consumption to start her wasting away in Camille style. She was singing the blues to her boy friend. He said, "A sure cure for you is the Stork Club. Go get your hat."

Scotty's blues turned to anger when a man smack across from her table kept staring at her as if he'd seen a vision. "Who's that?" she asked her date, testily. "Hal Wallis," he said. "A big shot."


"Well," huffed Scotty, "what's he staring at me for?"

She didn't know a wire from this same Hal Wallis was right now under her door. He didn't know the girl who captured his eyes was this Elizabeth Scott he'd been hearing about and had wired for a date. You can imagine how Elizabeth felt when she ripped open the telegram from Wallis, after her birthday evening. The wire was an interview—object, Hollywood.

She might have tripped out to Hollywood right then, too, but for another

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telegram the next morning, one offering her the job doing "Skin of Our Teeth" in Boston, and right away. So Scotty sent Wallis a wire herself, saying sorry she couldn't make the date—and that was the end of Scott versus Hollywood, so far.

Lizabeth was still pretty stagestruck at that point and Hollywood, anyhow, was a horrible drama factory and stifling to the *artiste*, as everybody knew. Besides, she thought the Boston stage engagement would set her right up for keeps on Broadway. Was she wrong! After her three weeks in Beantown, Lizabeth couldn't wedge a slipper in a casting office. She had to have a job—so she modelled for a famous fashion magazine—and how did she know that was to be her first ticket to Hollywood? Like Lauren Bacall, among others.

Funny part was, the agent, Charles Feldman, who saw her photogenic face in the fashion bible and wired offering to pay her way to Hollywood for screen tests, had no idea Lizabeth had ever even acted in a high school play, let alone emoted on Broadway! A crazy business!

wish for a star . . .

Lizabeth thought it was, too, after six months of living at the plush Beverly Hills Hotel, with the agency paying the bills, making tests all over town—Twentieth-Fox, Universal, International, Warner Brothers—watching them curl her hair in frizzy frills on top of her head and cover her best features with makeup—and then telling her, as they did at Warners', "Sorry—but you'll never, never be a star."

But her good fairy, Hal Wallis, caught up with her again, although Lizabeth got sore at her future boss for the second time, before they finally got together on things. The first time it was the Stork Club staring that did it. This time Lizabeth walked into Hal Wallis' office after Warner Brothers' very positive negative report on her picture prospects. When he said, "I'm sorry. But if it was up to me, I'd give you a contract without even a test," Scotty was inclined to burn. If the production boss of Warners couldn't give her a break—who could? She discovered it wasn't double talk, though, a couple of days later when she picked up a Hollywood paper and read where Hal Wallis had left Warners to head his own production company. That explained the cryptic remark. And when Mr. W. finally did come through for our Liza he did it in a big way. Not only by starring her in her first picture, but by backing Scotty all the way against the director who thought she was too green a pea for the job. At the end, I might add, this skeptical director, Johnny Farrow, turned into one of Lizabeth's best boosters.

beautiful babe with brains . . .

That's the surprising effect Lizabeth Scott has on people who get to know her. At first, maybe like John Farrow, they're all set for a young, frivolous, decorative but dumb female. Instead, they find, a level-headed, hard-working, very sharp young miss who knows her acting P's and Q's. There were forty-nine shooting days in "You Came Along" and Lizabeth worked forty-seven of them. Before that started she kibitzed on all the sets around Paramount, watching established stars like Joan Fontaine and Jennifer Jones do their stuff and putting down pointers in her canny brain. She's yet to have a holiday since she's arrived. But if you still insist Scotty's just a big, beautiful doll, listen—

She hasn't one formal gown. She's been out to Hollywood night clubs just twice, both times for publicity purposes—she just doesn't like night life. She doesn't use rouge, powder, or nail polish. She reads



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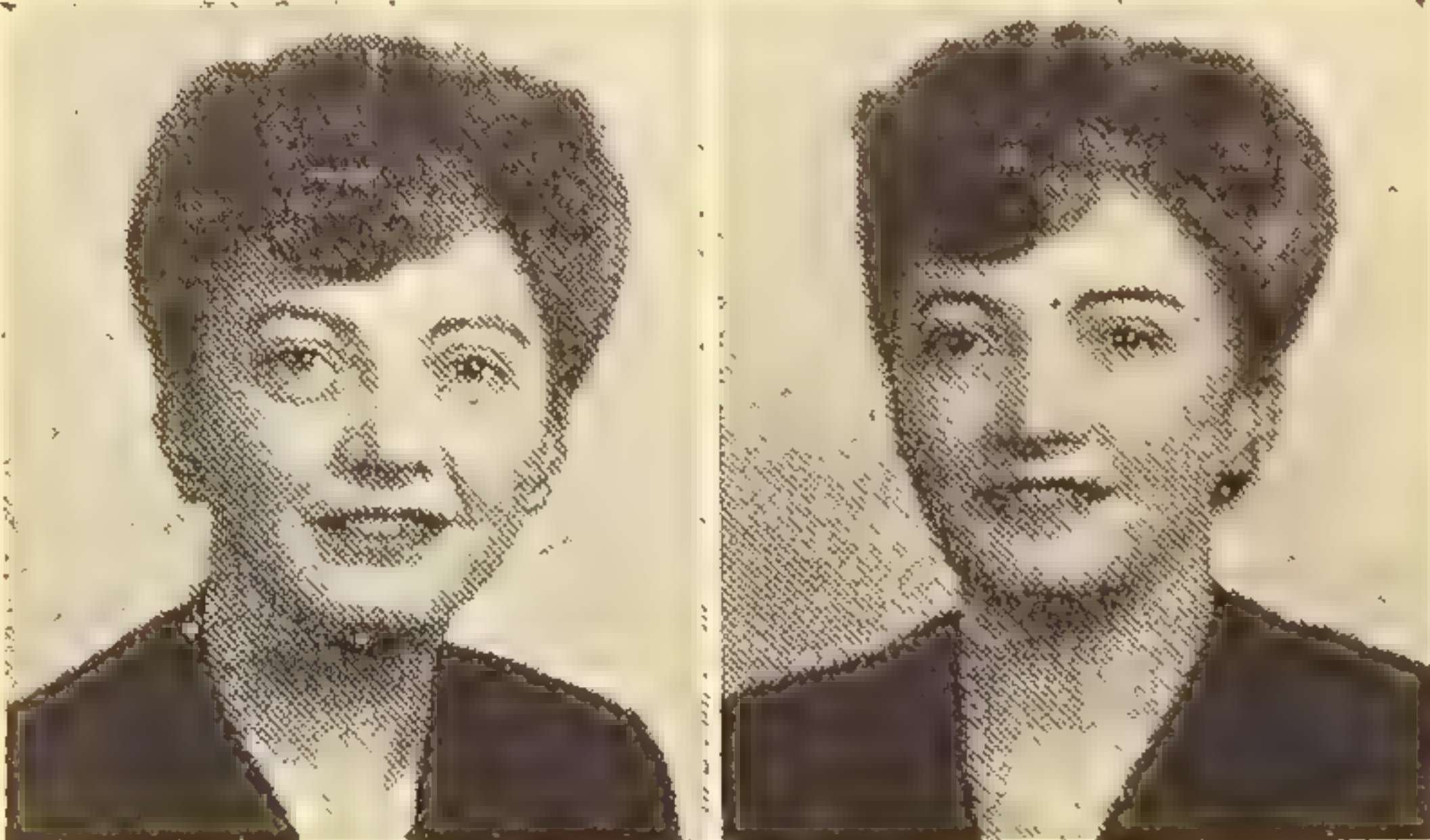
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deep-thinking writers like Emerson and Thomas Mann. She's learning to speak Russian in her spare hours. She's a 6 a.m. riser because she likes to walk alone in the early morning, so she's usually bedded down by ten. Result, Lizabeth doesn't know a soul in the Hollywood social swim, and doesn't care to. She plays the piano and falls musically for Delius' music. She doesn't own a car and isn't thinking of buying one soon. She swims at the Santa Monica public beach (and wow, what a tan she takes!), can't stand French heels, and although she's not embarrassingly tall at all, (five-foot-five) Lizabeth pads along on flatcars. Her closets are jammed with cotton blouses, checked gingham skirts, straw slippers, bandana scarves—gay, unglamorous rags—but even they can't go wrong on Liza. Her entire jewel box hoard adds up to a silver gremlin a Polish flyer earned for fifty-six missions and sent her, and a bangle with lucky charms for her two pictures and other milestones in her career.

### chasing after handbags . . .

I'm not trying to deglamorize Lizabeth a whit. Nobody could really do that—not even Scotty, who states frankly that she "likes to be alone." That she's "serious," "pedantic," "disciplined." Well, those virtues never hurt a new Hollywood star, especially if she can take what comes next in precarious Hollywood with a sense of humor—and that's easy for her.

It's no joke being booted around from pillar to post and living out of your suitcases, which has been Scotty's fate for a year or more now. But to hear Lizabeth tell it, the whole thing twinkles like a comedy routine. Last fall, hopping off the train from New York, the porter tossed her bags in somebody else's car and off they rolled with every stitch she owned. That night the Beverly hotel who'd promised reservations backed down on her. No clothes and no bed is not a normal recipe for laughs, but Scotty turned the luggage chase into a merry treasure hunt, which took two whole days, and kept her mind off the housing situation.

### movie lady . . .

Already, she's had two funny samples of what it means to be a Hollywood personality and has reacted with adult humor to both of them. Her cleaning woman, Dilly, told Lizabeth, "I usually charge seventy-five cents an hour, but seeing you're a movie lady, I'll make it a dollar." Lizabeth found, too, that being a Hollywood personality, she was expected to have a hobby. Well, she didn't have one to her name, but she fixed that. She went downtown to a glassware store and bought a wholesale load of blown glass animals—a regular glass menagerie—which she now places on a prominent front room table wherever she stops. The first thing she says now, when she gets herself interviewed, is "Have you seen my hobby? Look them over."

The other night Lizabeth set out on one of her solitary evenings at a movie. She whipped around the corner from her tiny temporary apartment in slacks, a wrap-around raincoat, slippers, and a bandana around her honey-hued hair. She wasn't hiding out, but the effect was the same. She looked about as much like a movie star as Rosie the Riveter.

She bought a ticket to see her favorite actress, Ingrid Bergman, in "The Bells of St Mary's" and handed it to the usher guy. "This way, please," he grinned. And then he said—what is it?—oh, yes.

He said, "Hubba! Hubba!"

So I guess I give up. Long live Lizabeth Scott, the Hubba-Hubba Girl! Only in my days, we had another name for it. We called it, "It."

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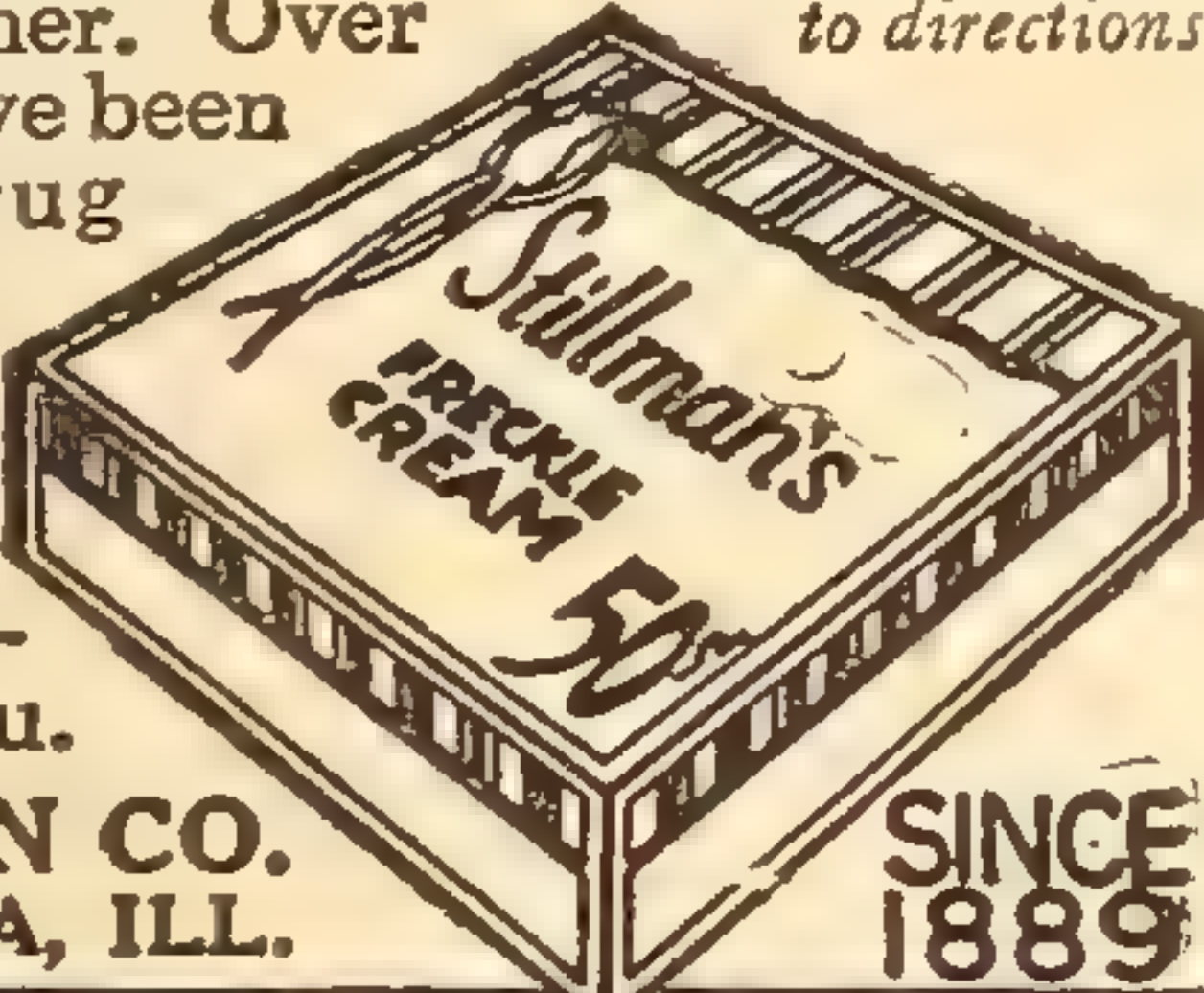
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## DIVINE SWEDE

(Continued from page 59)

played in "Rage in Heaven" at M-G-M while Greta made "Ninotchka." Ingrid was lonely then, in a strange, bewildering land, away from her husband and baby, yet Garbo never once called to welcome her countrywoman, and though she passed Bergman many times on the studio lot, that icy lady didn't even smile. And it's typical Ingrid that, despite this snub, she still thinks Garbo is wonderful!

But Greta Garbo is no longer Hollywood News and Ingrid Bergman is—very definitely. Nominated for Academy Awards two years in a row, it's hard to see how Hollywood can duck making that a habit from now on. Ingrid has proved herself already a greater actress than Greta ever was, by handling a variety of roles like "For Whom the Bell Tolls," "Gaslight," "Saratoga Trunk," "Spellbound," and "The Bells of St. Mary's"—and making them all shine as unforgettable Hollywood gems.

Yet, because she is Garbo's successor to Hollywood's most queenly crown and a fellow Swede, even born in the same city of Stockholm, the mystical, glacial Garbo legend—by force of Hollywood habit—sometimes swirls around her head. Nothing could be nuttier. Not only as stars, but as persons, Divine Swede Number I and II are as different as night and day.

Bergman is natural, human and unsophisticated—with a heart which doesn't beat for herself alone.

One late afternoon during the war, for instance, Ingrid stood on a storm-swept airfield in Chicago and fretted for a bunch of people she had never met. She was on a bond selling tour at the time, and as the local committee had got itself all mixed up, she had missed the train that was to take her to Indianapolis.

The only way to make it was to fly, but when she got to the airport to board the Army plane, the skies were gray and the order came through: "All Army planes are grounded."

Ingrid waited an hour at the field. The storm got worse instead of better. The grounding order still held. She was stuck there, but her thoughts were on the crowd at Indianapolis and how disappointed they'd be. She pestered the dispatcher every minute or so, and finally a man in civilian slacks and a leather jacket came up and tipped his hat.

"Understand you want to get to Indianapolis pretty bad, m'am," he said. "Well, I've got a single-motor private job here and I'll fly you, if you want to go."

flyng high . . .

For all Ingrid knew, this unidentified birdman could barely fly a kite, and perhaps his crate was a box of paper and bailing wire. But she said, "I certainly do," hopped in and flew off through the storm that the U. S. Army considered too rough for its rugged planes and pilots!

Last year, before leaving Hollywood for her GI entertainment tour overseas, Ingrid Bergman took her shots, just like everyone else who joins the Army. She knew they'd make her temporarily woozy but she thought by the time the train arrived in New York, where she was to join up with Jack Benny, Martha Tilton and Larry Adler, the harmonica king, she'd be okay.

But the train was over air-conditioned, and she arrived in Manhattan in the midst of a sweltering scorcher. With the shot reactions, it all added up to a bad cold collapse which sent her to bed with a high fever. The doctors arrived and their ver-

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dict was, "You'll have to cancel your overseas tour and return to Hollywood."

Jack Benny and the rest of the troupe called to tell her goodbye. "Don't worry," stated Ingrid, biting her thermometer grimly, "I'll meet you in Paris." They told her not to dare be so silly and went on across the Atlantic. Ingrid spent four days whipping her fever, then she announced to her head-wagging medical advisors, "I'm going to go now—and nobody's going to stop me!" So she wobbled out of bed, packed her bags and climbed into an Army C-54. And finally showed up, as she said she would, in Paris, a little shaky, but all in one piece, to make the eyes of Jack Benny and his gang pop out of their sockets.

She probably wouldn't have got by with that if her favorite physician and husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, had been there to hold her down, but as it was, she suffered no ill effects and got the thrill of her life, standing on swastika banners in Hitler's Nazi Stadium at Nuremberg and reciting Lincoln's Gettysburg speech while Larry Adler played "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" for 40,000 U. S. soldiers.

a "natural" . . .

Ingrid Bergman would be the last to tell a story like that on herself, and she'd be shocked to have it attributed to any personal heroics. And with Bergman it isn't that either. It's just that she does not consider herself any sort of a special person.

She never wears dark glasses to disguise herself. She doesn't work secretly on closed sets. She drives her own little old cream colored Studebaker coupe wherever she goes. She sends her most precious possession, daughter Pia, to Beverly Hills public schools. She chews gum unashamedly, occasionally croons an ancient Hit Parade number like "Jingle-Jangle-Jingle," or "Don't Fence Me In." She has never been to a beauty operator; she doesn't even use cosmetics. She reads the comic strips and laughs out loud, and listens happily to a few radio screwballs like Bob Hope. She's never yet gone any place to be seen, but she'll go anywhere to enjoy herself or to get something she likes.

On one of her trips to New York, Ingrid checked into her hotel and was promptly called by a New York studio representative. He asked if there was anywhere he could take her, anything he could do. How about dinner?

"Oh, no thank you. I'm going over to Hamburger Heaven," said Ingrid.

The startled gentleman coughed. Did he hear right? The great Miss Bergman? "Hamburger Heaven?" he repeated weakly.

"I like the hamburgers," laughed Ingrid. And that's where she went. After that she tripped on by herself to Schrafft's for a gooey chocolate concoction she fancied. Schrafft's chain of unglamorous restaurants is one of her favorite New York eating places. One morning, eating a late breakfast there, Ingrid read her morning paper as she sipped her second cup of coffee (her favorite brew). Finally a waitress came up.

"If you're through, could you give the table to someone else?" she asked. "People are waiting to be served." Ingrid blushed and got right up with apologies. The waitress had no idea who she was, but as she hurried out, the people taking her place thought they spotted something. "Aren't you Ingrid Bergman?" asked a lady. Ingrid nodded. "Oh, pardon us," said the lady. "We'd never have bothered you if we'd known who it was."

"I hope you'll pardon me," came back Bergman, honestly contrite. "I'm sorry; didn't think." And she blushed again. That's Bergman. No haughty person is ever troubled with blushing, but Ingrid colors like a ripe peach at the slightest embarrassing incident.



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Because she looks so little like Miss Movie Star, Ingrid Bergman can usually pass unnoticed. She strides around New York without much trouble from autograph mobs. When they do catch up to her, sometimes they can't keep up with her.

Ingrid walks like a man, with long strides that cover ground. That gives her an advantage when anything happens such as happened one night when she took in a Broadway play at a theater down on 44th Street near Eighth Avenue. There the Hollywood and Broadway wise crowd spotted her when she came out and she being Big Game, they started to swarm all over Ingrid. It was raining cats and dogs, and the besiegers guessed that Ingrid would be cornered under the marquee while she tried to hook a cab. They didn't know Ingrid!

Two hours in the stuffy theater had already made her resolve to walk back to her hotel. Rain? That only made it more interesting. It was a surprised bunch of autograph wolves who watched the tall Swedish beauty duck into the downpour and glide up Eighth Avenue. The couple or so who raced after her got a damp signature or two, but darned few of them, even though they braved a wetting, could catch up with the racing Ingrid.

### cosmopolitan milkmaid . . .

Although her cream-and-butter complexion makes her look like a milkmaid right off the farm, Ingrid Bergman is at home in the world's cities, a well-traveled cosmopolite who can rattle on in English, Swedish, German and French. She was born and raised in an apartment house in Stockholm and has been all over Europe and more of America than most Americans. She practically commuted between Hollywood and Rochester, New York, when her husband was winding up his medical studies at the University of Rochester, and later between Hollywood and Palo Alto when he interned at Stanford University. During the war she hustled here and there in the United States and Canada on war effort appearances besides her overseas tours. She likes to travel and she travels easily. She was the dream girl of every U.S.O. and Treasury Department official, Hollywood Victory Committee escort and Chamber of Commerce chief, wherever she went. She was never late, never tired, always fresh as a daisy.

Mainly that's because Ingrid's every bit as disgustingly healthy as she looks. She can sleep like a babe on a train, plane or in a noisy Manhattan hotel, and she can stay up half the night and still roll out at dawn, chipper and cheery as a robin redbreast. Because she depends on no feminine beauty gear whatever and looks like a fashion plate in a few simple rags, she's the fastest star packer-and-unpacker ever to paste a Hollywood label on her luggage. Because she skips all usual feminine beauty routine, she can be ready to go as fast, or faster, than a man can.

A couple of winters ago, Ingrid traveled to Minnesota to make an OWI film on a Swedish farm. It was midwinter and she worked outdoors in the bitter cold of 18 below zero. One night the Swedish consul in Minneapolis planned a party for her, but that day the shooting rolled along until after sundown. They left the farm at eight o'clock and the city was two hours away. Ingrid called to explain her delay, which was okay with the consul and his guests. Still, when she arrived at her hotel the general idea was "Hurry."

At that point Bergman was bundled in heavy sweaters, wool slacks and socks, galoshes and a sheepskin. She had worked outdoors all day. She had to have a bath and change into evening clothes, groom herself from top to toes. A male member of the company stopping at the same hotel asked her how soon he should call.

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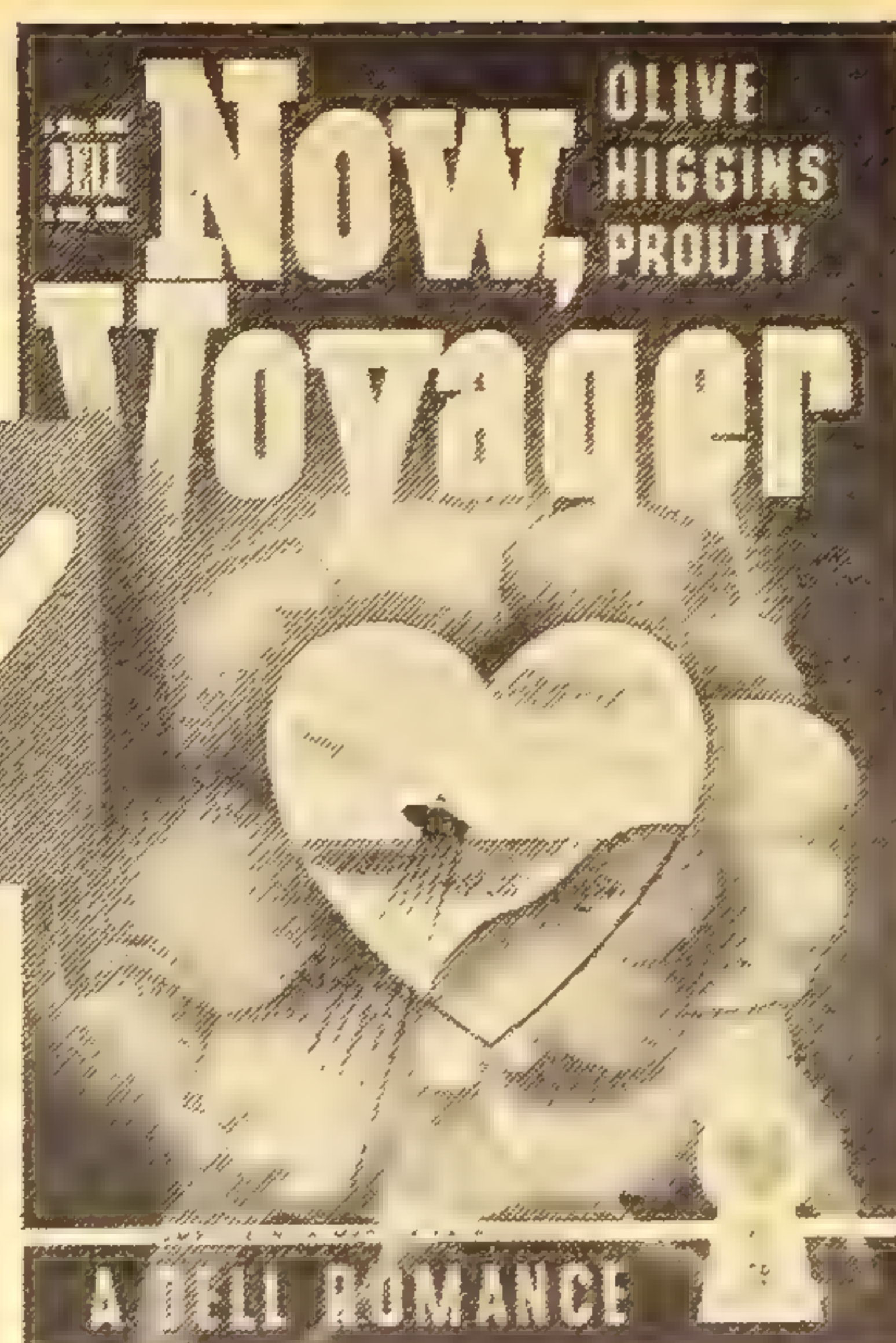
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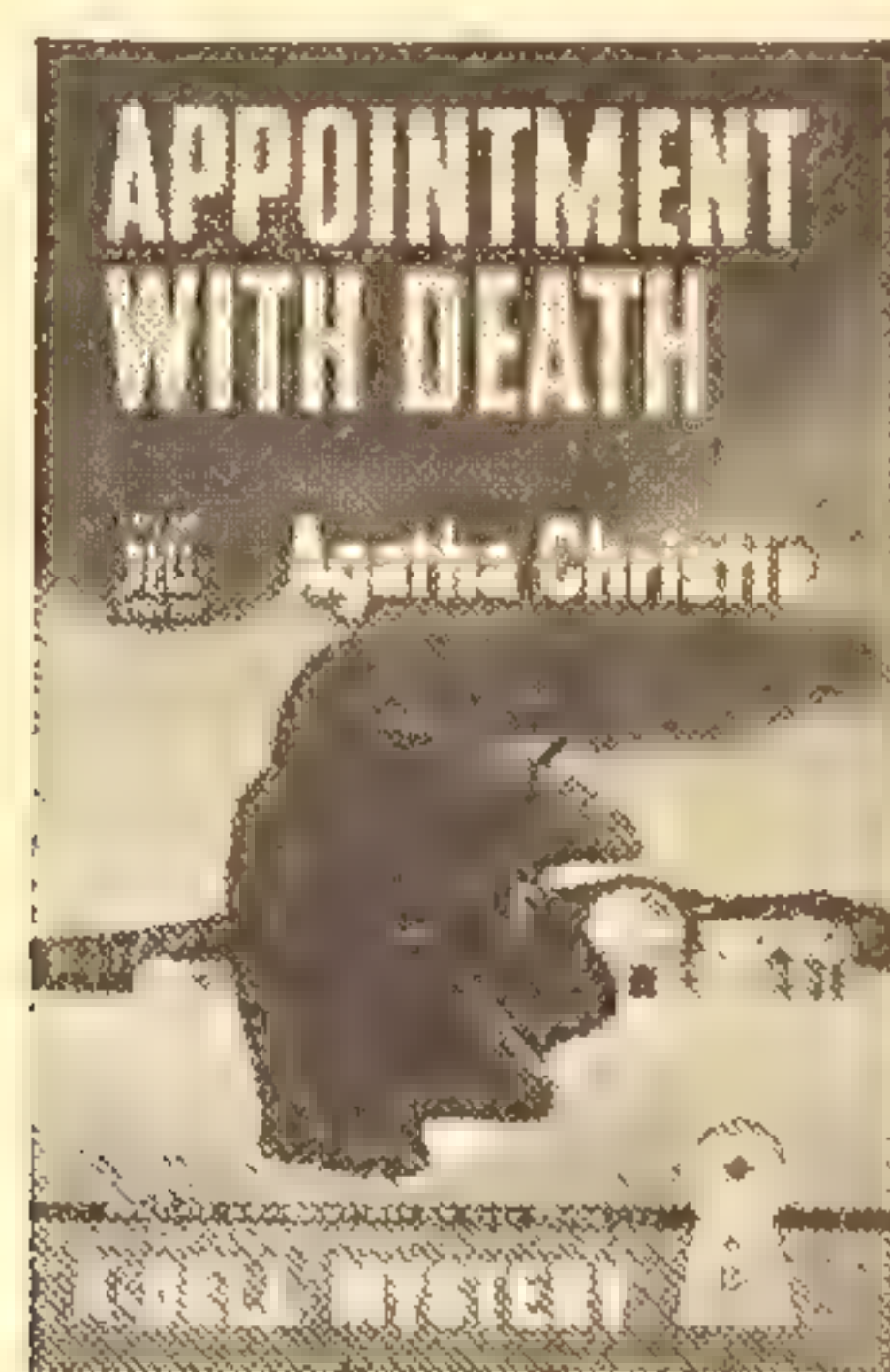


# GREAT!



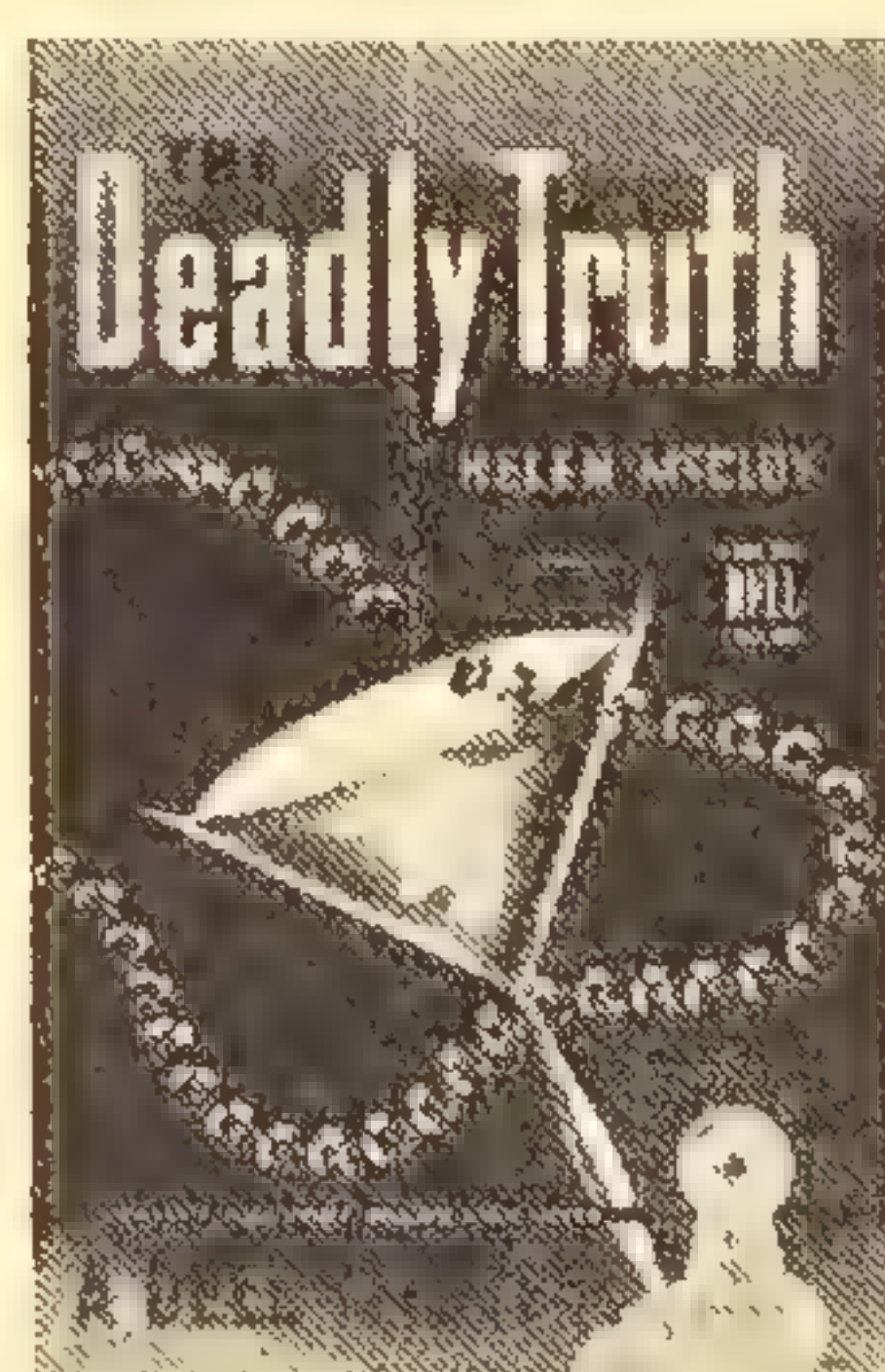
## NOW, VOYAGER, By Olive Higgins Prouty

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Agatha Christie's famous French detective, Hercule Poirot, overhears an ominous remark and finds himself in the middle of an enthralling murder mystery. Another exciting Poirot story with a surprising conclusion.



## THE DEADLY TRUTH By Helen McCloy

Mrs. Bethune's parties were always sensational, but her last one was positively sinister. Starting with "truth serum" cocktails, it ended with Mrs. Bethune herself strangled to death with her own emerald necklace.

"In fifteen minutes," said Ingrid. He took that with a grain of salt, knowing women, but also knowing Bergman he rushed to his room and knocked himself out getting into his clothes. At fifteen minutes on the dot he rapped at her door, breathless from the quick change.

Ingrid opened it. There she was, neat as a bandbox, her coat on her arm.

"Where have you been?" she asked. "I've been waiting five minutes."

Ingrid is just as smoothly efficient at home and home is where she'd rather be than anywhere, especially since she lives with her family in the first house they've ever owned. Ingrid calls it "the barn." It's a mountain lodge type place, half stone and half timber outside, with a vaulted ceiling inside. It's simple and unpretentious, but comfortable, friendly and modern, like its mistress. Mainly, it's just three bedrooms and one big living room, with a cutie pie nook-and-cranney architecture which distinguishes so many movie star dream homes. With maybe a humorous crack at Hollywood's home fashions, Ingrid and her husband have christened various parts of the spacious main room. The chairs and sofa by the big fireplace, for instance, are "the den." Where the bookshelves stand is "the library." And the semi-circular window with another small table is "the breakfast nook."

When Ingrid started collecting Academy Oscars, best actress plaques, cups, frame citations and awards, her surgeon husband kidded her. "We'll have to put up some shelves and build a 'trophy room' here!"

Ingrid developed the joke. "A wonderful idea," she agreed with a grin. "We'll make it a half-and-half trophy room. Half from my picture prizes and half from your operations!" It's a standing joke which still makes them chuckle—picture Bergman's Oscars alongside bottles of surgical trophies—pieces of brain, excised bones, and vermiform appendices!

Ingrid knew just what she wanted in a dream home, long before the Lindstroms deserted their little five-room apartment in Beverly Hills. Luckily, she found it already ready made, perfectly appointed in Swedish modern, the style she wanted.

### the doctor comes first . . .

That's where the Lindstroms live, Ingrid and Doctor Peter, Pia, "Tiny," the pup, a nurse and a housekeeper. And it's the Lindstroms, as far as Ingrid is concerned, not the Bergmans—because she's much more impressed with the work her husband does than the work she does. He's a brain surgeon now, stationed at the Los Angeles General Hospital. He was a dentist when Ingrid married him, but intent on being a surgeon. When, after "Intermezzo," Hollywood decided it had to have this Bergman beauty for keeps, Dr. Lindstrom was almost through his medical studies in Sweden. He changed his plans, so he could be with Ingrid and transferred to American schools. But the education systems are different and many of his credits didn't count over here. The switch set him back many months, but he set about doing it the American way. While finishing off his medical course, Ingrid, as I said, was with him every set hour, and as Mrs. Peter Lindstrom. She never permitted a photograph nor gave an interview about their home life.

When Ingrid went on location to Sun Valley for scenes in "Spellbound," Peter went along and they skied together in a setting reminiscent of their courting days. He's a strong, well-built six-foot-two and an excellent athlete and skier. So was Ingrid. Her skiing scenes in "Spellbound" weren't any double cutting the snow. They were Ingrid herself.

There's another sentimental bond they share in their daughter Pia. To make the

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American version of "Intermezzo" (which was originally Bergman's Swedish starring film), Ingrid had to come to Hollywood and leave her two-year-old daughter under Peter's care back in Stockholm. When Ingrid herself was only two her mother died and her photographer father undertook her own raising. Pia's name, as most everyone knows, is derived from initials, "P" for Peter, "I" for Ingrid, and "A" for Aron, her husband's middle name.

Today, Pia is seven and a miniature Ingrid Bergman, right down to the sage-honey hair, the peach bloom cheeks, the bright but placid nature. She goes to the Hawthorne school in Beverly Hills. Up until "The Bells of St. Mary's," Pia had never seen her famous maw on the screen, although she had often toddled on sets with her nurse for visits. It wasn't always clear to Pia just what Ingrid was doing but now she knows, although she's not too impressed. Her nurse took her to see "The Bells" at a Beverly Hills show and she piped "There's Mama," and that's about all. Much more exciting was the arrival of her dog, "Tiny."

He joined the Lindstrom household straight from the dog jail, the Los Angeles City Pound, of which he was probably the most forlorn, unaristocratic looking inmate. Ingrid decided it was time Pia had a dog pal, but Dr. Lindstrom was the one who dropped by the pound and picked him out, deliberately choosing the mutt because he looked so sad and woe-begone. He paid \$4 for the spotted, liver-colored "Tiny," distantly related to a Boston bull, and Pia was delighted. She named the pup "Tiny" and it stuck, along with Tiny himself. He's a firmly established member of the Bergman household now, although still sort of sad looking.

Ingrid's a good mother and home lover, and like all Swedish girls, she knows how to cook. But she's not the domestic type, always fussing with pots and pans or anything like that. Starting her career early and already an established actress when she was married, she has never had time to be a *hausfrau*. The housekeeper takes care of the house. But Ingrid does like to market for groceries, though, and poke around shops. On those excursions, if it's winter, a common Bergman costume is a mink coat and a bright scarf on her hair. If it's warm, she's almost invariably in a colorful peasant type skirt and gay blouse with flat heeled slippers.

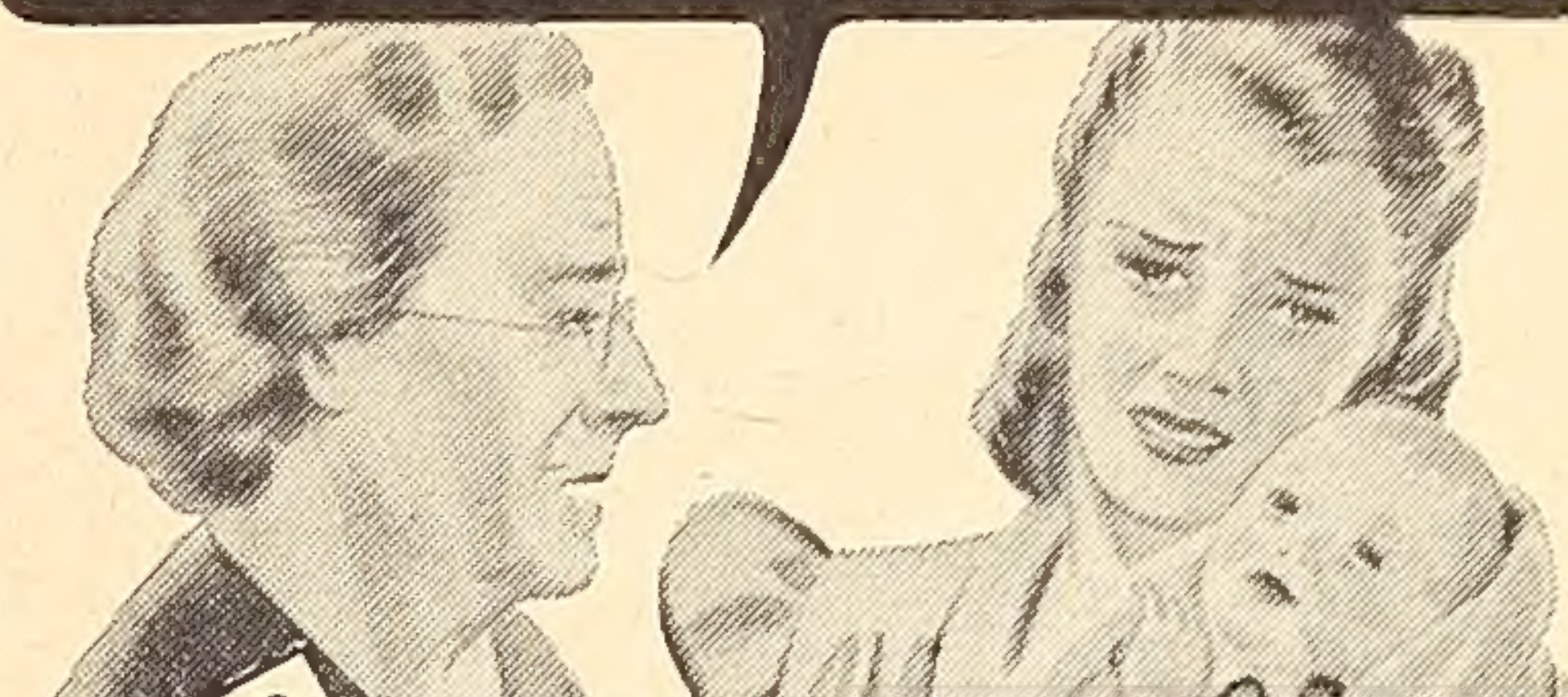
from scarf to skirt . . .

Ingrid has a passion for colorful men's silk scarves. She sews them together to make skirts. Recently an editor of a fashion magazine came out to her house to take photographs and noticed the skirt she wore, "Where in the world did you buy that striking skirt?" she asked.

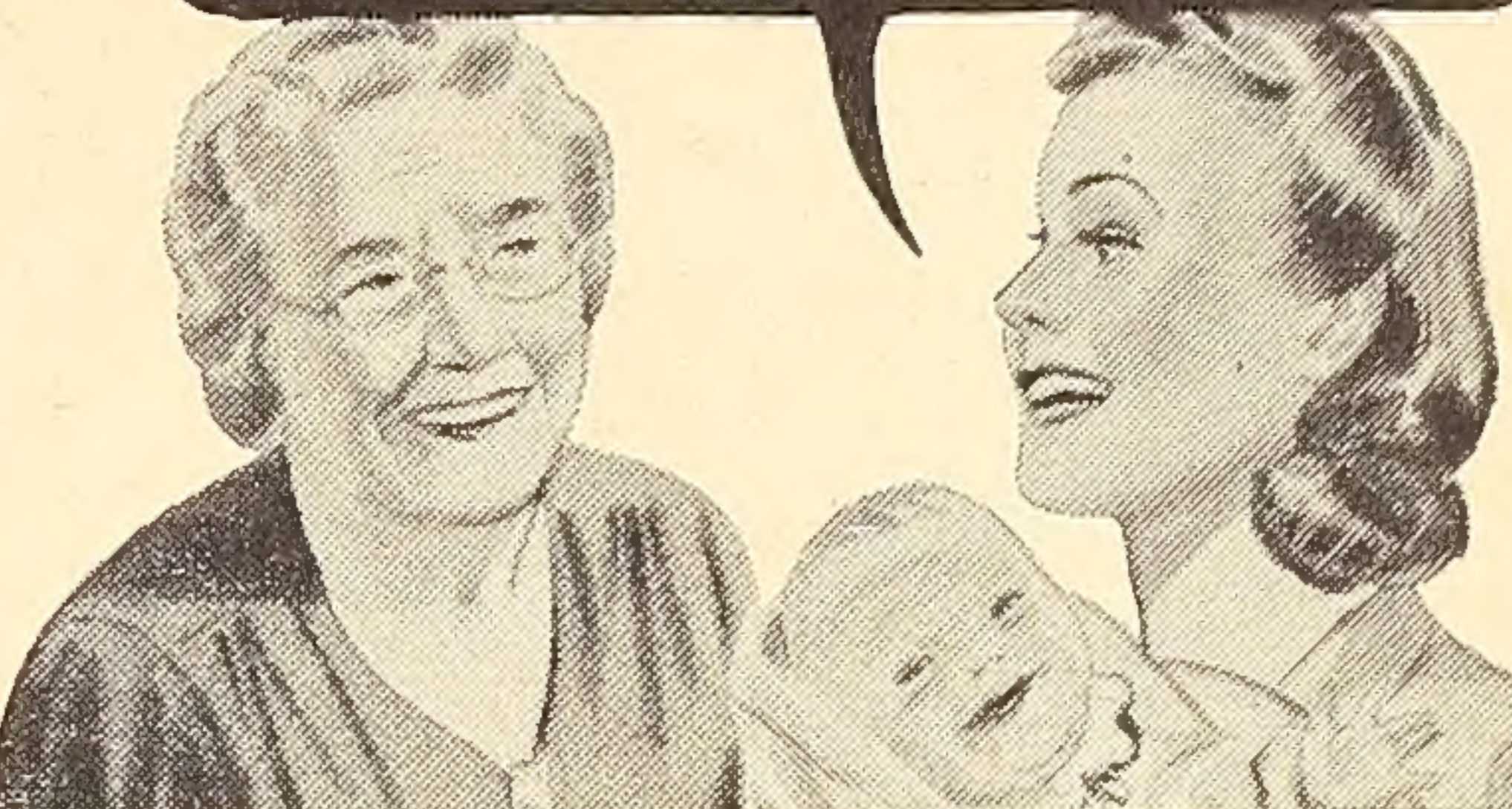
Ingrid said she didn't, she'd made it and told how. The fashion expert tried again. Who created that marvelous, natural, flattering coiffure? Ingrid laughed. She did, with a comb and brush, in about one minute flat. Er, groped the style whiz—what about beauty aids? There weren't any. Desperately she tried diet, body care, health regimens. Ingrid was strictly no copy. There just weren't any rules. She liked hot tubs, long walks and bran muffins and coffee for breakfast, but it wasn't very startling or glamorous.

Ingrid never diets, but she often skips lunch. She likes a big dinner, preferably at home, although she likes to dine out, too, in Hollywood, particularly at the Beachcomber, where the tropical rum drinks, Chinese and South Sea dishes fascinate her, partly because she thinks they're appropriate to a land washed by the Pacific Ocean. She's a true cosmopolite that way; she goes for the specialties of the land she's in.

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When she was in Minneapolis, which is just about the Swedish capital of America, Ingrid was asked out one night by some friends. They inquired if she wouldn't like to go to a local famous Swedish restaurant.

"Isn't there something different?" replied Ingrid. "I've been eating Swedish food all my life." There was. Minneapolis was also famed for its German rathskellers. So that's where they went to drink culmbacher beer and eat knackwurst and seven or eight other kinds of wursts.

There are three excellent Swedish cafes right in Hollywood but Bergman seldom enters them. This particular phase of her life is American and that's what she's specializing in right now. In five years she has practically lost her accent, although she's married to a Swede. It's because they agreed, years ago, to speak English at home. Pia doesn't speak Swedish at all. Ingrid thinks and speaks in American idiom, which has been greatly expanded by her set association with Bing who's ever scattering pithy slang nifties around. When she didn't understand Crosby's patter, Ingrid stopped him.

"Please," she'd say eagerly, "what is 'station-house'?"

Her fondness for American books, humor, art and music is genuine. Her first musical loves are German operas. But she's a Crosby fan too, also a Sinatra fan and especially a Paul Robeson fan. She likes dance music and loves to dance, especially if she's not on exhibition. Ingrid plays the piano well enough and sings in a light, small voice at home. The Swedish folk song she sang in "The Bells of St. Mary's" didn't bother her particularly, because it was on a comparatively private recording stage. But when she sang it over the air on the Hall of Fame program not long ago, Ingrid came away from the mike clutching her tummy and shaking like a leaf. "I never was so scared," she gasped.

Largely, however, Bergman has conquered the shyness that mantled her when she first came to Hollywood. It was never a Garbo hermit-recluse-mystery lady shyness. It was never anti-social. It was just the natural uncertainty of a foreigner plunged into public life in a pretty crazy world of make-believe. Her war tours did plenty to give her confidence before crowds and she found she liked them as much as the crowd likes her.

After the big chapel scene in "The Bells of St. Mary's," where scores of extras worked with her, Ingrid picked up the collection plate and calmly walked among the crowd on the set, extras, camera crew, set technicians, even visitors and front office big shots, collecting cash offerings which she promptly turned over to Father Devlin, the Catholic Church's technical advisor on the picture. It was her own idea and a complete surprise to everyone.

#### she does what she wants . . .

Ingrid would probably appear in public around Hollywood more than she does except that most of the pleasures of the movie set just don't interest her. She's not a part of the colony social swim, although at industry events, benefits, Academy dinners, Press Photographers' Balls and parties tossed by the profession, she's usually on hand and has a good time. But outside of a few close friends, like the Alfred Hitchcocks, Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett, Cary Grant and Jean Renoir, the French director, she has few intimates in Hollywood. For her fun she prefers long evenings of conversation at her own house. Dramatics, art, philosophy, books, practically never politics, are the subjects. She'll stay up as late as her guests can stay, drinking coffee, listening to music and chattering away. But she's always up by seven, and fresh as dew, whether she's had eight hours sleep or two. She doesn't play cards,

chess or any game.

One day during a Canadian bond tour some months ago, Ingrid flew from Ottawa to Toronto in a troupe with Patsy Kelly and Barry Wood. The Canadian committee had arranged their schedule which called for Ingrid to visit two defense plants in the afternoon while Patsy entertained at a hospital. That night all were to appear at a giant rally.

But when they arrived in Toronto, Patsy fell ill, which meant that the boys in the hospital got no star. The thought of their disappointment stirred Ingrid. "I'll go there during my lunch hour," she volunteered. "I don't like lunch anyway."

But the time was limited and the hospital chief knew it. So that all the boys could get a glimpse of Bergman, he started hustling her through the wards and barely did Ingrid get "Hello" out of her mouth before he was at her elbow, saying, "Have to hurry along now."

After a couple of wards, Ingrid came out in the hall, almost in tears. Her escort asked her what was the matter.

"I won't do it," raged Bergman. "I can't treat those men rudely like that. It makes me ill."

They had a hurried huddle in the hall, with explanations, and the result was Ingrid went back and did it right, even though she only covered half the hospital. But she came back the next day, and spent three hours so no one was disappointed, posing at the end for pictures with the patients. The souvenirs they gave her—a

#### JUNE ISSUE

"Nancy With The Laughing Face" smiles out of our June issue—because we've a wonderful story about the Sinatras coming up. You'd better get to your newsstand early, though, on May 14!

knitted cap, an ash tray, a scarf—all made by the bed cases, are among her treasured mementos.

Ingrid Bergman is not all sweetness and light, of course. I said she was human, which means, like everyone else, she has a temper. It usually flares brightest when she feels someone is imposing on her.

Once in New York a little boy came up to her in the lobby of her hotel looking very forlorn and wistful. "Please, Miss Bergman," he begged, "give me your autograph. I've waited a week to see you." Ingrid was touched. She has a strict rule about giving autographs in her hotel, because she thinks it's an imposition on the management and because it embarrasses her to cause a fuss. But she weakened for this boy and told him to leave his book at the desk, she'd sign it and he could pick it up later. After a while the bell boy brought up fifty autograph books. The kid had sensed a soft touch and spread the word around. That burnt Bergman up. She sent them all back. Nobody got an autograph.

It's hard for Ingrid Bergman to get along with Hollywood glamor. Acting is the thing she's interested in. She's hypercritical of herself and keeps a scrapbook of all reviewers' criticisms, good and bad. In fact, she so arranges the book that opposite every rave, there's a slam.

When she makes a picture she gets as wrapped up in all the parts as she does in her own. She collected pages of notes on Hemingway's novel "For Whom the Bell Tolls," starting the minute she was cast as Maria.

She packed them along to Sam Wood, the director. Half didn't even concern her own part. Nineteen of her notes were about moods, feeling, lines of dialogue, etc. Sam promptly accepted them. But a couple of lines she suggested puzzled him. They were spoken by a character the movie script didn't mention.

"But," he protested, "this character isn't even in the picture!"

"I know," replied Ingrid, "But the line express what Hemingway meant so well that I think somebody *should* say them."

Bergman is probably the best informed person in the United States today on the French saint, Joan of Arc. It's been her lifelong dream, ever since she was a girl to play the maid of Orleans. She's read every biography of Jeanne d'Arc, every source book and history of her era, from both sides, British and French. She has collected stacks of notes on everything—clothes, customs, religious beliefs. Next fall on Broadway, she hopes to make her dream come true.

#### dream came true . . .

Maxwell Anderson has written a play about Joan, "The Girl from Lorraine," and Ingrid has signed to do it. It will keep her away from Hollywood seven months. It will pay her mere buttons compared to what she could make in the movies; in fact, it adds up, by conservative estimate, to a sacrifice of about \$500,000.

That doesn't bother Bergman's head for a minute. She'd do it for nothing if it came down to that. Money has never meant much to her, although she's one of the highest paid actresses in the world. Ingrid's still a lady who runs around with two or three bucks in her purse. Last year, crossing the Canadian border on her bond tour, she had to declare the money she carried. Ingrid wrote, "\$1.35." That's what she had. Being Swedish and not raised in wealth at all, she's thrifty by training and instinct. She can't bear any waste—foods, clothes, anything.

But real money is more or less a vague, unreal commodity to the lady whose head is always in the clouds of her art. And that is the essential difference between Ingrid Bergman and most Hollywood stars:

To most, making movies is a means to an end—either wealth or glamor or fame. Hollywood is a gold mine where you work hard, strike it rich and then buy a dream. Almost every star in Hollywood has a plan to retire to a lazy, idyllic spot—to a ranch, a beach, a mountain, back home.

Ingrid Bergman's acting career is an end in itself. It's her life, what she was made for. Her ambition is to have a long busy life spent creating things with other people. If you asked her, "When do you plan to retire?" she'd probably answer, "Never. Think of the parts I can do at 70 that I can't play today."

It's safe to say that everyone who has seen the Divine Swede ardently hopes she gets her wish. That also goes for some who are just catching up with her.

Ingrid saw "Spellbound" for the first time at the Army's Birmingham Hospital near Hollywood. She sat in the audience with the GI patients to watch it and afterwards stepped up on the stage and signed autographs for the soldiers. One patient on crutches came up with a paper for her to sign. "I liked your picture," he volunteered. "I wish you lots of success."

"Thank you," smiled Ingrid.

As he swung away, another soldier asked him, "What do you mean, 'success'?" "You mean you don't know who Ingrid Bergman is?"

"Uh-uh," replied the first soldier. "I just came out of four years in a Jap prison camp. I didn't see many pictures. But I'll tell you what I think—that gal's gonna go places!"





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